PICTORIAL REVIEW

2,500,000

Two million, five hundred thousand copies of this April issue have been printed.— The largest edition ever published of any magazine.

15¢

APRIL 1923

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Healthier homes with the sanitary housecleaner

Begin your Spring housecleaning this year by buying a 10-bar carton of Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's. Your house will be *cleaner*; your work, *easier*; and your health, and that of your family, *safeguarded*.

Sanitary! Fels-Naptha Soap discourages germ life by *completely* removing grease-spots and other dirt-patches where germs camp and multiply. Fresh air, sunshine, Fels-Naptha Soap—three great purifiers.

Fels-Naptha does all housecleaning and laundry work more quickly, safely and thoroughly because it is really two cleaners in one; a soap-and-water cleaner, and a naptha cleaner. To get Fels-Naptha benefits, you must use the original and genuine naptha soap—Fels-Naptha!

It is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Order Fels-Naptha Soap today.

The 10-Bar Carton
The convenient way to buy Fels-Naptha is in the carton shown above. Ten full-size bars, neatly packed. Directions inside each red-and-green wrapper.

Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

TEST Fels-Naptha's wonderful efficiency. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

Makes dishes really clean
Fels-Naptha makes short work of a boresome job. Won't harm the most delicate pattern. Leaves no greasy streaks.

Removes spots from rugs
The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves grease —cleans and freshens rugs, carpets, draperies, etc. Try it.

Fine for washing-machine
Fels-Naptha, in the washing-machine, loosens the dirt before you start to use the electricity. Chip it in and dissolve, or make a soap paste.

Renews painted woodwork
Like a fresh coat of enamel, Fels-Naptha restores to woodwork the "smile" that dirt has masked.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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2,500,000

Just think of it!

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R 1941 L

OF THIS April issue two million five hundred thousand copies of Pictorial Review were printed—this amazing figure being the largest edition of any magazine in the history of the world.

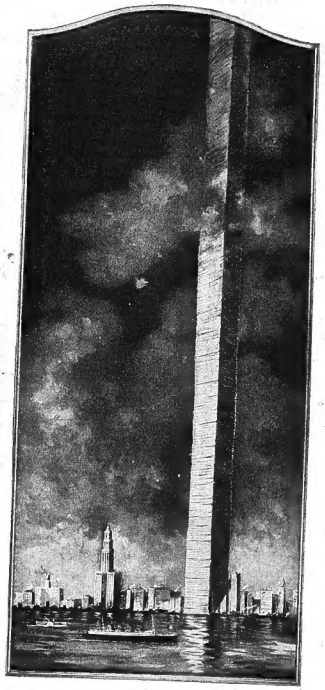
IF THE pages of this April issue were placed one alongside the other, they would stretch over four times around the world—a distance of approximately one hundred thousand miles.

WHEN you hear of two million five hundred thousand it is almost impossible to grasp the significance of these figures. It is hard for any of us to visualize much beyond twenty or thirty thousand of anything. At a big football game in the Yale Bowl the crowd in attendance looks much too enormous to calculate. That huge stadium holds eighty thousand people! And yet the April issue of Pictorial Review is over thirty times that tremendous number. Just imagine attempting to picture two million five hundred thousand people! Such an effort is indeed beyond the capacity of the human mind.

IN ORDER to give our readers some faint idea of what an edition of two million five hundred thousand copies really means, we will begin by saying that it is more than all the number of the homes combined in the following cities: Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Los Angeles, Buffalo, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Washington, Cincinnati, and Seattle.

IT WOULD take an army of fifty thousand men, each burdened with fifty pounds of magazines, to carry this one issue.

IT WOULD take a train over a mile long, each car carrying forty thousand pounds, to transport this April edition.



THE Woolworth Building, the highest building in the world, has fifty-five stories. This April edition of Pictorial Review piled one on top of another would be 3,650 stories high, equal to a mountain stretching over ten miles into the sky.

IT TOOK one thousand people (working in three shifts, twenty-four hours a day) twenty-five days to produce this one issue.

IF ONE person started to count this April edition it would take him one hundred and two days, working *eight hours a day*, or three months and twelve days, to complete the task.

TO PRINT this one issue of Pictorial Review consumed over one thousand two hundred and fifty tons of paper.

YOU could fill a swimming-pool twenty feet long, ten feet wide, and four feet deep with the nineteen tons of ink which were used to print this issue.

CALCULATIONS of this character are almost too vast for the human mind to grasp, and they are not set down here in any spirit of boastfulness. They are presented merely as a record of achievement and as an inspiration for still further endeavors.

THE tremendous growth of Pictorial Review makes us realize more than ever the debt of gratitude we owe to our readers, our advertisers, our authors, our artists, and the splendid body of men and women who produce and sell the magazine.

AN UNPRECEDENTED GROWTH OF CIRCULATION

1907	1912	1915	1918	1919	1922	1923
200,000	900,000	1,100,000	1,500,000	2,000,000	2,200,000	2,500,000

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WILLIAM PAUL AHNELT, President and Publisher

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THE NATION WELCOMES MARRIAGE REFORM

Pictorial Review's Bill for a National Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law Overwhelmingly Approved

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

IF THERE were any doubt as to the favorable reaction of the public mind toward Pictorial Review's campaign for a National Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law, it is now dispelled. Throughout the country a live interest has been awakened and active commendation has been general. The press, both in newspapers and in other periodicals, has not only given space to news concerning it, but has devoted editorials to it, these articles in large majority being in its favor.

Governors and organizations have indorsed it. And into our office have come hundreds of letters from every part of the Union; letters from men and women of prominence, from those in the every-day walks of life, beseeching us not to abandon the movement until an empowering amendment authorizing Congress to make such a law has become a part of the Constitution through passage in the Senate and the House of Representatives and ratification by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States.

Not all of those who have written and commented upon it agree with the law in all of its provisions. There are those who feel that it would be better to press upon the States the necessity for uniform laws within their own boundaries. But in view of the variety and variousness of our forty-eight States' laws, with the consequent antagonism and conflict caused by the refusal of one State to recognize the court findings of others, and the rapidity with which divorce is increasing, few there are who are not convinced that something must be done, and that quickly, to adjust the situation.

With the publication of Mrs. Edward Franklin White's tentative law in our February number, letters and press comments have poured in to us in every mail. As we are anxious to have our readers understand how fully the country is in accord with the movement, and as some of the questions arising need an answer, a running story of the comment will not be out of order.

Convert the States, Says Jurist

BECAUSE the American Bar Association has repeatedly, since 1906, through its Committee on Uniform Laws, tried to get the States to adopt its model law and has as repeatedly failed, we wrote to the Hon. John W. Davis, a former Ambassador to Great Britain and now president of the association, asking for an opinion of our campaign. I quote from his letter first because the answer to his criticism is the answer to a number of like comments.

"I note," he writes, "that you propose to present this bill to Congress together with an empowering Constitutional amendment. Without such an amendment, of course, Congress would have no power to legislate upon the subject, and it seems to me you are increasing the difficulty of securing such an amendment by presenting along with it a concrete proposal for the legislation which will follow. The subject, as you know, is highly controversial, and you will find it easier, I think, to secure agreement on an amendment empowering Congress to legislate upon the subject than you will upon any particular bill which is to be passed. My first suggestion, therefore, is that you suppress your bill and concentrate on your amendment.

"As one who favors the adoption of uniform laws on marriage and divorce, I personally would prefer that it should come about as the result of the concurring action of the Legislatures of the States. Absolute uniformity is perhaps impossible through that channel, but I do not feel that we have exhausted the effort to secure substantial uniformity to such a degree as will correct present evils. In any event, the movement for a Constitutional amendment should not be permitted to discourage or suspend the exertions which are being made through the other channel."

It was the first intention to do as Mr. Davis suggests. But when the first news of the movement went out, from everywhere came the question, "How do we know what kind of a law will be passed? Would it not be disastrous to empower Congress to make a National Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law without first being sure that a restrictive and entirely undemocratic law would not follow—one which would be doctrinal rather than the result of true understanding of human rights and prerogatives? What assurance have the States that a law abolishing divorce entirely or restricting the grounds of divorce to that of adultery only would not be thrust upon us?"

It is not generally known, I think, that there is already a proposed amendment to the Constitution in committee in the Senate which seeks a national law but reserves the right to the States to abolish divorce on any and all grounds.

Those who are behind this amendment have stated that it is their intention, if the amendment goes through, to try to pass a law modeled on that of New York, which grants divorce on the ground of adultery only. Such an eventuality, I believe, would be most dangerous.

We would then have throughout the country a condition which now exists in New York and which is an incitement to the deliberate commission of crime for the purpose of obtaining divorce. There have been several instances in the last few years in that State in which unscrupulous lawyers have hired men and women of sufficiently low character to furnish evidence for this ground.

Only recently a lawyer was indicted by the grand jury, tried and found guilty of obtaining cheap divorces for many couples when he had no license to practise within the State. In the meantime many of the parties to these divorces had remarried and had children by their second marriages. An effort is now being made to have these children, one hundred in number, legitimated by a special act of the Legislature. Then, too, we would still have the migratory divorce for those of wealth, and Europe would become the Reno of the American with money enough to cross the water into France or the Scandinavian countries.

There is little fear of such a law passing, since it takes thirty-six States' Legislatures to ratify it. And for the reason that it would be difficult to obtain ratification by these bodies unless they knew what sort of law they were going into, the safer way toward passage of the right kind of an amendment is by indicating the law we have in mind. The lawmakers are not going to put marriage in a straitjacket. A one-ground-divorce law would make of marriage an instrument of torture.

As for urging the States to pass uniform laws—they have had the time but have shown no disposition to do so. Besides, unless the law were Federal, the Legislatures at any time could repeal their State laws according to the whims of those in power. This happened in Nevada a few years back when Governor Tasker Oddie, now in the Senate, prevailed upon the Legislature to change the State divorce laws, increasing the period of residence from six months to a year and tightening up the process of service. As soon as he went out of office the Legislature repealed the new law and reverted to the old one.

State Reforms Not Imperiled

THE fear that the movement for a national law will in the meantime militate against State reforms is unfounded. Its wide-spread publicity has impelled a number of States to investigate conditions within their borders. Action is being taken to change them.

In Indiana it was found that because of the difference in the marriage and divorce laws between that State and Kentucky a pernicious traffic in marriage ceremonies was thriving in the small towns across the river from Kentucky. Persons going to Indiana on the ferries have been met by an army of solicitors for justices of the peace, and a rate war in marriage fees has been the result. Not only has Governor McCray of Indiana indorsed the movement for a national marriage and divorce law, but the League of Women Voters and the women's clubs of that State have petitioned their Senators to indorse it. In addition there is a movement in the Legislature to make better laws.

In Montana, because of the increase in the divorce-rate, the same movement is astir. From Tennessee, where girls and boys of sixteen may be married without consent of the parents and where the law does not forbid the marriage of the feeble-minded nor of those suffering with communicable disease, we have received word that a new law is to be introduced in the Legislature, raising the marriageable age, providing for the declaration of intention of marriage for a month before a license is issued, and making it obligatory upon both parties to a marriage to present certificates from a reputable physician stating that they are physically and mentally fit for marriage. Vermont and New Hampshire are also awake to the situation.

At the recent conference of the Council of Governors at White Sulphur Springs, where the Chief Executives of twenty-eight States were present, it was my privilege to speak upon the necessity for a national marriage and divorce law. The project was openly approved by such leading men as Governor Allen of Kansas, Governor McCray of Indiana, Governor Olcott of Oregon, and Governor McKelvie of Nebraska. Governor Hardee of Florida, while in accord with the principle, spoke feelingly of the necessity for uniform marriage and divorce laws in the different States, declaring that he was taking measures to improve those of his own.

The foregoing explanation is adequate answer to a letter received from Edward Alsworth Ross, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, who writes: "*We nationalized prohibition and we nationalized woman suffrage, which were making good progress in the States.* With the Federal bond strained by this and strained by such things as Federalizing railway regulation, credit, etc., I am loath to see us undertake the Federalizing of the matter of marriage and divorce. I see no reason why the improvement of our legislation on this subject may not be brought about by action in the backward States."

I wonder if Professor Ross does not know that there were at least ten States which would have held out against woman suffrage until doomsday; that it was only after the women had tried vainly for over fifty years to bring these States into line that a Federal amendment was resorted to. It seems strange that so eminent a sociologist as Professor Ross should class the family, whose integrity is the very fabric of our strength as a nation, in the same category as commercial credits and railway regulation. One has to do with maintaining a high spiritual ideal; the other with a commercial system.

A Prominent Leader's Indorsement

MISS MARY GARRETT HAY, one of the most active, ardent, and effective soldiers for woman suffrage, and who is now President of the New York City League of Women Voters, writes as follows concerning Pictorial Review's campaign and the bill drawn by Mrs. White:

"There is a strong sentiment in this country in favor of uniform laws regarding marriage and divorce, since our citizens realize more and more that much confusion and injustice result from having the various States deal with these vital questions from dissimilar standpoints. A multiplicity of laws incu[illegible] disrespect for law, the institution of marriage, and [illegible]rocedure, since evasion of legal decisions and [illegible]monial obligations is encouraged by these laws.

CONTINU[illegible]GE 86

Joseph C. Lincoln's

New Cape Cod Novel, the Best Yet—

"Doctor Nye of North Ostable"

Will Begin in Next Month's
Pictorial Review

MYSTERIOUS doings in Bayberry Lane, North Ostable! Unaccountable goings-on at the old Dillingham place—ask Miss Althea Bemis.

¶ North Ostable is in for a sensation, sure enough—for one sensation after another.

¶ And excitement in North Ostable is "like finding a fifty-dollar bill on the floor of the poorhouse."

¶ "Doctor Nye of North Ostable" is irresistible, the finest Lincoln novel to date.

BEGINNING IN PICTORIAL REVIEW FOR MAY

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In opera or in concert the outstanding performances are those of Victor artists. The names that draw the biggest audiences are

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DESTINN
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HOMER
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JOURNET
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FRITZ KREISLER
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who with other famous artists make records for the Victor only.

No other such service, no other such quality nor variety of musical entertainment, is obtainable in all the world as that which is afforded by the Victrola and Victor Records—used together, the one with the other.

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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey

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"Twenty."
"Twenty-five."
"Forty."
"Fifty."

No, this isn't an auction sale. It is just some of Sally Jollyco's friends answering her question, "How much do you pay for your toilet soap?"

"Speak up, Bee Westbrooke, you haven't said anything, and you have the best complexion of us all."

"Oh, I'm not in the running at all when you talk of these high prices," says Beatrice. "I use Ivory. Dr. Verity told me I couldn't get a better complexion soap and I've been using it for—oh, two or three years."

Scene: A hotel bedroom.

Elias Larcom Leffingwell (Mr. Jollyco's business partner): Henry, look here! Ivory Soap in a hotel bathroom!

Mr. Jollyco (with friendly condescension): Well, Larcom, is this the first time you've seen it? You're 'way behind the times. It's been in most of the best hotels I've stayed in for the last six months. But, of course, you haven't been traveling much lately.

Mr. L. (warmly): Feels like home, doesn't it?

C. E. P.

How to care for the skin?

Let this well-known physician answer:

He says:

"With a healthy skin of normal resistance the only care needed for the face is to keep it clean and to protect it from damaging influences. The way to keep the face clean is to wash it, sometimes with soap and water, sometimes with water alone."

"A soap should be bought not as a panacea for skin troubles, but for its humbler quality of cleansing the skin."

These paragraphs are quoted from "The Care of the Skin and Hair," the authoritative book by Dr. William Allen Pusey, whose opinion every physician respects.

Cleanliness!

That is the basis of all complexion care.

Cleanliness!

That is the only good reason for using soap at *all!*

Ivory Soap *cleans* and cleans *safely*—these are the only claims ever made for Ivory.

Ivory Soap is pure, mild and gentle. Ivory Soap is white and delightfully fragrant, as the finest soap for the skin *should* be. Ivory Soap quickly produces a rich, cleansing lather, that rinses off promptly. And Ivory Soap floats!

The "magic" of Ivory is simply the magic of delightfully refreshing, healthful cleanliness, the prerequisite of all complexion beauty. Ivory has provided such magic for *forty-four years!*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

When our Julia walks abroad in one of her mistress's last year's blouses, who will say she is not easy to look upon?

The particular blouse she is wearing today is a year old, yet its colors are just as fresh and dainty as when Mrs. Jollyco bought it. It has always been washed, you see, in Ivory Flakes, which is simply the flaked form of the same good honest Ivory Soap that Julia and Mrs. Jollyco both use on their faces!

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

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"'THERE THEY ARE, MY MOTHER AND SISTER!' AND COMING TOWARD US I SAW A GRIEF-CRAZED WOMAN CARRYING A BABY"

SOPHIE AND HER GOD

Every Promise Her Heavenly Father Made the Brave Little Girl Was Fulfilled as by a Miracle

As Told by MARK O. PRENTISS and Recorded by Dora Loues Miller

DECORATIONS BY MARIE ABRAMS LAWSON

T' WAS the night of the third day of the fire. We were standing on the quay, a huddled group of Americans, trying to direct the groaning, seething mass of humanity round about us. I had climbed on the chassis of a burned Standard Oil truck to get out of the mass of people who seemed literally pushing us into the sea.

No words can picture the pandemonium, the relentless, hopeless, unremitting effort of the fear-maddened crowd to get somewhere, anywhere out of the pursuing hell of fire and away from the fear of the avenging Turk.

One of the bluejackets beside the truck called out, "Mr. Prentiss, give me your hand! They've caught me; I can't get loose and they're going to break my back." I got down to try to pull him out of the maelstrom of human beings, and as I gave him one hand I felt another small one slip into my other one. After three days and nights of having your clothes clawed, held, torn even, by humans begging for their lives, one more or less didn't mean much. And yet there was something so warm and tender, so intensely alive and human, that I turned to find its owner.

There she stood, not over ten or eleven, and, most remarkable of all in that dread scene, with a smile on her face. I had seen every emotion of sorrow and despair depicted on human features those three days. I was almost stunned. It had been such an eternity of horror that this child's smile seemed like a forgotten bit of the joy of life which I could remember only with a struggle. And then she spoke. And in English! It was almost more than I could bear.

Trying to direct this crowd of despairing people, everywhere a babel of Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and then this child's voice in my own tongue! It seemed like an angel's. But her words were even more surprising. "I'm so glad you are here. I won't be afraid any more, now. HE said you would come."

It took half an hour to worm the thin little figure out of the pressing mass of humans to a place of comparative safety from trampling feet. Shortly after midnight it was possible to get her through a doorway into comparative quiet and safety.

As I carried the child through the crowd her words of two hours before repeated themselves: "I won't be afraid any more. HE said you would come."

"So you were expecting me, were you?"

"Oh, yes. HE told me."

"HE told you? Who did?"

"God did."

In all the mixed emotions of the hour I thought I had not heard aright, and repeated my question, and in that same casual tone, reporting the conversation of a beloved and intimate comrade, the answer came, "God did."

"You see," she explained, "after I lost mother and baby sister I began to be afraid. There were so many people, and if any one fell they walked on him, and it was cold and dark and I was hungry, and I was scared. So I prayed to God, and asked Him to come quickly and help me. But He told me He was awfully busy. There were so many people in trouble who wanted to talk to Him that He couldn't get away He was so busy. But then He told me He would send somebody, and here you are, and so now I know it's all right!"

It gave me an indescribable thrill.

To a plain business man, used to the ordinary experiences of every-day life, this friendly familiarity with the Divine seemed like a glimpse back into the unrealities of "Alice in Wonderland." The poise and quiet assurance of all being well, in the face of uncontrolled fear and anguish all about, made the whole incident more amazing. If a man hasn't got a God, he has to respect a little child who has one.

She said her name was Sophie Serafim, and that she had been born in America. A year before, with her family, she had gone back to a little town in Asia Minor and her migration had changed many things for Sophie, but not her God nor her faith in the "Americano."

As I left her I promised to be back in a few minutes to take her to a place to sleep, but it was near daylight before the course of events permitted my return. Coming back I wondered if Sophie would be there or if she would have wandered away. Snuggled up in the door she waited.

The sailors who had been assigned to shore duty had just brought a pot of coffee and some food from the destroyer for mess. After having had her breakfast, Sophie asked me if I was ready to start to find her mother. The father, a rich Greek from the interior, had brought his family to Smyrna with the retreating Greek army. Five days before he had been seized by the Turks. Then the fire had started, and two days later the mother, Sophie, and baby sister had been driven down to the quay for safety. In the crowd they had become separated, and the child had been wandering alone for two days and nights. The calm assurance with which Sophie spoke of finding them, as if we had only to walk half-way down the block of a quiet street, brought a choke in my throat, even tho I may be considered a fairly hardened realist.

Sophie with her good English and perfect Greek could act as interpreter. It was only reasonable to take the child with me. She would be of real assistance to me and there was no need to bring to her before it was necessary the realization that she would probably never see her family again. I tried to tell her as we walked along of the number of people that were wandering about, and of how difficult it would be, but she only smiled sweetly and said, "But God said you would find them. Don't worry about it. You and God can do anything."

I had never thought of myself coupled with Divinity, but I was to hear the phrase many times in the next week, and to remember it for the rest of my life.

During the morning we covered a mile along the quay through such a mess of desolate humanity as you never saw. Shortly before noon I was amazed to have Sophie pull my sleeve. "There they are, my mother and sister!" And coming toward us I saw a grief-crazed woman carrying a baby, hysterical with joy at this miracle of her regained daughter, and the intimate guardianship of an "Americano." It was Sophie who calmed her mother, who explained that God had promised her that He would bring them all together again.

WHEN we had the family with several hundred women and children safely conveyed to a building which was to serve as a refuge until such time as we were able to evacuate them, I was prepared for Sophie's suggestion that her father was next.

I took his name, and at my next interview with Haaki Bey, the Turkish Commander, who was co-operating with us in delivering into our hands his enemy, I asked for the man. His name and record were looked up, and with a guide and page who called out his name I was taken down into the bull-pen where about 5,000 prisoners were confined. There was no answer to our paging, and I went back with disappointed heart to tell Sophie that our efforts had been in vain. For the next three days this was a regular part of my schedule, but to no avail.

Then Sophie came to me, with a simple logical explanation of our failure, which in the stress of events had not occurred to me. She said, "My father may be afraid to answer. He may not know that God has sent you to deliver him. Let me go with you." So down into that mass of humanity we went. They put her up on a platform where she could look over the prisoners and by some small miracle, considering the number of them and the sameness of their misery, she recognized him.

He was conducted to the commandant's office. There we were shown his record and the sentence of death by court-martial. He had not been executed, merely because his turn had not come. Knowing the answer in advance, I begged the commandant to deliver this condemned man to me. It was with every appearance of regret that he refused my request. My heart was heavy as I went out to the auto-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

MIRACLES—what less?—were performed under the eyes of Mr. Prentiss, an American business man in charge of the evacuation of refugees from Smyrna. After reading the almost incredible story of what her Faith did for a brave little girl, think of the thousands of little folks over there who are still suffering untold privations, and send what you can spare for the Pictorial Review Sophie Fund. Address checks and money-orders to Pictorial Review Sophie Fund, Pictorial Review, New York City.

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"THEN THE SOLDIERS, WHEN THEY HAD CRUCIFIED JESUS, TOOK HIS GARMENTS, AND MADE FOUR PARTS, TO EVERY SOLDIER A PART"

The Story of Christ

Part Five—The Resurrection

By Giovanni Papini

Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Illustrations from Paintings by J. J. Tissot

Concluding Instalment

IT WAS paraseeve, the day of preparations, the last night before the Passover. Thousands of lambskins were stretched out on the sunlit roofs; and from every house rose a column of smoke, delicate as a flower-bud, which opened out in the air and then was lost in the clear festal sky. Old women with malignant faces, mumbling anathemas, emerged from the dark alleyways; dirty-faced little children trotted along with bundles under their arms; bearded men carried on their shoulders a kid or a cask of wine; drovers were dragging asses along by the halter; children were staring with impudent and melancholy eyes at the foreigners, who were walking circumspectly about, impeded by this festal bustling. In every home the house-mother was busy with all that was necessary for the next day, because with the setting of the sun every one was exempt for twenty-four hours from the curse of Adam.

The lambs, skinned and quartered, were all ready for the fire; the loaves of unleavened bread were piled up fresh from the oven; men were decanting the wine, and the children, to lend a hand somewhere, were cleaning the bitter herbs.

Everywhere there were that peaceful confusion, that good-natured tumult, that joyous bustle which go before a great popular feast-day. An odor of hope and of Spring purified the old filth of the Jewish ant-heap. And the great Eastern sun sent down a flood of light upon the four hills

Under that festal sky, through that festal crowd, slow as a funeral procession, the sinister column of the cross-carriers made its way. About them everything spoke of joy and of life, and they were going to burning thirst and to death.

About them all men were waiting joyfully to spend the evening with those whom they loved, to sit down before the garnished table, to drink the clear, ardent wine of happy days, to stretch themselves out on the bed to wait for the most longed-for Sabbath morning of the year.

And the three, cut off forever from those who loved them, would be stretched upon the cross of infamy and would drink only a sip of bitter wine, and, cold in death, would be thrown into the cold earth.

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The centurion rode at the head. Immediately after him came, in the midst of the armed legionaries, Jesus and the two thieves who were to be crucified with Him. Each of them carried a cross on his shoulders according to the Roman rule; and behind them were heard the shuffling steps and the uproar of the excited crowd, increased at every step by accomplices and idle sightseers.

At the noise of the centurion's horse, people stepped to one side, and stopped to look at the wretched men toiling and sweating under their terrible burden. The two thieves appeared sturdy and insolent, but the first, the Man of Sorrows, seemed scarcely able to take another step. Worn out by the terrible night, by His four questionings, by the buffetings, by the beatings, by the flogging, disfigured with blood, sweat, saliva, the terrible effort of this last task, He did not seem like the fearless young man who a few days before had scourged the vermin out of the Temple.

His fair, shining face was deformed now with convulsions of pain; His eyes, red with suppressed tears, were sunken in the sockets; on His shoulders, torn by the rods, His clothes clung to the wounds, increasing His sufferings; His legs, more than His other members, felt this terrible weakness, and they bent under His weight and under that of the cross. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." After the vigil which had been the beginning of His agony, how many blows had been struck upon that flesh! Judas's kiss, the flight of His friends, the rope on His hands, the threats of the judges, the blows of the guard, the cowardice of Pilate, the howling demands for His death, the insults of the legionaries, and this weight of the cross, carried among the sneers and scoffing of those whom He loved!

Those who saw Him pass took no notice of Him, or, at the most, those who knew how to read tried to make out the inscription which hung down on His chest. Many, however, knew Him by sight and by name and pointed Him out to their neighbors with learned and complacent airs. Some of them mingled with the crowd following behind to enjoy clear to the end the spectacle, always new, of a man's death; and more would have followed if it had not been a day when there was much to do. Those who had begun to hope in Him now despised Him because He had not been stronger, because He had let Himself be taken like any sneak thief; and to ingratiate themselves with the priests and elders mingled with the crowd, they cast out at the false Messiah as He went by some well-turned mockery.

Only some women, their heads wrapped in their cloaks, came behind all the rest, weeping, but trying to hide this rebellious grief.

The centurion halted outside the old walled city, in the midst of the young verdure of the suburban gardens. The city of Caiaphas did not allow capital punishment within its walls; the air perfumed with the virtue of the Pharisees would be polluted; and the soft hearts of the Sadducees would be distressed; hence, condemned prisoners were expelled before their death.

The sun, the benign sun of the solstice, the high noonday sun, shone on the white mound and on the mattocks ringing sonorously in the rock. In the near-by gardens the Spring flowers expanded in the air; doves flew about in pairs in the warm pastoral peace. It would be sweet to live there in some well-watered garden beside a well, in the perfume of the earth awakening and clothing itself, awaiting the harvest moon, in company with loving friends! Days of Galilee, days of peace, days of sunshine and friendship between the vineyards and the lake, days of light and liberty, walking with friends who listened understandingly; days drawing to a close with the well-earned cheerfulness of supper, days which seemed eternal, altho they were so short!

Now Thou hast no one with Thee, Jesus, called the Christ. These soldiers preparing that appalling bed, these thieves affronting Thee, these hounds awaiting Thy blood, are only shadows issued from the great shadow of God. Thou art alone as Thou wert alone at night; the sun that warms Thy assassins is not for Thee. Before Thee lies no other day, no other journey: Thy wanderings are ended, and now at last Thou canst rest; this skull or rock is Thy goal. A few hours hence Thine imprisoned spirit shall be torn from its dungeon.

God's human face is wet with cold sweat. The blows of the mattocks ring in His head as if they struck at Him; the sun which He loved so much, symbol of the Father, just even to the unjust, now falls harshly on His aching eyes and swollen eyelids. His whole body aches with weariness, trembles in a yearning for rest which He resists with all His soul. Has He not promised to suffer as much as is needful up to the very last? At the same time it seems to Him that He loves with a more intimate tenderness those whom He is leaving, even those who are working for His death. And from the depths of His soul, like a song of victory over the torn and weary flesh, rise up the words never to be forgotten by men, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

On the top of the Hill of the Skull the three crosses, tall, dark, with outspread beams like giants with outstretched arms, stood out against the great sweep of the sweet Spring sky. They threw no shadow, but they were outlined by brilliant reflections from the sun. The beauty of the world on that day, in that hour, was so great that tortures were unthinkable.

But the priests, the scribes, the Pharisees, those who gloated over suffering and revenge, who had come there to satisfy their morbid appetite with the spectacle of three deaths, were stamping with impatience and jeeringly hastening on the Romans.

The centurion gave an order. Two soldiers approached Jesus, and with rapid, rough gestures removed all His clothes. The criminal condemned to crucifixion must be entirely naked.

As soon as He was stripped they passed two ropes under His armpits and hoisted Him up on the cross. Half-way up on the upright was a rough wooden peg like a seat, where the body was to find a precarious and painful support. Another soldier leaned the ladder against one of the arms of the cross, climbed up on it, hammer in hand, seized the hand which had cured lepers and caressed little children's hair, spread it out on the wood, and drove a nail into the middle of the palm. The nails were long, and with a wide head so that they could be easily hammered. The soldier struck a vigorous blow which pierced the flesh at once, and then another and a third so that the nail would hold firmly, and so that only the head would remain outside. A little blood spurted out from the pierced hand upon the hammering

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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"AND IT CAME TO PASS, WHILE HE BLESSED THEM, HE WAS PARTED FROM THEM, AND CARRIED UP INTO HEAVEN"

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"HARK, ABBIE! HARK TO THAT TEMPEST! IT'S ONE OF THEM NIGHTS WHEN THE GIANTS COMES UP THE STAIRS TO GO ON THE MOUNTAIN. MAKIN' A NOISE ON THE STAIRS. NO, GIANTS GOES AGAINST THE WIND. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT?"

The Giants' Stair

A Play in One Act

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT LAWSON

THE CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Weatherburn — *Bane, the Sheriff*
Til, Her Sister — *The Man at the Door*

PLACE: A farm at the upper end of a mountain valley, "The Giants' Stair," which descends by easy alluvial benches from amongst the high southern buttresses of The Footstool.

TIME: Late November of the present: an evening when, the false autumnal Summer having come to a close, Winter gathers its forces for the initial assault. A storm of wind and rain invests the shell of the farmhouse with a note insistent, mournful, and menacing, and from moment to moment, in a wilder onslaught, rocks the edifice on its foundations as if with its next to tear it from its granite bed and hurl it bounding and crashing down the terraced floor of the gorge.

SCENE: The farmhouse kitchen, a gaunt, high-studded, white-plastered room, modified by forlorn attempts at cheer in touches of colored muslin at the windows, one on either side of the central door, and by a pink crêpe-paper shade which warms the light of the kerosene-lamp on the table at the left. A door at the right leads into the wood-shed; above it, on pegs, rests a double-barreled shotgun. The kitchen range, flanked by cupboards, is at the extreme right; at the extreme left an ordinary wall-telephone, the kind with a crank.

At the rising of the curtain there are discovered Mrs. Weatherburn and her sister, Til. Mrs. Weatherburn, a large-formed, soft-footed woman, has been manipulating the dampers of the range. When she lifts one of the lids the new wood, kindling with a pent roar, as if some of the outer gale had got down the chimney and into the stillness of the house, casts up a ruddy light and reveals the face bent over it, a face fleshy and unlined, the lips set together solidly but without strain, the eyes widely placed and so serene of expression as almost to beget a doubt of them—as if their very bovine tranquillity might be suspected to hide depths of ardor or passion or bitterness which would seem too silly in the scheme of existence of a mountain farm. Brooding into the heat, her hand, still holding the stove-lid, poised as if it has forgotten what it is about, she remains standing so for a moment, her back to her sister, seated by the table across the room.

Til is physically almost the counterpart of the other, large, putty-fleshed, and colorless. Beyond this outer aspect the likeness fails. Til is what would be called in Oriental countries "inspired."

She sits motionless under the pink glow, her hands, pallid, puffy, inert-looking, folded loosely in her lap; her eyes staring fixedly ahead of her at nothing at all. She speaks in a high-pitched, unaccented tone.

TIL: This is another of them nights, Abbie. Hark, Abbie! Hark to that tempest! It's one of them nights again.

MRS. W.: [*Idly.*] What nights, Til?

TIL: One of them nights when the giants comes up the stairs to go on the mountain. Makin' a noise on the stairs.

MRS. W.: Goin' *down*, I should say, Til. The wind's from *up*.

TIL: No, giants goes against the wind. Don't you know that?

MRS. W.: [*Replacing the stove-lid noisily, as if to put an end to that sort of talk, and glancing at the clock above the door.*] Mercy-livin', Til, look the time it is. Past seven, and supper not yet gettin', say nothing of laid. [*Taking down a saucepan from behind the stove and peering into it for dust.*] It's a queer, funny thing. When John was here——

TIL: —When John was alive——

MRS. W.: —When John was here I'd have give him a piece of my mind for bein' ten minutes late of six for supper; and yet now here it's *me* that's dawdlin'—lazin' and dawdlin' till all hours—now't John's away——

TIL: —Now't John's dead—now't he's dead and gone for a ghost—ghost in the trees—long with the dead giants' ghosts—troopin' through the trees! Hark to that wind, Abbie! [*In the instant of silence following, the telephone-bell begins to ring. With each prolonged, shrill iteration Til pronounces a name, like a child repeating in singsong role the rule of three.*] [*Ring!*] 'Banes'! [*Ring!*] Tolleys'! [*Ring!*] Jetherses'! [*Ring!*] Whites'! Mis' White's, Abbie. Somebody wantin' Mis' White's. Who could it be wantin' Mis' White's? [*Rising suddenly and softly, she steps to the instrument, lifts the receiver from the hook with furtive care, and puts it to her ear.*]

MRS. W.: Don't, Til! [*More hopelessly.*] Don't do that, Til! [*Til, on whose face the blankness has given way to a look of animation at once eager, wilful, and sly, only puts her hand over the mouthpiece for answer, and continues listening.*]

TIL: It's Mis' Jethers, talkin' with Mis' White. Mis' Jethers says Jethers is havin' trouble with his growth again. She says the Pros'cutor was by to-day, and what can the Pros'cutor be snoopin' 'round this neighborhood for—unless it's about— *Oh!* [*She jerks the receiver from her ear.*] *Oh!* [*She looks at it with an expression of malignance, wounded, bewildered.*]

MRS. W.: For Heaven sake, Til! What——[*Til replaces the receiver with a vicious click, and as abruptly goes droopy and appealing, tears in her eyes.*]

TIL: They says I was *list'nin'*. They says that. Says somebody was snoopin' in, and they'd warrant the somebody wa'n't a million miles from the Weatherburn place. Abbie!

MRS. W.: [*Crossing to put an arm about her sister's shoulders.*] There! Don't you take on! Come, Til, you set down in your chair again. That's a good girl! [*Having pushed and petted Til into place, she turns to the phone, takes the receiver, and after a moment's listening speaks into it.*] Yes, here's "somebody" again, May White. Yes, "snoopin'," Clara Jethers. Only 'tain't the same "somebody," happens. Yes, it was Til. My Til. And all I wanted to say was, I think two *ladies*, such as you, would consider 'emselves in pretty business, mindin' *Til!* Mindin' and mockin' such a one as *Til!* That's all. Oh, no, no, I didn't mean to be snappy, Clara. No, nor to you either, May. Only— No, I don't want you should think— How? Yes, 'tis. Blowin' furies up here. Yes, perfect cats and dogs. How? The *road*-bridge! [*To Til.*] Clara Jethers says the brook's so swole down her way that their hay-bridge has gone out and the road-bridge like to any minute. [*To phone.*] Don't tell me! Yes, I knew 'twas swellin', even up this far. When I was out to the chickens I hear it roarin' down to the meadow-bottom. Dear—dear! I guess we sha'n't look to have many callers to-night, 't any rate. More likely to be callin' ourselves down your ways, house and all. [*Hastily, to the agitated Til.*] No, Til, no; that was only jokin'. No danger of *that*, I guess. [*To phone.*] I was speakin' to Til. Yes, good night to both of you; good night. [*Replacing the receiver, she moves away toward the range, but halts before reaching it, and stands with her head lifted, harkening to the stream of the elements without. After a moment she speaks to herself.*] I wish John was here to-night.

TIL: [*Apprehensively.*] Don't say that! Not with *this*—*these*! They might hear you—and send him. [*Mrs. Weatherburn made no rejoinder. As if taking herself in hand, she glances at the clock, tidies her apron, and is continuing toward the stove when a knock on the door brings her again to a halt, wheeling, startled. Til, rising, open-mouthed, wide-eyed, stares from her sister to the door and to her sister again. As Mrs. Weatherburn, shaking off her momentary irresolution, starts forward, Til brings her up again with a whispering "Abbie!" The knock is repeated, and immediately then the door opens and Bane comes in. Bane is a stocky, hard-fleshed, red-complexioned fellow in middle age, a farmer out of a line of farmers; a man, one would say, without imagination. His cowhide boots are muddy and his short overcoat sodden with water, as is the hostler's cap which he takes off as he closes the door behind him and blinks into the unaccustomed light.*]

TIL: [*With almost a sob of relief.*] Why, it's—it's only Sheriff Bane!

BANE: [*Peering from one to the other, noting their attitudes.*] So, Til! And who'd ye 'magine I would be? [*Turning to Mrs. W.*] And you! You're not still hopin', Mis' Weatherburn! Or—*mistrustin'!*

MRS. W.: [*Controlling a gesture of impatience.*] It was only you give us a start— to think of any livin' mortal being out to-night——

TIL: Along with *them as ain't*.

BANE: [*Ignoring her; to Mrs. W.*] Make certain I shouldn't've been if I'd know. It wa'n't anything like so bad when I start. I been up the mountain all afternoon on the lookout for them two young steers of mine, the red ones, that's been strayed since Tuesday night. You ain't see 'em, I suppose? Well, then, when it come on so all-creation bad, and I see the light in your window——

MRS. W.: And quite right you was, Bane. Look at you— drownded! Take off that overcoat and draw up to the stove.

BANE: [*Looking down at himself.*] No, thank ye; my boots are too messed. I'll just take a chair by the door here a spell if ye don't mind. [*Removing his coat, he hangs it over the chair-back; then seats himself, his boots planted solidly apart, his cap hanging between his knees.*]

TIL: [*Gazing into space.*] What did them red steers of yourn die of?

BANE: *Die* of! They ain't died of anything I know of. Why?

TIL: I only thought 'twas queer a body'd be searchin' anything *livin'*—up this mountain here—to-night. Did you hear any of 'em round about you?

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BANE: Any what? The steers?

TIL: The giants. Comin' up the stairs.

BANE: Giants! I declare for the woman! Th'ain't no such things as giants *alive!*

TIL: No, they're all dead now—long ago, long ago. And then them other dead things—passin' up through the trees and the long grass and the bushes—croopin' up—

BANE: [*Furiously, to Mrs. W.*] What's she about? What's all this darnation foolishness about, anyhow?

MRS. W.: Nothin', Bane. Don't mind Til. It's like she's got it into her mind it'd be hard for anything mortal to get up the road to-night. We had a phone the bridge to Jetherses' is like to go out any minute. You'll hardly get home to-night, I'm afraid, will you?

BANE: Don't look it. I'll set here, if ye don't mind.

MRS. W.: Land, no! But you ain't et! No more've we. I'll put some eggs on directly——

BANE: I've et. Before I start——

MRS. W.: But I thought you was on the mountain all after——

BANE: [*Hastily.*] I—that's what I was goin' to say—only—only ye wouldn't leave me finish. Before I start *down*, I was goin' to say, havin' take a snack along in a paper. See?

MRS. W.: Oh! [*And after a perceptible pause.*] Well, you don't mind if we have ourn, Til and me? I was just gettin' at it—

BANE: [*Doggedly.*] No. But *I've* et. [*Mrs. W. takes up the saucepan from the stove and, again peering into it, again falls into reverie.*]

TIL: [*Revealed, her eyes blank.*] The first step in the stairs is Banes'. The next step is Tolleys'. Big, huge steps in the dark. It's feelin' for 'em with their feet in the dark makes the din. [*Mrs. W., still brooding into the saucepan, has shifted nearer to Bane. Til continues.*] The next step after Tolleys' is Jethersea'. That's a higher one. Some stumbles there.

MRS. W.: [*In a resolute undertone.*] Bane, there's one thing I'd like if you'd make clear. When you come in you says to me: "Still hopin'?" and by that I take it you mean still hopin' it might be my husband come back. But it's what you says next I want explained. "Or *mistrustin'!*" Why'd you say, "Or *mistrustin'?*"

BANE: [*Confused.*] What'd I mean? Land! I never meant—it was more like a—a joke. Only—

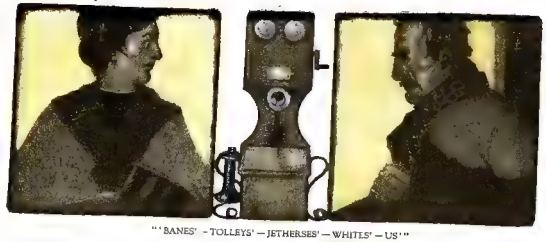
MRS. W.: Only *what*, Bane?

BANE: Nothin'! Only— [*Straightening his shoulders and looking significantly about him.*] You been bright'nin' things up a bit since John was—was gone—eh? Them window-curtains makes a difference now, don't they? John Weatherburn was never much on decoration, was he? And that there pink lamp-shade. Makes the room a sight cheerier, don't it, tho? And then the telephone. A telephone's a comfort, 'specially to the woman-folks, what with their gossipin' and egg-prices and howdy-do's. I'm glad for you you got the phone in at last, after all these years it's been up the valley clean to your next-door neighbor's. John was never much for contraptions, was he? 'Specially when they cut into the money. John was insured, wa'n't he?

MRS. W.: [*In a level tone, facing him squarely.*] Is there anything in this valley, stick, stone, or straw-stack, ain't insured, and insured as high's ever the agent'll let you?

BANE: [*Keenly.*] Why'd-you say "straw-stack"?

MRS. W.: Why shouldn't I say "straw-stack"?



"'BANES' — TOLLEYS' — JETHERSES' — WHITES' — US'"

TIL: And then the next step is Whitea', where the walls comes closer t'gether. And there's the brook to crost again, the roarin' brook, tumblin' and roarin' and takin' the bridges out in the dark——

MRS. W.: Bane, you never come here to-night *about steers!*

BANE: [*Rubbing a hand down over his face.*] Well, as a matter of fact— [*Blowing out his lips.*] Set down, Mis' Weatherburn.

MRS. W.: Thank you, I'll stand.

BANE: [*Blowing out his lips again.*] Was a Mr. Cantpole by to-day?

MRS. W.: That's the Pros'cutor from Twinshead way, ain't it?

BANE: Yes, Cantpole happens to be Pros'cutin' Attorney; that's him.

MRS. W.: Yes, he was by. What's more, you know well enough he was by. Look here, Bane, speak out! Is it about—John?

BANE: About John—I'm 'fraid. About John's—vanishin'.

TIL: [*In the same dreaming tone.*] About John's dyin'. About John's dyin' o' murder in the dark.

BANE: [*Wheeling in his chair.*] And how'd *you* know he was murdered, Til Jessup? *How'd you come to know?*

TIL: [*Shaken out of her reverie; dismayed.*] How'd I know? Why—why—I'll tell you how—I hear Mis' Jethers sayin' 's much—day before yesterday, 'twas—to Mis' Tolley—or leastways to Mame Tolley—Mis' Tolley bein' to Twinshead. Mis' Tolley's always to Twinshead Thursdays, ain't she? That's her day to Twins— [*The phone rings. Til counts.*] Banes'! Tolleys'! There's for Mis' Tolley's now. Wonder who could be— [*She half rises with a yearning glance toward the instrument; then, remembering herself, casts an abashed eye in the direction of the visitor and relapses. The Sheriff passes his hand again over his face and returns his attention to Mrs. Weatherburn.*]

BANE: I trust you'll believe me, Mis' Weatherburn, when I tell ye 'tain't of my own wish I'm here to-night.

MRS. W.: No, I a'pose not. But hark'nin' to all the gossip that's round——

BANE: No, 'tain't no question of gossip sent me. It's Cantpole. I shouldn't've moved of myself, same as I *ain't* moved before——

MRS. W.: Yes, I've give you credit for a deal of sense—till now. I says to myself, there's one man in the valley's got sense enough to know John must've just gone away a spell, somewheres——

BANE: No, Mis' Weatherburn, 'twa'n't that. For that wouldn't be *sense*. Don't think I blind myself. What manner of sense would there be tryin' to believe a man like John Weatherburn, a solid church-goin' man with a good farm and a bank-account, and a fam'ly—that a man like that'd be changin' all of a sudden, one special night, and skippin' for it, no word to nobody and never hear of again? That's too much!

MRS. W.: There's queer things happens in the world.

TIL: There's queer things happens in the world.

BANE: No, no, 'tain't that. [*He looks down at his cap, which he wrings between his fingers.*] Tain't that. It's something—[*putting the palm of his hand on the crown of his head*]—something here. Something settin' heavy, and sorrowful, like a weight. Mr. Cantpole never lived in this valley. I have. I've lived neighbors with you folks; you've been to dinner to my house, and me to yourn. I've know John Weatherburn since him and I was boys. Boy and man I've known him. Why, I was the last person to see him alive—the last that'll *confess* to it, anyhow. When he leave me that night, there at the bars of my top-pasture—when I see him walkin' away in the dusk of that ev'nin'—if I had think—if I'd been able to know what was in store— Oh, dear! It sets heavy, Mis' Weatherburn. It's set so heavy on me I ain't been myself. The farm-work's suffered; nothin' tended, nothin' done. And here's the Pros'cutor all the while: "When ye goin' to act, Sheriff?" And me settin' there to home, thinkin', thinkin': "Sorrow has come on that fam'ly up there. If I, Edwin Bane, was willin'ly to set out to add to that sorrow—" But to-day, when Cantpole was by, there wa'n't no "When ye goin' to act?" This time 'twas: "*A c t!*"

MRS. W.: So, you acted! [*Holding up the saucepan, she peers into it for the last time. She takes it to the stove, fills it from the teakettle, and sets it on. She glances toward Til. Then, picking up the wood-basket:*] Til, would you mind gettin' me in some wood? That's a good girl! And wait! Take along this candle— [*Lighting a candle-end for Til as she takes the basket.*] For I want some good sticks this awful night. Good, medium-small square sticks. Mind! Pick 'em careful, won't you, Til? That's a good girl! [*Ushering her out and closing the door behind her, she stands with her back against it, facing the Sheriff in his chair.*] So, Bane, you acted! You come to accuse me of murderin' John!

BANE: [*Reddening.*] Not so fast! Not so fast!

MRS. W.: You come here to accuse me of murderin' John!

BANE: Not so fast! [*Rising and casting his eyes about.*] I come here, at Cantpole's orders, simply to—to have a look around. That's all. That John's gun up there? [*Taking down the weapon and balancing it thoughtfully across his palms.*] H'm'm'm! Good gun. [*Sniffing at the muzzle.*] D'you ever try shootin' this gun, Mis' Weatherburn?

MRS. W.: No, I never shot that gun.

BANE: Sure o' that, ain't you? [*The door is attempted from the other side. Mrs. W. props her back more desperately against it, calling over her shoulder.*]

MRS. W.: Better wood'n that, Til! Better wood'n that! [*To Bane.*] What do you mean, Bane?

BANE: I just mean—I was just wonderin'—if 'twa'n't you— [*With a quick movement he "breaks" the breech, pulls out one of the shells, notes that it is empty, and, lifting the weapon to point to the light, squints through the barrel.*] Just wonderin', Mis' Weatherburn, if *'twa'n't* you who *'twas*.

MRS. W.: [*After a moment's hesitation.*] I'll tell you who 'twas. It was my husband himself. I rec'lect now. 'Twas the day before he—left. I rec'lect him comin' in with that gun, sayin' as how he'd had a shot at some quail up in the stone-pasture. But he'd missed.

BANE: I don't doubt your word, Mis' Weatherburn,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

"'TO—TO HORRIFY MYSELF!' [AND FAINTER, STILL FURTHER OFF] 'JOHN! JOHN!'"

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THE NEW ORDER

by Konrad Bercovici

The Devastating Influence of a French Governess in a Fine Old Peasant Household and Its Startling Sequel

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. A. BOTKIN

"THE MUSIC HE LOVED BEST WAS TO HEAR THE CRUNCHING OF THE BONES OF THE MEAT EATEN AT HIS TABLE. THE MORE HIS MEN ATE, THE GREATER HIS JOY"

JOHN STANESCU was one of the richest landowners in that part of Roumania which forms an angle between the Pruth river and the Danube. Both rivers were the boundary of his property. For generations the land had been owned by the family; and altho the Stanescus were richer than some of the boyar landlords of the neighborhood whose children were educated in the capitals of Europe, the Stanescus lived in their large, simple home, dressed in the simple garb of their peasant neighbors, married the daughters of other landed peasants, and worked together with their men in the fields and in the stables, proud that their hands were as horny as those of their farm-hands and servants.

The kitchen of a Stanescu was supervised by the woman. And it was upon her that also devolved the business of milking, and the selling of the rich butter and cheese for which the Stanescu dairy was famous all over the country.

From the "beginning of time," as the Stanescus used to express themselves, every evening meal was served in a large hall, a wing to the left of the kitchen. There the landowner with his wife and children assembled with all the servants and farm-hands of the place. One long white pine table, washed and soaped every day, seating over forty, was reserved for the men. Adjoining it another long pine table was reserved for the women. The table of the men was presided over by the owner, the table of the women by his wife. A short prayer, after the bread was broken, and the food began to disappear rapidly from the table—eaten out of brown earthen dishes with beautifully enameled wooden forks and spoons, each man using his own pocket-knife.

And John Stanescu, altho still young, only approaching forty, was more patriarchal in his inclinations than his father or his forefathers had been, from whom he had inherited the property. It had been his father's ambition to make him a little boyar. He sent him to the capital to study. But the year of artificial life in Bucharest, instead of whetting John's appetite for more of that kind of life, had done quite the contrary, for when he returned home it was impossible to get John to leave his estate and go anywhere at all for even the shortest stay. He took pride in everything there was on his estate.

First in his mind was the house, to which he had added a wing as every Stanescu had done before him during his lifetime—red-brick affairs with thatched roofs and small square windows, but with the doors large enough for the passage of a hay-cart yoked to four oxen. He took pride in the animals of the place, and saw to it that they were slick and healthy. He loved to watch their movements when they were at work, the thick veins swelling the horses' hind-quarters as they pulled the deeply set plow that seemed to force the earth to give up its secrets, and the swelling of the neck of his oxen when the carts were too heavily laden with the sacks of grain on their way to the city.

The health of his men, too, working on the farm was a great concern of John Stanescu's. He used to say that the music he loved best during the week was to hear the crunching of the bones of the meat eaten at his table. The more his men ate, the greater was his joy. And whenever occasion presented itself to talk about that, John Stanescu would put out his chest and say in a loud voice: "It is a household I have. And two oxen are slaughtered for it every week, not to speak of mutton and lamb and fowl for Sunday. It is a household I have!"

And when one of his servants married or when a child was born to one of his farm-hands, he took pride in that, for it increased his household, his domain. When one of his horses dropped a colt or a favorite cow a calf, John was always there in the stables talking to the mare or the cow.

And there was a largeness and an open-handedness about John Stanescu of which every one spoke. Whatever he did was done on a large scale, regardless of whether or not it was necessary. If a new lock were needed for one of the doors, he bought a hundred locks. If a few nails were required, six kegs of them arrived the following day. If a half dozen boards were necessary to repair a barn wall, a car-load of boards was sent for. Everything had to be aplenty and over and above the absolute necessity in the house. Everything had to be in full.

And because of the well-being of his men and his animals and himself, and because he worked with them with his hands, which were as strong as those of any of his men, and because his wife supervised the kitchen and the milking and the making of the butter and cheese and the preparation of the food, his children had from their youngest years done their share of work on the farm. The place could stand any of John Stanescu's extravagances, for it produced more than any farm of its size, and even more than any of those larger in the neighborhood. It was said in the neighborhood that a Stanescu acre is worth two, and a Stanescu cow four.

The men and women on the farm were happy and contented. On Sunday the peasant landlord would sit outside, stroking his black beard, which he had nursed to an unreasonable length, and his hair, which fell in wide locks over his shoulders, to watch with appreciative eyes, which seemed to preside over his firm and strong nose, the slow preparations for the dance in the evening. It always took place outdoors from early Spring until late in the Fall.

PREPARATIONS had to be made anew every Sunday. A large circle in front of the house was parked off with branches of evergreen. In the center of this circle, upon three barrels, a platform was erected for the musicians. When this was done the ground was cleared so that those dancing in their bare feet might feel sure of treading the ground. On the outer rim of the circle rough pine benches were set for those who wanted to rest between dances, and at convenient distances were tables near barrels of red and white wine; near the earthen pitchers were chunks of bread and meat and cheese for those who might become hungry dancing. For it was John Stanescu's boast that none of his men ever went to the inn; that they needed none; that he provided them with drink and dance and all that they could get at an inn. And truly there were no gayer Sundays anywhere within a day's ride of the Stanescu farm. Young men and maidens who worked on other farms or lived on their own land would ride for six hours Sundays to attend the dances on the Pruth farm.

"MADAME WAS THE DAUGHTER OF A PEASANT"

One Sunday night, while the dance on the green was at its merriest, the sky was suddenly illuminated by tongues of fire leaping high in the air through a thick smoke which spread over the horizon like rolling black clouds. The dance suddenly stopped. Boyar Cornel's farm was going up in flames! By the time Stanescu and his men, riding their fastest horses, had reached the Cornel place everything was in the vise of the crackling red tongues, in a flood of fire. Every barn, every stack of hay, including the sheaves of wheat which had been harvested and lay on the field like sleeping golden sheep—everything was being baked in flames. It was like the work of a thousand angry devils who had desired to raze the whole Cornel property by fire. The very ground underfoot was burning.

There was no use fighting the flames. People, attracted from all directions, stood at convenient distances and watched with awe and anguish the destruction of that which had taken generations and generations of hundreds of men to build and accumulate.

The people were anxious to know if there had been any loss of life in the holocaust. They walked around asking whether anybody had seen any one of the Cornel household. None could give answer. It was as if the burning earth had swallowed them all in her anger.

While John Stanescu, surrounded by his men, was watching the fire, an old peasant, followed by a disheveled woman, approached him respectfully.

"Jupin John," he said, "it is a woman crying. And as she neither speaks our language nor do I know who she is, I have thought of bringing her to you that you may perhaps find out the cause of her tears and the sense of her words, for it seems to me she speaks the Frank tongue, to which you are not as complete a stranger as I am."

Stanescu had one look at her, and recognized the young woman. She was the French governess who had served the house of Boyar Cornel. They had brought her from Paris for their children. With the aid of the few French words Stanescu still remembered from his school-days at the capital, he cleared the mystery.

Not a single member of the boyar's family had remained alive. They had evidently been killed before the fire was set to the house. Many a time a bad ending had been predicted to Boyar Cornel. He had lived a lawless life and one beyond his means. But that the ending should be such a terrible one no one had expected. And when Stanescu learned the full horror of the tragedy he fell on his knees and bowed his head in prayer. At the sight of the landowner on his knees the thousand people watching the fire bent theirs to pray that the souls of the dead be received in mercy by the Eternal One.

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The prayer over, the young patriarch turned around to look at the woman. Exhausted with her emotions, she had fainted and fallen to the ground. A half-hour later he had brought her, still unconscious, to his home, carrying her in front of the saddle on his horse. His wife was waiting at the door, watching the fire from the distance.

"I have brought her to you, Ileana," he said to his wife as he lifted the woman to a couch; "I have brought her to you because you know better what to do with fainting women than I."

The woman came to herself after water had been thrown upon her, her fingers pricked with needles, and whisky poured down her throat, only to fall into a fit of hysterical cries and moans and long incoherent speech in her own tongue. It took hours before she was calmed again and before she could somewhat gain possession of herself.

Early the next morning, while the dense smoke was still rising from the smoldering fire and rolling on the distant blue skies, Stanescu and his men were at work. It was harvest-time. One could not be too early at work on such days. When the authorities came to investigate the cause of the fire the only witness who could give some clue to its inception was the French governess, now lodged with the Stanescus. The police and gendarmes had to use the landowner's scant knowledge of her tongue to get whatever they could out of the freckled, red-haired, scared young lady. The Cornel servants who had remained alive knew nothing except that they had been awakened by fire in their quarters and in those of the big house, and that fire was everywhere.

Mlle. Duchamps was the only one outside the family who had lived with them in the big house. She remembered having heard pistol-shots, groans, cries. She had jumped through the low window and hidden in a clump of roses, the thorns of which tore her face and arms and the flimsy dress she had on. From that clump of roses she watched the fire rise and a half dozen men on horseback disappear. She did not see their faces or hear their voices. She remained there, she explained, until she saw a number of people assembling from everywhere to watch the fire. Then she gathered courage to go toward them. She remembered nothing after that. She awoke in the Stanescu house.

IN a few days Cucuoana Stanescu had nursed the French woman back to normal. Stanescu was too busy to do more than just inquire at evening how she was getting along. Then one morning Mme. Stanescu said to her husband in tentative tones: "She is very nice and pleasant, Mlle. Duchamps. I wonder, John, since she is here alone and without help whether it would not be the Christian thing to keep her with us over the Winter at least. She would be excellent company for our daughter, to whom it will be no hurt to know a little French. Mademoiselle might teach her. And if it be a salary she will want we can pay her."

As Stanescu did not say "no" to his wife's tempting proposition, Mme. Stanescu continued her monolog.

"And I myself wish to learn something of the Frank tongue, for thou must not forget, John, the promise thou madest me years ago to take me to Paris when our children have grown and no longer need us near them."

Mme. Stanescu was the daughter of a wealthy peasant, and had gone to school in town until her wedding-day. Stanescu thought for a while, and then said: "Yes; but she is a French lady, and you could not possibly have her eat on a plain white pine table out of earthen dishes with wooden spoons and sit with our servants. I know she will object to that. Of course that we sit at the same table is another thing. We are the masters."

Whereupon Mme. Stanescu said: "And of this, too, I have wanted to speak to thee, John. That we eat at a separate table in another room. We, the children, and Mademoiselle. It is long that I have desired this."

She spoke long and in detail, most contrary to her habit, and gave John Stanescu no time to reply. She weakened him as she spoke incessantly about the old desire that had gnawed at her heart to be with her children and husband alone at the evening meals. And she won.

The following day Stanescu accompanied his wife to town, from where they returned home followed by a cart heavily laden with hundreds of porcelain dishes and dozens upon dozens of napkins, table-cloths, and enough silverware to stock a hardware-store. And there was a large round polished oak table, the kind made in those days in Budapest and Vienna, and a number of chairs with straw backs to fit the table. That very evening the Stanescu servants and farm-hands ate their first meal alone, for the owner had thrown out the plain pine table and tabourets from one of his rooms, and the family were having their meal by themselves with the red-haired governess.

THE Stanescus had three children; George, the eldest, who was in his sixteenth year; a younger boy, Alecu, fourteen, and a girl, Vera, of twelve years. The boys were their father's pride; sturdy, tall youngsters who played about the fields and barns from early morning to sundown. It was George who nosed the first plow into the ground each Spring, and finished the first furrow to the hurrahs and good-luck wishes of all the men assembled. Clad in the simplest of simple garbs, a long white homespun shirt held at the hips with a red sash, George had his keen and playful eye upon everything that passed before it. He led the band, so to say, and his teeth crunched loudly the bones of the cutlets at the table, making part of the music his father enjoyed so much. And when there were colts to be broken George was in the thick of it. Cautious, yet full of enthusiasm, he bridled and saddled the young animal, and by dint of courage and perseverance would break even the most refractory young beast.

When George went to the village he was followed by a pack of dogs, twenty, thirty of them, that surrounded him, coming to their young master from all sides when they heard his long and shrill whistle. Of cows and fowl and wolves and bears, George knew as much as he did of wheat and corn and the depth of a furrow and the peculiarities of soil. He was his father's pride, his father's joy. And on Sundays there was no one as gay, with feet as full of dance, as George. And he danted with the servants of the place and the maidens from the surrounding country until he fell asleep behind a tree or under a table—danced and sang himself to exhaustion.

George's younger brother, Alecu, was not as active, chiefly because his older brother did so many things there was nothing left for Alecu to do. For he too was a sturdy child. Yet they used to say of him that he was more George's younger brother than Stanescu's son.

The third child, Vera, was kept near her mother and the women who took care of the house. They had trained her from early childhood to spin and weave, and already the mother was showing her the finer points in the work of the loom. For all that was worn in the Stanescu household was made on the place. It was John Stanescu's pride to point out the lambs late in the Fall when they were heavy with wool, and say, "There! He is growing my Winter coat, and the *kozhoks* for my sons, and dresses for my wife and my daughter."

The children hoped for an especially fine time during that Winter season. Two of the Gipsy blacksmiths working on the place had been discovered to be very fine violinists, and George hoped to learn how to play the instrument from one of them while the smithy was idle during the long snow-bound months. He had spoken to his father about it, who promised to buy him a violin before the first snowfall. But the burning of the Cornel household and the coming of Mlle. Duchamps into their household so upset every plan that, despite the first and second snowfalls, the father failed to fulfil his promise.

George and his brother, Alecu, expected to get new Winter coats of thick homespun material and made by the village tailor. The boys also expected new boots, the kind reaching up to the knees, and with hobnailed soles. But one early morning their father announced that he was going to take them all to town to buy their clothes. The boys wondered at that! The old tailor of the village was waiting to do the work! But since the visit to town meant the sight of so many things they had never seen and since it also made for the possibility of getting the violin, they joyfully forgot even to mention how disappointed Maestru Strul might be not to get the order for their clothing.

The following morning the whole family, Mlle. Duchamps included, took the train to the capital. They reached Bucharest long hours afterward, and, to the astonishment of the boys, the father bought himself some German clothes for every day, like those worn by city people, and a black suit of clothes, with a long priest-like coat, for Sundays. In this outfit he included some white stiff shirts, as the made of porcelain, shining and hard, and a stiff black hat such as they had never seen before, which was tried on their father's large head for the approval of their mother and Mlle. Duchamps.

AND in the same store similar clothes were tried on and purchased for the two boys—clothes that encased them as in a prison and in which they could not move freely—and shirts like their father's. George quite naively asked his father when the first stiff collar was tried on, "What have I done to be so punished?" But his father only laughed, and his mother subdued a reproach as she said under her breath, "Oh, you little peasant! Oh, you little peasant!"

A few moments later the mother, Mlle. Duchamps, and the little sister entered another store, the window of which was littered with cloth, the color and kind of which the boys had never seen. And they wondered whether their mother really intended wearing such gaudy, shining, and useless stuff when there were miles and miles of beautiful *boraseschic* silk cloth at home!

While the women were inside the store, the father, still silent, took them into another shop, where, after a short discussion, his long hair, which reached to his shoulders, was clipped short so as to make the stiff hat look less ridiculous on his head. The big, broad beard of which everybody had been so proud and which gave him such noble appearance, was trimmed down to a mean point, giving his face the look of a black goat. It was a bitter blow to George to see his father, of whom he was so proud, become so disfigured. But he did not resist when his own locks were cut short, and he laughed and giggled when the hair of his brother was similarly trimmed. "We look like monkeys, not like sons of *Rumans*."

The family started on the return journey late that night heavy with packages and parcels. As George sat tired on the hard bench of the train, he could not get out of his mind the terrible calamity that had befallen them. He had even forgotten to ask for the violin that he had so longed to get. He was ashamed to look at his father. It made him want to cry and laugh, so droll the man looked with his shorn locks and pointed beard.

It seemed to George that for some unfathomable reason the farm and the horses and the plows and the beloved woods and dogs were no longer his. That even the house

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

"HIS AX SMASHED TABLES AND CHAIRS AND LOOKING-GLASSES. WITH A SAVAGE YELL HE LAUNCHED INTO THE CUPBOARD"

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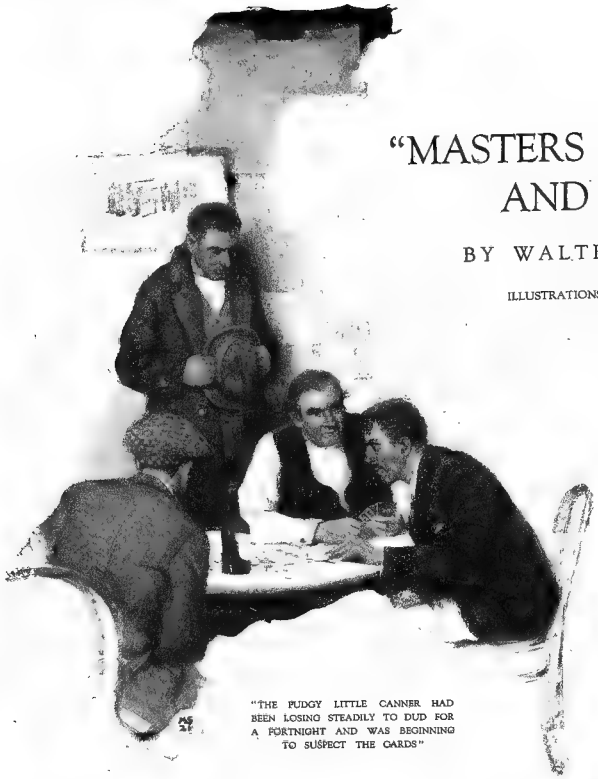
"MASTERS OF OURSELVES AND OURS"

BY WALTER B. PITKIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEAD SHAEFFER

READERS, writers, everybody, mark this event in literary annals: a story from the pen of an eminent teacher of the fiction-writing art.

Professor Pitkin of Columbia University offers the public herewith a tale of engrossing interest and rugged power; of the fate of the proud old House of Cathaway and its last scion.



"THE PUDGY LITTLE CANNER HAD BEEN LOSING STEADILY TO DUD FOR A FORTNIGHT AND WAS BEGINNING TO SUSPECT THE CARDS"

AT NINE O'CLOCK on a night of relentless rain, Cynthia, the sole servant of the House of Cathaway, was locking the back door when a woman came striding up the flagstone walk behind the unkempt lilac hedge that screened the outhouses from the street. She carried her umbrella far down over her face, and she dashed up the house steps in long, nervous strides, as if eager to get indoors.

"You again!" Cynthia grunted, as her visitor flung back the umbrella and flashed tawny eyes around the huge kitchen. "Mistah Cathaway ain't home. He's out an' till late."

"Oh, I'll wait. How's the missus? Any better?" The caller sat down and lighted a cigaret.

"Same's always, Miss Lewis." Cynthia frowned thorough disapproval. "If you'se goin' to wait, will you please tell Mistah Cathaway to sho'ly lock this kitchen door after you leaves?"

Sue Lewis nodded and opened a purse. "It's mighty good of you, Cynthia," she cooed, "standing by Mrs. Cathaway, year in, year out. Here's a birthday present for you. By the way, how's everything going? Have any of the Green Acres Club called yet?"

A five-dollar bill went with the query. The old negress grinned. "Missus Judge Snyder was in yistaday, Miss Sue. And this mo'nin' Miss Emily Pottell come an' invited Mr. Cathaway to a golf luncheon she called it. And Miss Emily she borrowed Great-grandmother Cathaway's scrumptious old yellow silk gown for to wear to a masquerade at the club——"

"Well, the nerve of her!" Sue flashed. "Watch that new crowd, Cynthia. Don't let them impose on—Mrs. Cathaway. Being sick, she's likely to give in to anything they ask."

"Yes'm." Cynthia squinted wisely.

"Miss Emily's—er—rather fond of Mr. Cathaway, isn't she?" Sue lazily contemplated a long crack in the ceiling.

"Mebbe so." Cynthia chuckled. "But then, so's all the othah ladies out to the club. They bows down to quality folks. They ain't in the class with the Cathaways, Miss Sue."

"H'm. You know a lot." Sue viciously snapped her new cigaret under the vast stove.

The negress shuffled off into the lonely west wing, still called the servants' quarters. Sue Lewis flung off her rain-coat and swept into the immense butler's pantry. Oaken shelves loaded with gorgeous old china and fine glass shone down upon her. Her thin lips parted as she scrutinized these treasures from days bygone and magnificent. She opened the quiet glass doors and lifted out piece after piece. Reverently she studied the haughty coat-of-arms on each, a triumphant gilt knight astride a sable stallion, both circumferenced with mystic scrolls and the inscrutable motto: "Masters of ourselves and ours." Sighing in a strange passion she stroked the lustrous service, then tenderly replaced it and tiptoed into the dark dining-room.

Here she lighted a gas-jet beside the somber portrait of General Cathaway and fell to gloating over the dusky splendors of the place. The stiffly carved figures in the head-high black walnut wainscoting drew her, entranced and softly gasping. Thirty superb panels there were, each portraying a glorious episode in the long career of the Cathaways. Beside the hall door stood the half-legendary Earl, he of melancholy mien, who first brought glory to the family name. Next to him his grandson, in audience with the King on the eve of the Cathaways' departure for wild America. And thus around the room: Cathaways fighting the red Indians; Cathaways being promoted by General Washington; Cathaways opening their new mansion in 1762, a prodigious place of porticoes and pillars, with the walls of a fortress and windows like the eyes of heaven.

Two of England's cunningest wood-carvers had toiled three years on these panels alone. The best glass-worker in London had spent six months fashioning the chandelier above the table, a patterned maze of crystals outshining diamonds.

"'OH, YOU PRECIOUS, PRECIOUS BEAUTIES! YOU'RE ALL MINE NOW! EVERY ONE OF YOU!'"

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Sue relaxed in a copious chair, as in a lover's arms, and went lost in these visions of the past. The endless purr and sob of the rain outside deepened her hypnosis. The sharp tick-tock of the colossal hall clock beat the measure of her deep dreams, which went marching past her half-conscious mind like soldiers seen from a high window; only their bobbing headgear visible, only the thump of unseen feet on unseen pavement heard.

Down the bleak, black front hall a moan drifted, fainter than the overtones of the rain and the moist whimper of the gutters. It shivered and broke. Then silence melted into irregular pulses of pain half articulate, muffled, and trembling on the rim of nothingness. It became a stifled prayer, aquiver with pleadings. A bed creaked.

Sue Lewis leaped from her dreams, as a tiger from his ambush. The long, pallid face went stiff. The lips drew taut and bloodless. Ten slim, nervous fingers drummed soundlessly on the table. Soon a smile broke, a distorted grimace in which defiance fought with fear, twisting the muscles harshly.

ON THE stroke of one o'clock in the morning Dudley Cathaway squinted through the tobacco haze at the clock in Tin Can Wheeler's back parlor, precisely as he had done almost nightly for years. He beamed upon his vanquished poker cronies, pocketed his unusual winnings, and purred his stereotyped farewell.

"I must be going, gentlemen. Poor Mitty's medicine is due at half past one, you know."

"How is she, Dud?" asked Tin Can Wheeler, as usual.

"Oh, now up, now down," Dud sighed a thoroughly standardized sigh. "Up around in the middle of the day, but can't stay up long. Wears her out. She may go on this way for years, Doc Shives says. That's the way with weak hearts."

The regular thing at this juncture would have been for Lem Lewis to have hoped that Mrs. Cathaway might soon take a turn for the better; and this in spite of common knowledge that the poor woman's heart had been strained past all repair when she had tried, contrary to doctor's orders, to present the House of Cathaway with an heir. But Lem was in no mood for manners.

The pudgy little canner had been losing steadily to Dud for a fortnight and was beginning to suspect the cards. But that was a trifle beside the ugly gossip that had been trickling in to him about his sister Sue's infatuation and her pursuit of this impoverished aristocrat.

The canner loved his sister as deeply as he detested Dud; and he detested the fellow as only a rich vulgarian can detest a professional gentleman of the First Family whose every word and gesture flaunted magnificent contempt for the Lewis cannery, its canners, and the million it had made on war orders.

Lem had been polite to Dud at these frequent evening parties because Dud's wife was Mrs. Wheeler's pet charity and because Tin Can himself, can manufacturer and richest man in that end of the State, had been persistently sweet to Dud in the hope of buying cheaply, on some day of inescapable debts, the old Cathaway mansion and its two stately acres of elms and hedges, the dream of the five newly rich families of Bristow. But for once Lem forgot his manners.

"Every weak heart has a silver lining!" the canner sneered. "Just think how much money poor Dud's made in the long hours he's had to sit up."

"Now Lem, don't get mad. Dud's won fair and honest," Tin Can whipped in. "It's lucky he's got a few friends like me 'n' you who don't mind a few dollars more or less at the end of a quiet game. Dud's got a hard row to hoe. It's a terrible shame about Mitty. Me 'n' my wife have always been mighty fond of her. She was the loveliest girl in Bristow. And so sweet and clever!"

Lem grunted and seized his hat with a curt good night. But when Dud ambled forth into the night, a minute later, Lem was loitering just beyond the gate. He leered at his enemy.

"Lucky you cleaned up again," said he. "Now you can meet your committee to-morrow."

"Eh? Committee?" Dud scowled.

"Doc Shives wants the four hundred dollars you've been owing him for a year or more. He heard about your dropping a hundred and a half on Louisville Belle, seven to one, last week, and was ripe mad over it. But yesterday you knocked him silly—joining the Green Acres Country Club. The old goat blew up in the barber shop when the barber mentioned it. Beat it over to his lawyer's. Lawyer's been seeing your grocer and butcher and all the rest. You'll be having a jolly surprize party!"

Dud turned away, so furious that he failed to put up his umbrella. But Lem jerked him back. "Hold on! I've got something more to say to you."

"Unhand me!" Dud raved.

"Cut out that highfalutin chatter." Lem's laugh was colder than the rain. "You can pull it on Sue, but not on me. I'm wise to the way you've been stringing Sue along."

"'TELL THAT TO THE HANGMAN!' WAS ALL LEM SAID; BUT HE SAID IT OVER AND OVER."

"Eh? Stringing her along?" Dud suddenly became diplomatic. "Really you have a poor idea of your sister, Mr. Lewis, if you imagine that she is incapable of looking out for herself."

"She's no fool," Lem snarled, "but she likes grand society too damned much, and you've been cashing in on her weakness."

"I—you——"

"Oh! Don't waste my time trying to lie! I'm wise. This swell suit you're wearing; I know how you got it. You've touched her, off and on, for nearly a thousand dollars, and blown it all in on the races and glad rags and the Green Acres Country Club. She's wild to get into the club; the little simp is babbling about it to everybody. And she says you're going to get her in."

"I should be most happy to," Dud bowed in his suavest manner. "She would be an ornament."

"You quit taking her money." Lem bared his teeth. "You quit going off on long rides alone with her, d'ye hear? You can monkeydoodle with other fool women who are crazy over you just because you're a Cathaway and own the Cathaway house. But if you get frisky with Sue, I'll shoot you full of holes. Good night!"

Lem stalked off. Dud stood in a red daze, his umbrella unopened, the chill rain streaming from his hatband. Then he shook himself and, cursing miscellaneously, pattered up the empty streets to the ancestral mansion of the once glorious Cathaway clan, his fury flaming hotter at every thumping stride. It became a volcano ere he was fumbling at the ponderous bronze lock of his front door. Tho he had absorbed much less whisky than usual, he dropped the key three times.

It was the first time in Cathaway history that a commost fellow had insulted a Cathaway. And the morrow promised to inaugurate the hideous custom of pressing a Cathaway for bills due, just as if he were a nobody. Plainly, the once fair town of Bristow was going to the dogs.

FROM the dining-room, Sue was smiling at him, a cautious finger on her coquetting lips. Dud gasped at her yellow-brown splendor as he tiptoed into her arms and crushed her hotly. She drew him into the dining-room and closed the door.

"You here! What a surprize!" he breathed between kisses. "Come to stay?"

"Naughty!" she tapped his cheek. "Oh, but I wish I could! Dud dearie! We've got to get things fixed up—there'll be trouble!"

"Trouble?" Dud went weak.

"It's Lem. And that ride we took last Thursday. Cousin Ben saw us, over in the grove by Mile-End Creek; he rode past on his horse just as you were kissing me. And the low cur talked to Lem!"

"I'll challenge him! The dog!" Dud hissed.

"No, you won't!" she twinkled. "That wouldn't go with Ben. He wouldn't understand—he's as common as dirt. And if you drew a diagram Ben would decline with thanks and go around joking about it. He——"

"I'll—I'll—" Dud sputtered.

"Forget Ben! We've got to deal with Lem. Lem is wild. I had a terrible time with him this afternoon, darling! He's been prying into my desk, looking through my check-stubs; he found out about the money I'd lent you—he—oh! I can't tell you the things he said about you—and me!"

"You'd better tell me, never mind how bad." Dud's lips twitched whitely.

"He hates you because you put on airs. He hates you because you look down on Mitty and all the newcomers in Bristow. He's furious at me for wanting to get out of his cannery crowd. He called me a fool for trying to get into Green Acres."

"Pet, your brother can't make trouble for you—I mean, with your money, or anything like that, can he?" Dud strove to be casual.

"No, indeed." She tossed her head. "Doesn't he wish he could! But it's in my own name, and all clear. I could burn it all up to-night, if I chose. He can make trouble for you, tho. And that's trouble enough for me, isn't it?"

"Well, I'd like to see him try it!" Dud glowered.

"He is trying it. Sitting up nights over it. He's planning to run you out of the Green Acres Club."

"He? What a joke! Why! He's not even a member. And he couldn't be one. A common profiteer! He used to wash tomatoes in old Wheeler's cannery." Dud grew ribald, but the girl shook her head gravely.

"Of course, you're a Cathaway," she mused. "The club wouldn't be complete without you."

"Well, rather not!" Dud nodded. "Bristow's short on people of quality. Since the War, it's filled up with riffraff, greasy profiteers."

"But the dues. They have to be paid, and promptly."

"I've got the price, my dear. Right here." Dud slapped his pocketful of poker winnings.

"Lem's stirring up everybody you owe money to. He told Doc Shives about your losing money last week on Louisville Belle. He told Doc it's a shame the way you treat hard-working folks."

"So he's the one who started the committee!" Dud frothed.

"He's seen a dozen people—that way. He's moving heaven and earth to combine them and force you into bankruptcy; then the court'll sell your house—this darling old house. Oh, it makes me sick to think of that!" Sue raged, but only for an instant. "We must get busy, Dudley. Tell me, dear. How much do you owe people?"

"Why—er—" Dud squirmed and avoided her cool,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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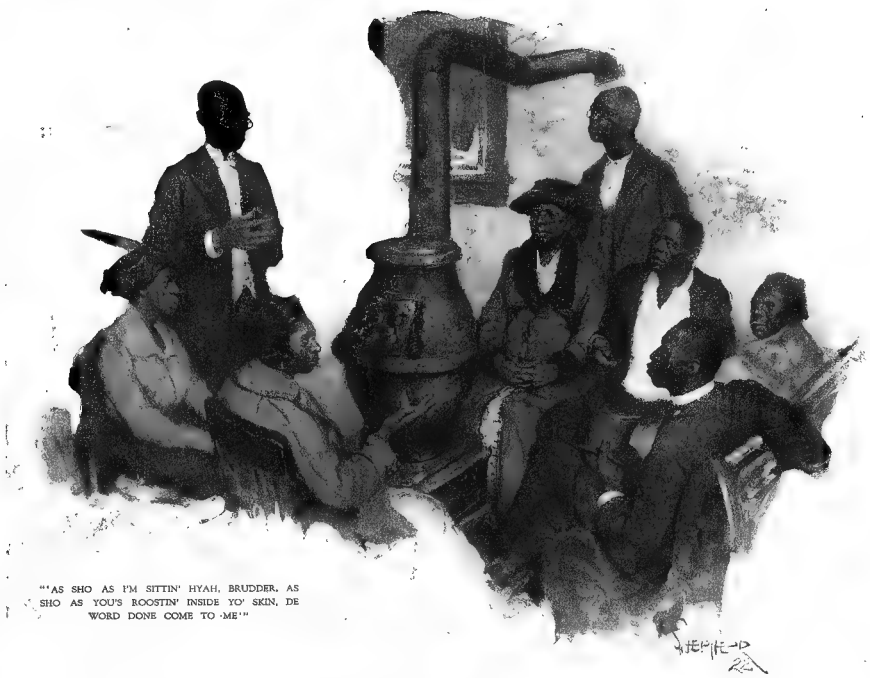

"'AS SHO AS I'M SITTIN' HYAH, BRUDDER, AS SHO AS YOU'S ROOSTIN' INSIDE YO' SKIN, DE WORD DONE COME TO ME'"

A MESSAGE FROM MAHALEY

At Those Creepy Midnight "See-ances" No One Ever Knows What Ghosts Will Show Up—As Peter Bibb Learned

BY CLEMENT WOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. SHEPHERD

BROTHER JENKINS sidled down from the pulpit, one wary eye on the congregation ambling out of the double doors, the other roving toward the group around the stove. The latter eye behaved with peculiar indecision, first edging until it touched the intent circle, then shying skittishly away. Let Peter Bibb look out for himself! A preacher couldn't bother with all this gab about spirits! Still, his duty as spiritual protector. And all those six bits filling that medium's pocket, instead of helping stop up the church roof. He scratched a grizzled head heavily. The doorward eye joined the other; and the two of them preceded their owner in popping anticipation as he padded over to the stove.

"Hyah's Brudder Jinkins now," Aunt Magnolia greeted with opulent satisfaction. "See w'ut he say you oughter do, Brudder Bibb."

"I oughter git erlong," Peter wagged darkly. "I gotter git mah sleep, I is. Gotter git up 'n' hustle powerful early to-morrow."

"Any day!" scoffed Aunt Pheenie, making room for her husband within the charmed seven. "Save dat ter tell de Jedge. Listen to Magnolia, 'Miah, an' tell dis sinner w'ut to do."

There had been seven circling the stove. All four of the women were eager believers, and where could you find, in the whole congregation of the Nebo African Baptist Church of Northport, four sisters of such piety and weight, both spiritual and material? Mrs. Magnolia Scales, the richest negro woman in Tuscaloosa County, thanks to the death of her lamented spouse, Yancey Scales; Aunt Seraphina, the pastor's wife; Mrs. Annalouellouisa Rice, second only to Magnolia in wealth, silent but mighty—named tactfully after four wealthy aunts, and inventor of the "Bogroot Kinkout," that was a best seller from Demopolis to Opelika; Aunt Adalina, wife of the pompous negro lawyer who had climbed to fortune with the Kinkout corporation. Only one of the three men was a believer—and Lawyer Gunn always joined everything. Tom Myatt, the veterinary, knew too much of the foibles of horses and mules to accept similar human failings. And the seventh was Peter.

Nehemiah nodded broadcast, then turned a mahogany ear to Magnolia's rhapsody.

"As sho as I'm sittin' hyah, Brudder, as sho as you's roostin' inside yo' skin, de word done come to me. Jes' as you started dis prayer-meetin', I felt oneasy in mah lef' arm—de one I wuz leanin' on. I didn' know it wuz sperrits at fu'st—I started scratchin'——"

"Dat's de Lawd's truf," corroborated Pheenie; "I seed her when she done it."

"An' de mo' I scratch, de mo' oneasy I gits! Nex', mah udder arm, 'bout de time you lined out 'De Ninety an' Nine,' jes' befo' 'No, Not One.' When you ernounce de tex', 'Dar am a nacheral body, an' dar am a spirich'al body,' it come clouh. When you use dem elegant words, 'I's gwineter explain de unexplainable, I's gwineter expound de unexpoundable, I's gwineter unscrew de inscrutable'—den I knowed! I knowed, Brudder Jinkins, dat de spirich'al bodies wuz apesticatin' mah tongue to tell dese words to Brudder Bibb! Ing-go-mar!" Each syllable marched forth in hushed reverence.

Four dark heads bowed slowly, repeating the fateful sounds: "Ing-go-mar!"

"Ingomar say dat he got a message f'um Mahaley! An' ef dat don' summon Peter Bibb, den one an' one makes a million!"

"De Lawd's truf!"

"W'ut you say, Brudder Jinkins? Ain' it a husban's juty to see w'ut his lawful wife's sperrit gotter say to him? Oh, it kep' gittin' stronger an' stronger! When we sang 'Dar Is a Fountain Filled wid Blood,' de voice fill me; when we switch inter 'Pull fer de Sho' 'an' 'Th'ow Out de Life-line,' I wanted ter git up an' shout halleluyah! Mahaley ain' dead—she hyah to talk to us."

A painful groan from Peter drew damning scowls from the others; he rubbed his right side convincingly, as if a touch of the "misery" had summoned the sepulchral lament.

"She hyah to talk to us—'n' Peter! Ain' it his juty ter receive dis 'portant see-ance message?"

"Juty nuthin'!" growled the skeptical veterinary. "Dis whole sperrit business is foolishness! Sperrits! Umph!"

Mrs. Scales sought to wither with a look; Mrs. Gunn, with a word. "You talks lak de veteran you is. Don' you believe in signs? Don' you believe hoss-shoes an' mule-shoes brings luck?"

"Depends on how dey hits you."

"Don' you believe in sperrits?"

"Sho I does! Sperrits of turkentine I believes in—I uses 'em. An' dar's sperrits of campfire, an' sperrits of gin—dat dar mejum man he knows dat kind——"

"Dat wuz a lie-bill," Lawyer Gunn defended the medium suavely. "Ingomar wuzn' lit dat day; de sperrits wuz in him."

"Dey wuz," Tom assented sourly. "An' he had ter pay fer de bust front window in de Atlanta Store dat dem sperrits made him bust."

"When yo' 'pinion is ast," the wealthy widow sniffed, "den give it. I wuz addressin' Brudder Jinkins."

"Yasm'm, yasm'm," the preacher woke up. "So you wuz."

"Don' you think, whon de sperrits speaks——"

"Dar am sperrits an' sperrits," the pastor conceded unctuously. "In one man de Lawd fin' so many evil sperrits dat dey fill two thousan' Gadarenean hogs an' sows——"

"Tom Myatt know dem sperrits!"

"W'ut I knows I knows."

"An' den de Lawd cas' sebb'n debbils out of Mary Maggie-lena—mo' evil sperrits. Dey's good sperrits too—de cherubs an' sheraphs, w'ut sings erroun' de throne."

"Any time you fin' sheriffs good sperrits!"

"Sheraphs, man, sheraphs. De sheriff am de udder kin'. Now as to dis Gen'l Ingomar's sperrits, I dunno, I dunno. Do he go to chu'ch? Do he go to prayer-meetin'? Do he belong to de Baracas, or de Life-line Leaguers, or de Sunshine Society? Ef he don' go to no chu'ch——"

"Sho he go!"

"Observed him dar?"

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"Sho he go—when he ain' talkin' wid sperrits."

"Dat may be. Dat may be. Mahaley wus a godly 'oman——"

Peter's misery recurred; the rubbing of his side came even before the groan.

"Peter, he kin testify. Now ef dis is Mahaley's sperrit, I don' see no harm. Min' you, I says, *ef* it is; I ain' sayin' it is or it ain'. Ef it is, ef it is——"

"How he gwineter fin' out 'less'n he go? Tell me dat, 'Miah."

"Dat's a poser, Pheenie. Dat's a poser. I 'speck' he better go 'n' fin' out."

"Now, me!" Peter's tone was sinister and final. "I don' wanter bodder wid no sperrits, good or bad. I don' believe in dem see-ances, nohow."

"Dat's de boy," chuckled Tom.

"You misguided——"

"Listen to me an' I'ars," the wife of the departed Yancey Scales ordered. "I'll tell you w'ut we seed las' night—den you know!"

"Yeh, Magnolia, you tell 'im; an' mah husban'. Dese sperrits atter 'Miah too."

"Well, Sistuh, we's alistenin'."

MRS. SCALES rustled her rich silks ostentatiously, lengthened out an awed silence, and began. "Dis hyah see-ance wuz held in de back room of Jupiter Lodge; yassuh, de Sons an' Daughters of Ancient Galilean Fishermen donate deir room. Warn't nobody dar 'cep'n' Adaline, Pheenie, Sis' Annalouellouisa, Brudder Gunn, me, Miss' Loony—" she paused impressively

"Miss' Loony?"

"De 'sistant; an'—an'—Ing-go-mar!"

"Lemme git dis right," Peter sought desperately for light. "Dis hyah Ing-go-mar, is he a cullud feller?"

"He's a mejum, a sperrit-man! Yeh, he's cullud; he got African blood in him, an' Gipsy blood, an' Injun blood, an' 'Rabian blood, an'——"

"He mus' take after a crazy-quilt," Tom suggested.

"Not in de brain—not in de brain, Hoss-doctor," Mrs. Gunn shot back.

"Go wan, go wan," Nehemiah urged with eager persuasiveness.

"I's agoin'. What wuz I? Oh, yas—Miss' Loony——"

"Huccome dey call dat lady 'loony'?"

"Dat means 'Miss' Moon,' Ole Doc' Iggerance. Well, she stay in de hall to lock de do'. We all sot 'mroun' de table, closer'n pins in a paper. We all grab hands, an' made a chain; we all tetch knees, so's de sperrits could wu'k——"

"I 'spicioned so," the skeptic nodded

"Cork yo' face! De room wuz mos' dark, an' Miss' Loony lock de do'!"

"Oo-oo-oo!"

"Not a soun'—not a wiggle! An' den three loud knocks in de middle of dat table!"

"O-e-w!"

"We sot still—de sperrits wuz dar! An' sho as I sits hyah, dat table 'gin shakin' an' tremblin', an' riz off'n de flo'! Cl'ar up to de ceilin', us seein' wid it!"

Peter's chair squawked horribly as it scraped back; he tried in vain to press flat his hair. "Listen hyah, Magnolia, I gotter go. Hones', I gotter!"

"Take yo' seat! Dat's jes' de beginnin'. Den de curtain hangin' on de closet—dat wuz a squar' box agin de wall, whar dem sperrits slep'—de curtain bulge out, an' a white han' widout no arm slap me on de jawbone!"

"Lawdie, Lawdie!"

"I gotter——"

"Sot yo'se'f! Den a voice, 'Mag-no-lia, Mag-no-lia—' 'Who's you,' I axes, scart to death. 'I's Yancey.' 'Fer Heaven's sake,' I says to him, 'w'ut you roamin' fer? Ain' I give you a halleluyah send-off an' a cyarved bury-in'-stone?' W'ut you atter, Yancey?' 'I's happy, Magnolia,' he says. 'I plays third harp in de Lawd's band—I got wings an' a gold crown——'"

"He ueeter have one—on his front tooth," Tom guilelessly interrupted.

"'W'ut kin I do fer you, Yancey?' I axes. He say, 'You give fi' dollars to Brudder Jinkins——'"

"Dar now!" The preacher's eyes were points of light. "Dat's Yancey; I knows dat voice. Whar dem fi' dollars, Sistuh Scales?"

"Wait a minute. 'You give him fi' dollars when he come hyah an' let me talk to him. An' you give fi' dollars to dis man er Gawd, dis friend of de sperrits, Ingomar.'"

"Dat's de tune, eh?"

"Yo' stopper loose ag'in, Tom? Wuz'n dat a good sperrit, Brudder Jinkins?"

"Sounds so, sounds so."

"Ain' you nebber hyahd no voice, yo'se'f?"

"Come to think of it, I is. You hyahd me tell erbout it—when I got de callin' to preach." He leaned back complacently, sure of an audience. "It wus one Chris'mas night, an' I been amixin' egg-nawg all day fer ole Jedge Jinkins. Dat night, plumb at midnight, I hyah a voice: 'Nehemiah!' I woke up, jes' lak Samuel. 'Hyah I is, Lawd. Is You callin'?' 'Deed I is. Nehemiah, feed Mah lambs!' 'Yas, Lawd.' 'Nehemiah, feed Mah sheeps!' 'Yas, Lawd.' 'Nehemiah, feed Mah goats!' 'Yas, indeed, Lawd!' Dat's w'ut I hyahd—so I feeds 'um all. I b'lieves in voices. Dis who wus Yancey."

"Dat's so. Den all wuz quiet ag'in, an' den come dem three raps ag'in. Dis time a sperrit walks out in de middle of de room, all in white — we could hyah de footfalls as cl'ar as sunshine weather. Sistuh, she say to Pheenie.

"Count me out," said Tom.

"You no 'count anyhow. You gotter come, Peter—nex' Friday night."

"Gotter date."

"Wid de sperrits!"

"I cain't!"

"You scart?"

"Me? Naw! I ain'——"

"Den you'll come! You give yo' word?"

"Ain' I said I gotter——"

"You'll be dar?"

He shook his head sorrowfully. What was the use of arguing with women?

They never gave up. He could say he would be there, and then get sick, or something. "I'll be dar."

"Praise be! Friday nex', at midnight."

"Huh? Midnight? Don' you 'spose I sleeps a-tall?"

"Dem sperrits'll fin' you in yo' bed, ef you don' fin' dem."

"I'll be dar, Gawd bein' mah helper."

AS PETER trudged alone from Northport to his home in Tuscaloosa the clock struck a ponderous, warning stroke. "Umph," he grunted. "One goin' soon" Then he shivered; he had not noticed that he was crossing a bridge at the moment. "One," he repeated gloomily. "Dem d—— sperrits!"

Well, he'd have to watch for signs. Friday night; that wasn't promising.

Last night Melinda, his present wife, had talked in her sleep, he remembered. He couldn't make much out of what she had said. "Hash," she had groaned. Hash. He must listen to night.

He lay awake for more than an hour, listening. Just as he was drowsing off a sudden noise pulled him bolt upright. Her lips had moved again; again the mysterious "Hash" hissed forth. Hash? Something chopped up. Puzzling over this, he fell asleep.

Thursday woke grouchily; gray clouds fled a chill wind, like lost spirits seeking a hopeless heaven. As the day grayed on he grew gloomier steadily. At breakfast Melinda's cakes had refused to rise—sure sign of trouble coming. By lunch the morning milk had turned sour. Trouble, trouble!

As he finished the afternoon chores Peter thought that the luck had changed. The western sun broke clear and glowered redly against the grayness But no sooner had he reached his path than he felt a drop on his bared head—then another—then a regular drizzle, drenching him before he got to the porch. "Debbil beatin' his wife," he muttered. "Trouble, trouble!"

To morrow night the séance. What if Hash spoke to-night? He waited fearfully in the snoring darkness for the fateful message. If only she didn't!

Then his hair suddenly prickled and rose. She hunched over toward him and whispered a measured warning, "Hash—potatoes——"

Hash! Potatoes! Something chopped up! Something underground! Something buried! Trouble, trouble!

Friday morning, when he reached the cow lot, a black hen suddenly clapped her wings and—crowed! Crowed lustily! Dumfounded, Peter dropped the buckets. The worst sort of sign! Could that black hen have been Mahaley?

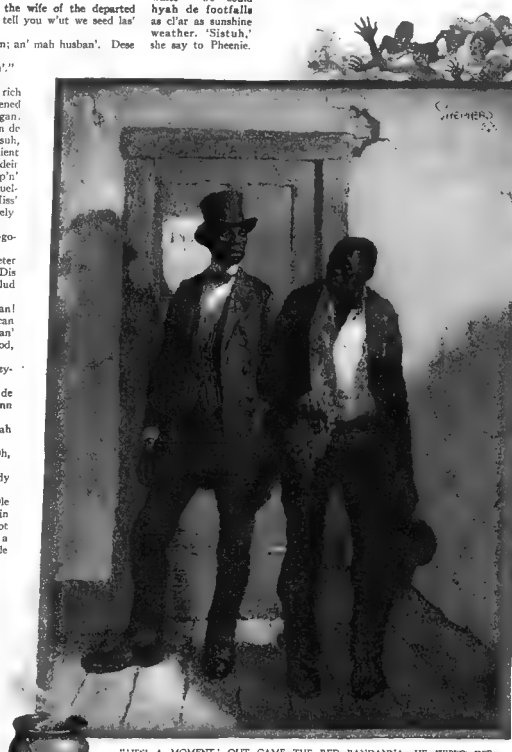
During the afternoon he had to go down-town. Within one block a cross-eyed woman, a red-headed negro, and a humpbacked child passed him! Losing all knowledge of his surroundings, at the next corner he walked right through a stalled funeral. When he saw what he had done, he collapsed tremblingly on the curb. Holy catnip!

He got to his feet, weakly mopping his brow. He must go right home and slip into bed. This was too much.

A tempting supper, a plate of fried sausage, from the big house failed to rouse him. "Naw, Melindy, I ain' feelin' pert. Meetin'? I ain' gwineter no meetin'. I got a misery in mah haid." He slid precipitately into bed.

And then the expected warning came. Puddin'-pie, the black kitten, who had always behaved as a fluffy feline ball during the month she had tumbled around the cottage, suddenly sat up on her hind legs, looked balefully at Peter, and growled deep down in her throat. His skin

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79



"'JES' A MOMENT,' OUT CAME THE RED BANDANNA. HE WIPED OFF HIS BROW; HE DREW HIS COAT CLOSER. 'LE'S MOVE'"

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"SHE SEEMED TO LAUGH AS SHE RAN; SEEMING TO SING, TO RIPPLE, AS SHE FLEW, SCATTERING SEA BEAUTIES ABOUT HER. *SHE WAS A SHIP*"

WAY FOR A SAILOR

The Tale of the Clipper "Golden Age," Whose Wide Wings Flew to the Wild Horn Wind

BY BILL ADAMS

ILLUSTRATION BY C. R. PATTERSON

HERE was once a ship. Her name was the *Golden Age*. She flew, leaving them all astern of her. She beat into the wind. She ran down it. She glittered along it, throwing salt sprays to, and far above, the stiff-bellied leeches of her great white upper topsails. With the wind before the beam she flung her tall top-gallantsails wet, wet and shining with the white salt of the sea night two hundred feet beneath them. She seemed to laugh as she ran; seeming to sing, to ripple, as she flew; scattering sea beauties about her; gleaming as stars gleam when frosts are white along far inland meadows. *She was a ship.*

She carried a captain, a mate, a second mate, a boatswain, a carpenter, a steward, and a cook, and in her forrard fo'c'stle a company of sea-beaten, hard-driven, face-furrowed sailormen from the bright wide water-ports. She carried also, in the little half-deck abaft her mainmast, a sea apprentice; a lad with pink cheeks, the down upon his face.

She left Port Costa wharf before the dawn upon a February morning; chill mists hanging over the river, bluffs, and bay; a chill wind blowing seaward, thin rain falling; dripping from mast, and spar, and backstay.

"Stand by to take in the towboat's line," said the mate.

"Stand by to take in the towboat's line, it is, sir," said the hands.

"Stand by with the cork fenders, lest the wharf shall scar her sides," said the mate.

"Stand by with the cork fenders, it is, sir," said the hands.

From ashore, from behind a warped gateway, a woman waved a shawl, wondering why these men should leave *her* for the sea; and, seeing her, sailors upon the *Golden Age* smiled, breaking old furrows on their faces wide, their eyes aglint.

"Stand by to drop the hook," said the mate; "we'll wait a while in the bay before we go over the bar."

"All ready, sir," said Chips, the carpenter. The anchor rattled down.

She lay as a swan awakening, watching for the tide to take her to sea; the hands from twenty seaports sitting in her fo'c'stle, drinking coffee.

"They said she can sail," said one.

"They say she's a flier," said another.

"We make fly," said a black man from Suva.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed an old fellow, gray-bearded, his nose in a tin pannikin.

"Where's she bound?" asked one.

"Queenstown for orders," said another.

"The mate tol' me Liverpool direc'," said another.

"That's good! We'll dance w'en we get there," said another.

"We ain't there yet," said the old fellow with a gray beard.

"I 'aven't no oilskins; the crimp robbed me," said one.

"Nor 'aven't I no sea-boots; the crimp robbed me too," said another.

"I've a couple o' poun's o' black 'baccy," said another.

"We make fly," said the Suva man.

"*Yas!* We'll make her fly," said another.

"She'll fly anyway. She couldn't help it," said another.

"It's cold," said the sea apprentice, pink-cheeked, sitting alone in the half-deck, sipping his coffee.

"Stand by to heave in," shouted the mate, adding to himself, "Tide's at the flood."

"Stand by to heave in, it is, sir," cried the hands, leaving tin pannikins strewn about an old wood table, hook-pots hooked to the table-edges, rags in dark bunks.

A sailor was singing; twenty men bent above the windlass-bars; a song of the sea echoing over the swirled tide; his voice, the voices of the twenty mingled with the "clank, clank, clank" of the windlass-pawls; "clank, clank, clank."

Oh, Santa Anna's men were brave,
and away, Santa Anna;
Oh, Santa Anna's men were brave
all along the plains of Mexico.

"Walk her down, sons—*walk her down!*" cried the mate, looking over the fo'c'stle-rail at the gurgle-black tide below her.

"Walk' er down, the mate says—come on, sons," cried the chantey-man.

Oh, Santa Anna gained his name,
and away, Santa Anna;
Oh, Santa Anna gained his name
all along the plains of Mexico.

"Walk her down, sons; walk her down," cried the mate.

"We make fly," said the black man from Suva.

"She'll fly anyway—she couldn't 'elp it," murmured another.

All along the plains of Mexico.

"Let her have it! The wind's offshore," cried the mate.

"Let 'er 'ave it, the mate says," shouted a sailor. "Wispy, giv' us 'Rovin'.'"

"'Ere you ar', sons—let 'er take it," cried old Wispy Cavendish.

One night I crept from my abode.
Mark well what I do say.
One night I crept from my abode
To meet this maiden down the road.
We'll go no more arovin'
with you, fair maid.
Arovin', arovin';
oh, rovin's been my r-u-u-u-in!
We'll go no more arovin'
with you, fair maid.

"Admiral, gi' us a chantey," cried one.

"Aye! That's it! Gi' us a chantey, Admiral," cried another.

"Sing, Admiral, sing," said Wispy Cavendish.

"Walk her up, sons," cried the mate; "the wind's offshore."

The sea apprentice, pink-cheeked, the down upon his face, looking out to sea; bright-eyed, mist in his hair, sang:

Call all hands to man the capstan,
See the cables all are clear,
For-to-day we'll lift her anchor
And for distant shores we'll steer.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, across the sea.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

"Can a Man Sincerely Love Two Women?" Is the Theme of This Great Novel

BY WALLACE IRWIN

Complete in Four Numbers—Part Three

Illustrations by George Giguère

The First Two Instalments

LITTLE red-headed Jessie Tyler and her half-fellow husband, Lew, had come to New York from California with their baby, Buster, so that Lew might capture from the Japanese curio business the success that escaped him selling motor-cars on the Pacific coast. They rented a flat far up-town, where Lew left Jessie to mind the baby and await his return from pleasure-parties. Underneath them lived Coleen Miles, a gay grass-widow, who lightened Lew's days at home considerably before Jessie suspected the utter falseness of the creature. Coleen moved away when Jessie found her out and left Lew to his cups and former cronies.

Then the Tylers rented an old apartment in the south of the city near the Ess Eye Curio Company, where Lew was working on the commission basis. He had the time and inclination for dissipation, but Jessie's faith in him was such that she made allowances for his sins even before they were committed. Nothing shook her reliance upon him until faithful, mouse-like Meech Garrick came on from California and disclosed to Jessie, to whom he was abjectly devoted, the double life that Lew was leading.

Then one day Buster had a choking-spell, to which he had always been subject. Lew was off on a spree, and only Meech was there to comfort Jessie when her baby died. On his return Lew promised to reform, but at the hour of the funeral he again was a mussing man. He had gone for a shine and a couple of drinks to stiffen his spinal column. So they went through the services without him. There was still the smell of funeral flowers when Jessie came back to desolation and a most remorseful husband. But the baby was dead, and Jessie could not go on. Packing up her small belongings, she slipped away and left her husband.

"'IT DOES MEAN A GREAT DEAL. IT MEANS THAT JESSIE CAN STAND ANYTHING WITHOUT GETTING SOUR OR SMALL. SHE'S THE SWEETEST WOMAN I'VE EVER KNOWN'"

SOLOMON once cast an evil jinnee into a well upon which he set his magic seal; there lay the black demon, eyes glowing red like coals while he howled his penance and made a bargain with God.

"Almighty, power is power. See then how potent a spirit Thou hast caused to be locked away from Thy service. Is it fitting that so much strength should lie moldering, withheld from the work of Thy Kingdom? Lord, I am humble, I am cleansed. Break the seal that I may be lifted up, Thy servant forevermore."

That is the prayer of many a poor devil wallowing in the depths—just punishment for his sins. The shock of such a fall is racking; we occasionally hear of mutes regaining their speech or of cripples walking after some terrific physical blow. Sometimes the spirit, too, will arise whole from a brutality that should have crushed it out. God breaks the seal of Solomon, the jinnee emerges from his pit, all white and crowned with righteousness, according to his bargain. If, under his holy raiment, the idolatrous heart still beats, it is nobody's affair but his own—and God's.

It might be pertinent to add that men are seldom made better through the sacrifice of pure and beautiful women. Lew Tyler, in his early and wasteful career, had lapses into virtue when it was a sort of emotional luxury to lay his head on Jessie's knee and swear repentance—knowing that his sins were forgiven in advance by her whom he approached always on the side of her affections, which in any woman is her blind side.

Lew reformed an hour too late, in so far as his reform concerned Jessie. To say that she had no part in that reformation would be unfair to their story. Her patience outworn, her faith violated, her motherhood robbed, she gained the desperate courage wherewith to cast him into a deep well, out of her sight. The night after his baby's funeral he touched the bottom of the pit. What tho his eyes glowed like coals in the blackness of darkness? He pledged himself to a new life; and if it was at first for the very petty reason that he would show Jessie how wrong she had been in her estimate of him, that should not signify too much. Our nobility often grows from such small motives.

Lew Tyler's transfiguration might be shown advantageously in a picture of him as he appeared to a friendly observer in the Fall of 1915.

Buzzy Mandelbush, who had come to New York on adventurous business, got off a bus at a corner in the lower Forties and entered one of those handsome business buildings which offer no vulgar invitation to be entered. Along the ivory-white letters on the black-faced board he ran his beaming eye until it came to the initial "T" and stopped at the simple line "Tyler, Lewis Kensington . . . 717."

"Too swell to mention his business," reflected the observant Buzzy, impressed, as he took the lift, sought out 717, and was met at the door by a young salesman in a tan waistcoat and blue collar. Buzzy, upon invitation, seated himself in a Chinese chair, facing a room that seemed far too exquisite for mere commercial purposes. On a long teakwood table stood a forest of Kien-lung trees, their golden branches weighted down with fabulous fruit of jade, porphyry, and garnet. Pottery figures with characteristics of the Tang, Sung, and Ming dynasties simpered or scowled from cabinets. There were a few kakemonos on the wall, representing soft-eyed ladies whose robes—as is often the case in examples of the classic Chinese periods—fell in lines that were as much Greek as Mongolian. A peach-blow carpet covered the floor, and under the glass of a low show-case were several dozen mandarin belt-clasps, fancifully cut in crystal, jade, and carnelian

The room gave forth an emanation of prosperity not wasted on Buzzy Mandelbush. When Tyler himself appeared at the door of his office, an excited, unaffected smile adorned Buzzy's freckled face, and he hurried to take the hand of his friend.

"Well, Lew, you *have* cut a cheese!"

Lew, pump-handling energetically, responded to the effect that he was glad Buzzy liked it and that he was delighted to see him and hoped he had brought the family along.

"Somehow this ain't like you," insisted Buzzy, his eyes roving toward the treasure-room. "I always expected you to have lots of grand curios and everything, but I sort of thought they'd be piled under the stove and the baby playing with 'em——" He checked himself here, for the news of Buster's death and of Jessie's subsequent divorce had reached San Francisco.

"Place looks too neat for me—what?" suggested Lew, smiling and quite unmoved

"Sure! And what have you been doing to yourself? You've got sort of—I dunno——"

BUZZY paused, as well he might; the outward change in Lew Tyler was far from obvious. If he was a cleaner man to look at he was also less sparkling—scouring does that sometimes. He was thinner and handsomer than ever before, but his hair was receding.

"Wonderful to see you—certainly wonderful!" mused the transfigured Lew. "I've often thought about you——"

"Sure!" Buzzy's grin widened to the lobes of his brownish ears. "For a while I wrote to you every Saturday night, just as sure as I took my bath. I know when I'm discouraged."

"You oughtn't to mind a little thing like that," Lew said, and his gun-metal eyes glanced swiftly around the place; it was a gesture of expression which gave his friend the feeling that Lew was looking for something that never happened. He smiled again quickly and asked, "Here for long?"

"You tell me!" challenged Buzzy. "Y'see we reorganized last year. It's the M. A. A. now—makes a noise like a goat, but it means Mandelbush Advertising

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Association. I'm the whole works since I bought out Meech Garrick."

Lew cleared his throat to ask, "What's the matter with Meech?"

"Broke, that's all. Trouble was he wanted to own the State of California—can't sell that. Spain tried it once and blew up. Poor little Meech went on the toboggan for fair, and I came across with an offer to loan him fifty thousand. Take it? Say no! I hate to see Meech go down and out—he put me on the way to every cent I've got." There was true kindliness in this last statement, but there was also a touch of that egoism which makes the best of us a little proud of our success where others have failed.

"I SUPPOSE everybody I knew is either dead or moved away," suggested Lew, somewhat self-consciously.

"Alta Wade married a rich packer and moved to Santa Clara," Buzzy explained. "Don't know how she did it. Got a baby already—just like Alta—cries all the time. Let's see—" He scratched his head. "Mr. Winkler—he's been boarding with Alta's mother in Berkeley ever since he went dotty—you know about that——"

Lew nodded gravely, and Buzzy resumed: "It was darned white of you, Lew, sending him money every month, and all. And after what's happened between you and Jessie. But the poor old simp's lost what little brain he ever had. Nobody home. If you once saw him——"

"I did," said Lew, and stirred uneasily. "I went out there last year and had a talk with him."

"That's nice!" Buzzy's eyes protruded. "Why didn't you let us know?"

"It was a sort of crazy trip." He hesitated, then said, "You see I wanted to find out something about Jessie. I'd written to the old man time after time; he never answered. So I decided to take a flying trip out there and make him talk. He'd just been out of Weinhandler's a few weeks when I got there—lost his memory and gone sort of childish. There wasn't anything to do but find a home for him."

"He couldn't tell you anything about Jessie?"

"Funny about that." Lew inhaled cigaret smoke and considered the case. "He hears from her right along; Mrs. Wade told me that. But he either doesn't remember or he's got some crazy notion. He never lets anybody see her letters; he's sensitive about being fired from Weinhandler's, and I shouldn't wonder if he writes to Jessie that he's still working there. Mrs. Wade says Jessie's letters are postmarked 'New York.' I've combed the town, and I can't find a trace of her."

"Then you haven't seen her since——"

"No." Lew's voice was low. "I've lost all trace."

Buzzy whistled. "Judas Priest! How do you pay alimony?"

"I don't pay any. She never asked it."

"That ain't like a woman."

"It's like Jessie." Lew struck his desk impatiently. "Is it fair of her, leaving me like that, all in her debt? Never asking a thing. I've searched high and low for her. It's just as tho she had died——"

"Look here, ol' son!" Buzzy clapped a short hand on his friend's shoulder. "Are you still stuck on that little girl?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Fuss around and find another one, that's what. I wouldn't let a woman get my goat——"

But Lew's look was so harsh that Buzzy Mandelbush was quelled. Therefore he thrust his thumbs comfortably into his waistcoat-pockets and strolled about the establishment, admiring what he saw. He took in the soft fabric on the walls, the handsome showroom, the dapper clerk, and a plutocratic old lady haggling over carved crystals.

"This whole ship yours?" Buzzy asked this in an awed whisper. Lew was again self-assured as he closed the door.

"Nothing's entirely yours in this business. But I've got the best credit there is—and why shouldn't I have?" His brow clouded an instant at Buzzy's incredulous stare.

"Well, the way I heard it a couple of years ago, you were down and out, drunk and borrowing."

"California should have better news service," said Lew, but he warmed to the explanation, "I *was* drunk and borrowing, Buzz. But no more. Or if I do borrow it goes into my business. I'll tell you where the difference comes in." He ran his fingers through his thinning locks. "I'll tell you why I'm making good. Simple as breathing—I've cut it out."

"The booze? Bunk!" snorted Mandelbush. "Why, I've thought up some of my greatest ideas with a skate on."

"Maybe," laughed Lew, good-humored and sarcastic, "but when I stop and think of the energy I blew off, vaporing around a table with a bottle of Scotch in front of me and a lot of noisy nuts howling at my jokes——"

"Don't be intolerant," begged Buzzy. "That's one of the worst things about the water-wagon. You get jealous, thinking of those dear old days in the gutter, so you snarl 'Noisy nut!' at every sign of life anywhere."

Lew laughed at this, but went on with his theme: "I had the ability then to get me anywhere—trouble was I thought of work as something to take up my spare time between drinks."

"But now it's a long time between drinks."

"A lifetime," agreed Lew—"or what's left of it."

"You've got a lot of coin tied up here," suggested Buzzy.

"Not as much as it looks." Lew had lowered his voice. "I'm in cahoot with a dealer—he sells nothing but museum pieces. Before this darned European war broke out he got most of his best Chinese stuff in Paris; this year he's shipping direct from the Orient. He plays a system. When he finds a famous collection for sale he buys the whole lot just to get hold of a half dozen rare pieces for his own trade. All the rest is Class B—he farms 'em out to me and a few others."

Buzzy squinted toward the door. "You mean——"

"Every article in this store is imperfect, from a collector's standpoint—just as beautiful as tho the Metropolitan Museum had put its stamp on 'em; but they're the least little bit under par. And if you tell anybody, I'll kill you."

Buzzy raised his elbow, a comic defense: "Who do you sell?" he asked.

"Munitions millionaires; they're our standby. To most of those chaps a Kien-lung statuette is just as good as a Tang."

"What stylish words!" cried Buzzy, then conceded, "It's a good game while it lasts—that won't be forever. War's going to be over by the middle of Summer."

"What general told you that?"

"Never mind," cautioned Mandelbush. "I got it from the inside. And when the munitions business blows up, where'll you sell all this crockery?"

"I'll change my business probably."

"That's just what I'm here for." Buzzy's face kindled. "I'll tell you where you can knock down four dollars to every four bits you're makin' now. This joss-house furniture is all right for a starter—but, Lew—" his voice descended to a half whisper—"I want to get you where the real money is."

"Car-card game?" smiled Lew from the heights.

"Car-card *profession*." Buzzy was terribly serious. "I've come East with the biggest publicity campaign ever laid down in this country. It'll startle the ad world; it goes. I'm beginning here with sectional control under the Nickelbaum people—they're the whole show now—car-cards, circus stuff——"

The immaculate Tyler, purged of his sins, moderately successful, stared with a certain amused scorn.

"Kind of up-stage, hey?" twitted Buzzy.

"Not exactly. But I like this business. I'm building it up and—well, it's what I want to do."

"You need a keeper. See here—kick in with me and you'll get rich. Say, why don't you blow round to the Waldorf to-night and have a bite with me and the wife?"

"Mighty glad to," said Lew with genuine pleasure, a little wistful for a glimpse of the old life.

"And we'll go right into this proposition."

"No use there." Lew shook his head.

"Why not? Don't be a simp. With your talents for writing lines and slogans it's regular prostitution to throw yourself away selling Chinese junk. I'll make you the most famous ad man in America."

"You'll have to change your style first," smiled the candidate. "Make a dignified business of it, then come round."

"Phew!" There was no doubt that Buzzy was disgusted with Lew's squeamishness. "I'm no leper, if that's what you mean. Gracious! There ain't one man in a million that can write lines like you can—the kind they always remember."

Jessie had said the same thing, often and often.

"What lines do you mean?" asked Lew.

"Scads of 'em. Remember that song about 'Smoking Ruins of Babylon'? Hot stuff—burns right in."

"Not for sale."

By the way he said it he might have been Dante refusing to sell his "Inferno" to a patent medicine-vender.

"I'VE COME EAST WITH THE BIGGEST PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN EVER LAID DOWN IN THIS COUNTRY!"

CONTRARY to Mandelbush's wise predictions, the War was not over by the Summer of 1915. In May, 1917, Lew Tyler sold out, sublet his Fifth Avenue offices, and entered the training-camp at Plattsburg. He had nothing to keep him home save his business, and this he closed with a profit of sixty-five thousand dollars, which he invested in securities as safe as anything could be in those precarious days. He risked nothing except his life—which is to say that he risked everything.

With the rank of Captain he arrived in France in April, 1918, and was assigned to the Intelligence Section of the General Staff.

Buzzy Mandelbush's war story was as brief as Lew's, but not without a certain pathos.

Superficial, cynical, something of a low comedian, Buzzy provided for his family—there were three children at that time—and hurried to training-camp with all the ardor of the Jew, privileged for the first time in modern history to fight on equal terms with the Gentile. He favored machine-gunnery because the art appealed to his sense of the dramatic. When Captain Tyler visited Lieutenant Mandelbush in the field hospital behind the Baccarat sector—that was in July—he found Buzzy smiling from his cot and making light of his citation for the D. S. C.

His recommendation for gallantry in action had been typed in concise military terms, but Buzzy's own account was more explanatory.

"Bunch of Boche jump out of the fog and make a grab at my guns. Ever try to take anything away from a Jew?"

Lew's admiration was somewhat dampened by Buzzy's parting injunction:

"Take care of yourself, Lew. The medico's got me in Class C. That means, 'Home, James!'—and as soon as I strike U. S. A. it's me for the car-card business again. When you get back I'll talk turkey to the best ad man in America."

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Major Lewis K. Tyler put aside his uniform early in 1919, and for the first time for over a year went forth unencumbered by the latched collar and inflexible boots which had chafed him during his European campaign. He had gone through the War without a scratch, and had all but succumbed to influenza before embarkation at Brest. He had been a model staff officer, temperate, able, and popular. Even during his leaves in Paris or Nice or Monte Carlo he had been frugal of his dissipations; vice was no novelty, and early experience had taught him to evade the poisons that have murdered many a novice.

His voice, which had threatened to fail him during his wild and wicked days, came back full and strong. His fame grew in the officers' mess, where on a moment's notice he would compose topical ditties and accompany himself on any instrument at hand. He came into full flower shortly after the armistice, when numerous regimental "opera companies" toured among the restless A. E. F. Ladies of quality, who brought cheerful programs for bored soldiers, petted and admired Lew Tyler. He found himself heroized; and if his talents were unmilitary, they were none the less appreciated in a man who wore his uniform to such good effect.

In his next business talk with Buzzy it was he who sought for terms and Mandelbush who made the bargain. Buzzy was generous as he always was with Lew. "The greatest ad man in America," had been his superlative tribute. After the War a little investigation showed Lew all too plainly that reestablishment of his trade in Chinese antiques would cost him another struggle. The museum collector, upon whom he had relied, had thrown his favors into other hands. A brisk Japanese now flourished in the very showroom which had impressed Buzzy Mandelbush.

So in the Spring of 1919 Buzzy, who had wasted no time after his return to civilian clothes, greeted Lew even as the shepherd greets the lamb that has strayed. "I knew you'd come to it!" he gloated, and drew a bright picture of that ephemera which was called "post-war prosperity." Millions were being invested in "improvements." America offered a banquet for the advertising man. Nobody could see far ahead; the field was ripening for a short, golden season.

Lew Tyler was convinced in twenty minutes; and the little fortunes of Mandelbush and Tyler were fused in a corporation to be known as the Publicity Educational Institute. The title was Lew's, somewhat sarcastic in its origin; but it was avidly seized upon by Buzzy, who rejoiced in a firm name so respectable, so ponderous, and —more important than all else—so elastic. The partners voted themselves salaries and selected a suite of offices on the fifteenth floor of one of the tallest towers in the theatrical district.

As vice-president and secretary of the Publicity Educational Institute it was not hard for Lew to imagine himself an important personage. While Mandelbush organized, devised "unbreakable" contracts, worked out the problems which assail even the most primitive advertising schemes to-day, Lew made friends, invented catchwords, wrote lyrics—both prose and verse—and embellished the Institute's wares. The P. E. I., always sensational, would have swollen to a monster had not the depression of 1920 settled down, a ghost of famine. Even Buzzy's "unbreakable" contracts proved brittle in places—sometimes in the civil courts. The Institute, however, retained a share of its prosperity, looking cheerfully forward to other harvests.

But Lew Tyler's enthusiasm was flagging just a little. In the back of his mind the same objections he had always held against the Mandelbush publicity remained to sulk in hiding. He was growing rich, according to his standards. With neither vices nor family upon which to lavish his money he became as a full take with no outlet.

If he had mended his ways and won to success merely as a measure of proving his worth in Jessie's eyes, that joke was pointless too. He had heard nothing of her since the day when papers were served on him and he had refused to appear in his own defense. Pride had stood in his way then; he had always felt that Jessie would have been conciliated had he met her face to face. For a long time he nursed a belief that she would come back to him; he never ceased looking for her. As Eve was made of Adam's rib, so must it follow that two lives, male and female, can not be torn apart without suffering

"THERE CAME TO JINNY THE FEELING, COMMON TO BRIDES, THAT SHE WAS GOING AWAY TO LIVE IN RIDICULOUS INTIMACY WITH A MAN SHE HARDLY KNEW"

He thought of her continually. Something irreplaceable had been taken from his side. In crowds he was always glancing up, imagining that he had caught a glimpse of her vivid hair or of her faithful eyes. He wondered if they should meet casually on a subway platform, say, would she greet him again with the look of weariness which she gave him that dark day, just after Buster's funeral—her valedictory to married life?

Lew Tyler was not the man to glory in self-condemnation. Not more than once or twice had he humbled himself, even for Jessie. The outer Lew was complacent, fanning his conceit with the thought that he had done so well, and no thanks to her. But in every man there dwells a savage child, no kin to brain or reason; it cries, hungers, reaches out, follows the moon's laws, not ours. Sometimes in the night—Lew was bedded luxuriously now in an upper floor of the Plaza—he would stretch his arm across the cover-lid, then sit up rubbing his eyes with the foolish idea that Jessie should be there and had somehow vanished.

Heigho! What has become of her? Married, no doubt, and happy again, for Jessie was too pretty and too clinging to sleep for long beside an empty pillow.

THE Merlinbilt's grill-room was vibrating with the sort of music that bears the same relation to the old-fashioned waltz that oddly matched paper flowers bear to calla-lilies. More or less eminent New-Yorkers, coming in after the theater, paused on the landing and looked down to see that the entertainment was under way, that most of the tables were occupied, that the younger set were already on the floor, coupled together and indulging in those jerky movements which the upper levels of society have borrowed from the lower. The Anchorites were giving the third of their subscription dances for the Winter of 1920.

Mrs. John Struthers Kemball, who had engaged a table for eight, was among the first of her party to arrive, so she sat behind a pillar with Mr. Plantagenet van Laerens, indulging in gossip which touched, more or less directly, upon a newcomer, Mr. Lewis K. Tyler. The admirable Van Laerens—"Plummie," one usually called him—had aged during the War and inclined a little to fat and to evening stupors. When he smiled he showed long yellow teeth under the famous scraggly mustache, which was becoming quite gray.

"These dances don't agree with me," he complained. "I find them so sedentary."

"You might try dancing," Mrs Kemball suggested.

She was of the sort upon whom middle age sits comfortably; she was plump, soft-skinned, dimpled; the pale gold of her lashes gave her a gentle look which upheld her reputation for good deeds.

"A lion chewed off two of my fingers at Nairobi," he complained, showing the stumps to prove it, "and I fell out of a balloon at St. Louis. Then there was the War. What the devil do I want to dance for?"

His oyster-colored eyes were wandering languidly across the polished plane where gilded slippers, opposed to patent-leather ones, were pausing, gliding, turning at the behest of an orchestra's freakish tempo.

"Extraordinary number of pretty women, Rita," he informed Mrs. Kemball. "Depressing to think how scarce they are, at all times. Thirty per cent. here, I'd say. Hello! Why do old women bob their hair? Not sure I like these new long skirts, either. Of course, they're a blessing to the average girl, but when it comes to the exceptional case—Great Scott!"

His eyes were goggling after a slender figure, tightly bodiced above those full skirts upon which he had just reserved his judgment. The gown was of rose and silver; the girl who wore it had thrown her head back to laugh at something her tall partner had just said. Her short black hair lay in garlands about her ears and contrasted with a milky skin. The brows above her dark eyes were somewhat heavy for the mode, but they were smoothly arched. In Virginia Philips one could not determine the boundary-line between art and nature.

"I thought Jinny had gone to India to study something," said Plummie.

"Oh, no," smiled Rita Kemball. "It isn't serious. I asked her to sit at our table."

"I hope she isn't getting an intellect—horrible distortion. I hate those bookish girls, don't you? Gertie's taking up palmistry. Knowledge seems to make 'em arrogant."

"She looks lovely to-night," mused Rita, referring to the girl in rose who happened to be another of Rita's cousins.

"These beautiful old maids irritate me."

"You couldn't call Jinny that."

"Thirty-two," computed Plummie. "We ought to try the Bolshevik way—when a girl gets too intelligent to marry over there they hold a soviet and auction her off. Shoulda't wonder if I'd put in a bid for Jinny myself——"

"I shall tell Gertie every word you've said."

"I dare you." He grew almost cheerful. "You've got to tell her more than that to rouse her interest in me."

He stared again at the dancers and asked languidly, "Who's the handsome Johnnie with her?"

"A Mr. Tyler."

"Not one of the Charleston Tylers?"

"You wouldn't know him. He comes from somewhere out West—California or Oregon. I met him in France when he was a staff officer."

"Oh, yes. Loafing round G. H. Q."

"He has the loveliest voice and the most remarkable songs. You're going to say something cynical, I know. Don't waste your breath," she forestalled him. "I shall always be sorry for Lew Tyler. He has one of the saddest stories——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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THE FIGHT FOR RACE BETTERMENT

America's Peril from the Increasing Horde of Criminals and Defectives Can Be Averted, Says This Writer, Only by Rearing a Sounder Stock, Physically and Mentally

BY ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

EDITOR'S NOTE—"You can send 'em to school but you can't give 'em brains," is an old adage. In heredity, rather than environment, the distinguished author of this article sees the influences which form character. Pictorial Review prints the argument of the eugenists as a matter of public interest, without assuming responsibility for the statements here made.

This is the first of a series of articles on this general theme.

WOMAN'S new Promised Land, the objective of her exodus from political bondage, science has at last discovered for her, and, through her, for the race. Its name is Eugenics. It is the land of the well-born. It is for woman to determine whether or not the race shall enter it. Walt Whitman was its poet, the poet of this next great era of the world, when he cried,

> Give us great persons, the rest will follow. . . .
> Give the world a saner, . . well-begotten brood.

If America does not produce a great race what else matters? And eugenics means that *the production of a great race* shall become the sum and meaning of all politics, the one living purpose of the state.

It is peculiarly to woman that America looks for the realization of this ideal. She is the natural conservator of the race, the guardian of its blood. Eugenics means the improvement of *life*, and if we can improve life, produce better human beings, they will themselves improve everything else. Only a noble race will or can build noble institutions.

And this improvement of life, the perfecting of the babe at her breast, is not only woman's supreme duty, but is her one deathless passion. At last her new freedom has given her the opportunity to make *her natural passion her political platform.*

What Is Eugenics?

WHAT, then, is eugenics? What is it all about? What does it propose to do? How does it propose to do it? These questions must be answered and the answers made as dramatic and human as securing clean streets, jailing grafters, or removing garbage. Otherwise eugenics will never get outside of a few dreamers' heads.

Ninety-nine educated persons out of a hundred imagine eugenics has something to do with sex-hygiene, vice campaigns, or personal health certificates before marriage. These are matters of public health and morals and bear only indirectly upon eugenics.

On the other hand the Eighteenth Amendment, if it really prohibits, is the most tremendous "eugenic law" ever passed in the world's history, because it will profoundly influence the health, sanity, and stamina of the generations yet unborn.

Some biologists believe it will weaken the race, because they believe alcohol has for ages killed off the weaklings and those lacking self-control, and if they are permitted to live and reproduce and spread their inborn weakness, in time the whole race will become potential drunkards. Other biologists believe that counteracting factors will prevent this disaster. I shall not enter the controversy here. But I cite it as a tremendous eugenical problem which is also a political problem.

Likewise, the baby-saving campaign, with all its noble impulses, many biologists believe will weaken the race by saving so many weaklings. Indeed nearly everybody, except trained biologists, believes that our fresh air campaigns, universal education, pure food, medical and dental inspection, our hospitals, reformatories, and public health measures are already rapidly improving the race. But biology, I think, has triumphantly proved that *if we stop here and do nothing else* the race will deteriorate rapidly; indeed is probably already deteriorating through the saving of the weak and unfit—not unfit, perhaps, in the sight of Heaven, but unfit *for reproduction on earth.* Beyond question an "improved environment" will deteriorate a race much more rapidly than a hard environment which weeds out the incompetents, weaklings, and fools.

Now, the American woman must become enlightened upon these startling new discoveries. She must take a sound course in biology if she wishes to be the true politician of the new social order. Otherwise she may wreck the very race she is trying to save. She may be throwing a stone to a drowning swimmer instead of a life-preserver.

Eugenics wishes to save all these good things for everybody. It does not believe in letting a single baby die. It desires whole-heartedly to "rescue the perishing, care for the dying," but it also offers a much wider program; it calls for a golden rule which will do unto both the born *and the unborn* as you would have both the born and the unborn do unto you.

The vast educational, social, religious, and economic measures necessary to do this constitute the science of eugenics and lift it into first rank as the last great political program of the human race. Here, indeed, is a program to stir the heart and brain of every woman with a militant and conquering ideal.

What Eugenics Is Not

I THINK, therefore, we shall most quickly learn what eugenics is by learning, first, what it is not. Let us throw overboard at once all the junk and nonsense as to what does and what does not improve the race. Eugenics is:

Not sex-hygiene
Not public health
Not prenatal culture
Not free love
Not a vice campaign
Not trial marriage
Not enforced marriage
Not physical culture
Not killing off the weaklings
Not a plan for producing genius to order
Not a scheme for breeding supermen
Not a plan for scientific love-making
Not a plan for taking the romance out of love
Not a scheme for "breeding human beings like animals."

Eugenics is none of these things. Some of them are excellent public measures and some, such as physical culture and prenatal culture, may be pleasant personal exercises, but since, contrary to all popular belief, they do not have any influence upon the health, strength, or character of the next generation (unless they might slightly influence marriage selection—that is, help to decide who marries who) they do not come under the head of eugenics.

Indeed, in the last sentence we have the key to eugenics—*the next generation.* It has to do *only* with those agencies which will improve or impair the *inborn* health and quality of the children yet unborn. Since this takes in almost the whole range of economic, educational, social, political, moral, and religious agencies, to explain the science of eugenics in one magazine article is a fairly large order. But out of hundreds of eugenical problems which are

From Professor Giddings

Of Columbia University

I CAN NOT imagine a more important service to mankind at the present moment than an intelligent, interesting, and forceful presentation to general readers of the truth about heredity and eugenics, for, in the face of the proverbial philosophy that is older than civilization, human beings do believe, or desperately try to believe, that we can by educational hokus-pokus or "the transforming power of love" produce grapes from thorns and figs from thistles, obliterate the leopard's spots and "blondine" the Ethiopian without killing him.

A wizard to awaken interest in eugenics was desperately needed, therefore, and we have found him in Albert Edward Wiggam. His sure perception of what is essential, his apprehension of what is most stubborn in popular misapprehension, and his amazing skill in weaving the spell of fascination about things supposed to be recondite, have indicated him as the man to teach the multitude in these matters.

He has cleared away once for all the objections that a lot of decent folk have felt to the eugenics program, in the supposition that it is identified with the question of sex-morals and involves a radical departure from our present sex-morality. This is not true, as Mr. Wiggam demonstrates. There is no reason why the most conservative moralist should not welcome the truth about this program, and every reason why men and women who sincerely desire to contribute their influence toward the amelioration of human misery should throw themselves earnestly into the eugenics cause. Read Mr. Wiggam's articles and you will know why.

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS.

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staring America in the face we might list just a few. Let us see if they are not the prime, basic political problems of the age. As a woman voter,

Can You Answer These Questions?

ARE good people producing more children than bad people?

Have not all civilizations gone to pieces when the bad people produced more children than the good people?

Are there more or fewer good people in the upper social levels than in the lower levels of society?

Is the ratio between the birth-rate and the death-rate increasing or decreasing? Is this ratio rising or falling most among the more or the less successful families?

What is the birth-rate among day-laborers, skilled workmen, college graduates, college professors, millionaires, paupers, hoboes, imbeciles, the tubercular, insane, and epileptic?

Are wealth and sound social standing any true indication of genuine social worth? Or do the meek, lowly, and unsuccessful possess the best human qualities?

Does education cause early or late marriages, many or few children?

Do educated people have more influence upon national life than the stupid and ignorant?

Do children drop out of school from inborn mental weakness, uninteresting studies, or poor teachers?

Does charity really cure or does it increase human misery through keeping alive the unfit and enabling them to reproduce a larger horde of unfit?

Should we discontinue our charity or make it wise and *helpful to the race* as well as the individual?

Do great men and women have more or fewer great relatives than the average person? In other words, are there not *great strains of blood*, teeming with talent and genius, as well as poor strains in the nation?

Do you know where the good and bad strains of blood are?

Why do city people produce great men more than twice as fast as country people? Is it because city people have better opportunity or better blood?

Do not cities burn up the nation's genius? Do not cities suck up the best boys and girls—the future leaders—from the country and destroy them in the fires of city ambition and race suicide? Is there any way of preventing these disastrous results?

Are great men and women usually born from great or mediocre parents?

Why does child-labor legislation cause children not to be born? Why have large sections of some countries been almost depopulated of laborers by child-labor legislation? Should such legislation be discontinued or improved so as to counteract these damaging racial effects?

Why are more babies born during strikes and hard times than during peace and good times?

Why do more people go insane during peace than during war?

What are the effects of the income tax, factory life, department stores, automobiles, good roads, telephones, railroads, rural free delivery, social, industrial, and economic legislation, social, moral, and religious customs and ideals upon the health, physique, character, and mentality of coming generations?

Can human nature be changed by legislation?

Is crime due to bad heredity or bad social conditions?

Are criminals morally responsible? Should criminals be "punished" or merely separated for life from society, without much reference to the size or character of their crimes, and prevented from reproduction?

Do high wages increase or reduce crime?

Are city slums the product of slum people or are slum people the product of the slums?

What are the effects of race crossings? Do children of race crossings live longer or shorter lives, make better or worse citizens than children of pure races?

Does a mixed population with differing racial inheritances, different minds and blood make for the stability or instability of a nation?

Is it better to scour the slums of Europe and the villages of Western Asia to furnish laborers for our factories, mines, and forests or to produce those economic and social conditions which will induce our sound, intelligent, high-class native American working men to raise good-sized, pure American families to replenish the national labor market?

Have not the North European peoples and their descendants in America—the blond Nordic race—more willpower, scientific and governing ability, and more self-control in political and social affairs than the South European peoples—the brunette Mediterranean and Slavic races? What influence will their mixture have upon America's future?

Is not the blond Nordic race (as a race) more honest, more courageous, more drunken, more adventurous, less artistic, less musical, less sociable, more philosophic, larger, stronger, more dominating, and more likely to commit suicide than the brunette races?

A Specialist in Results

THE recent emergence of Albert Edward Wiggam as a writer interests me deeply, not only for the brilliant manner and challenging matter of his articles, but because he illustrates the sort of publicists I think we need, and need sorely, in America just now.

We have been overrun by specialists who know accurately everything about some things, but who are unable to write anything that we ordinary mortals can understand. We have been bombarded by facile journalists who can make anything interesting, but who do not take the trouble to know accurately the fields into which they venture.

Mr. Wiggam has all the good qualities of both the scholar-specialist and the effective journalist, with few, if any, of the sins of either. Aside from the time devoted to a field in which he has won unique distinction, Mr. Wiggam has, to my knowledge, spent the last fifteen years in the great adventure of mastering the results that have been emerging from the laboratories of the living sciences. He knows personally most of the great scientists of our generation; his correspondence with the great specialists in biology, psychology, and anthropology is enormous and sustained. He has their confidence; and they do not give their confidence lightly to any "popularizer" that may come their way.

He has collected the largest private library of reports, investigations, and monographs in the fields of heredity, eugenics, and genetics in the world. He is in the best sense of the word a lay-specialist. That is, he is a specialist in the proved *results* of these sciences.

We shall never get a finer politics, a finer education, a finer social order until we effect a marriage between the results of science and the conduct of our public affairs. To do this, America needs at least a small army of scholar-journalists like Mr. Wiggam.

GLENN FRANK.

Photo by White Studio

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

Have not all past civilizations gone to pieces when they mixed their breeds?

Are brains and character due to heredity or environment? What are the *relative rôles* played by heredity and environment in producing human character?

Can we legislate intelligently for human beings if we do not know whether a man's misfortunes are due to inborn defects which can not be remedied or to his surroundings and education which can be remedied?

Shall we continue to put all our money on improving environment as we are doing now, or put part of it on improving heredity; that is, the natural inborn qualities of the people?

Can we not so shape our education, political and social legislation, and customs so that they will improve the people, themselves, instead of merely, as they do now, ameliorate the conditions amid which they live?

Is tuberculosis hereditary; that is, does it "run in families"? Is it decreasing, as some tuberculosis societies and the United States Government claim, or increasing, as some biologists believe?

Do medicine, hygiene, and sanitation increase or decrease the inborn stamina of the race? Can we counteract the weakening effects which in some directions these measures probably have?

Do the children of your school know anything about the laws of heredity? Are your citizens and school children being given any sound knowledge on the subject? Is it not as important a branch of knowledge as geography, history, or Latin grammar?

Are your school children being taught how to tell a person who would make a good parent from a bad one? Is it more important to learn this or to learn the funeral ceremonies of the ancient Egyptians?

Have you any provisions in your town so that the boys and girls shall make a large number of acquaintances and friends in order that they may have a wide scope for their wholesome natural instincts to select a good husband or wife?

Have you any laws in your State for finding potential criminals, prostitutes, and paupers while they are yet children, which science can now often do, and thus preventing their future ravages upon society as well as their own misery?

The Army Mental Tests

THE foregoing gives only a hint of the enormous range of questions which eugenics puts squarely to the woman voter. We might add a few somewhat more personal questions which may aid in enlarging our ideas as to the real scope and meaning of eugenics.

Before putting these questions, however, some of which are based upon the results of the Army mental tests, let me say that the question as to whether these tests furnish us an accurate measure of the true, inborn intelligence of the American people as a whole is now being warmly debated, both by scientific men and the public press, and I have no wish to enter the controversy here. Indeed such a question can never be settled by debate, but only by an enormous amount of further mental measurements in the laboratories. Most of the popular discussions of the subject are either amateurish or beside the mark. The real questions at issue are too highly technical for anybody except trained students to understand with any completeness.

I am going, therefore, to assume *in all these articles* that the Army mental tests did not measure, or even attempt to measure, the complete intelligence or ability or mental capacity of the soldiers, but that they did probably measure with considerable accuracy their *present mental proficiency* in many directions, and that they did probably select the quick thinkers from the slow thinkers. How much each group might be benefited by education, and whether further education would bring the two groups closer together in proficiency or separate them farther apart, I shall assume is not yet fully determined.

Their sole purpose was to make a hasty selection of the quicks from the slows, and there is considerable evidence that they succeeded in selecting *present mental* alertness. Such things, however, as dogged determination, courage, "will-power," willingness to follow a leader and to co-operate with one's fellows and thus make a good citizen, and many other factors of natural make-up, were not accurately measured, or even supposed by the psychologists to be measured, altho they were probably considerably indicated. Energy and initiative were probably more clearly indicated by the tests.

These tests occupied scarcely half an hour, often under unfavorable conditions and sometimes with inexpert operators, whereas a careful psychological examination usually occupies from two to three hours under restful, healthful, and quiet conditions which will give the individual being tested the best possible chance to do his best.

However, with all these disadvantages, future careful individual measurements will undoubtedly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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THREE LITTLE WORDS

A Jolly Good Love Story, Introducing a Clever Modern Girl and a Highly Intractable Man

BY MARIAN SPITZER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES H. CRANK

"THE MAGIC OF THE NIGHT SWEEPING ALL RESOLVES INTO A TEMPORARY OBLIVION"

NOBODY expected it of Linda, least of all Linda herself. All her friends are sure that if she'd had any idea of the outcome she never would have started. Still, it was fun while it lasted, and she really isn't sorry at the way it turned out. But it was an awful shock.

And nobody expected it of Peter, least of all Peter himself. He didn't look that sort. As a matter of fact he wasn't that sort. He was most definitely the kind of man a girl flirted with mildly, and kept as an anchor to windward for the occasions when her One but not Only was out of town on business. He was a gay young person, blazing with harmless epigrams, very much like those interesting contraptions they let children play with on the Fourth of July, emitting great quantities of bright, crackly sparks, but quite safe.

Linda saw him for the first time at one of those deadly Sunday night dinners at the Harlequin Club. The Harlequin is a sort of country club in the city, only instead of going in for abandon and golf, it goes in for abandon and intellect. A few of the guests, Linda included, were standing in the lobby, waiting for the elevator, when he appeared. He was dressed in tweeds, which was quite all right. The Harlequins always said "Wear anything." The rest of the men were in dinner-jackets.

"That's Peter MacLeod," said Jerry Jenks to Linda in an undertone, as the newcomer flung a careless hello to the waiting crowd. "He's just come back from California. Been making art bungalows. You should really meet him. He's the best little woman-tamer in three States. Told me so himself. My, how I'd love to see you two fence! You are the only——"

Just then the elevator came, and Jerry never got a chance to finish what gave promise of being a perfectly good compliment to Linda's swordsmanship. It had been enough, however, to make her regard young Peter with a carefully concealed interest. He was not too tall, just the right dancing-height, and he had eyes the color of cornflowers, set rather deep in a round face, tanned from two years' active service in the navy. He might easily have been a sophomore down for the week-end.

Dame Fortune, ill-intentioned enough, kept a table-length between Peter and Linda, but, like most spiteful hunies, she defeated her own purpose. Linda found it a joy to watch Peter, and as she watched the faintest of changes came over her. Her mood shifted ever so slightly from its accustomed serenity. An almost physical lift it was, and any one whose glance was sharp would have noted a barely perceptible quickening of the breath and the minutest of flickers in a pair of ordinarily steadfast eyes. Linda found herself recalling Jerry Jenks's unfinished sentence. As she speculated meditatively on his words, Jim Warren, who had brought her to the dinner, grew concerned over her apparent gravity. Believing her tired and perhaps a trifle bored—Jim knew his limitations—he took her home.

Her days were crowded just about that time. There were three imminent musical comedies whose programs would soon inform the public that their costumes were executed by Underwood from designs by Linda Wells. Days found Linda, her slimness enveloped in a rough blue denim smock, somewhat paint-smeared, creating the ravishing bits of nothing that were shortly to assist young coryphées to slay their thousands. She was far too busy to keep her mind definitely on the subject of Peter, but often, after the lights were out and the array of the day's happenings brought from their hiding-place, a vague, nebulously pleasant half thought persistently, tho not obtrusively, chased itself around the back of her head, and when she tracked it to its lair she invariably came back to those words of Jerry Jenks: "You are the only——"

TREES were showing the first hint of green when she next saw Peter. William John Underwood, the humorous, middle-aged person who during working hours was known to Linda as chief and all the rest of the time as Uncle Billy, was giving a party to celebrate the completion of the costumes for the three musical comedies, no longer imminent, but incumbent.

Peter MacLeod crossed the room and stood behind Linda's chair, looking down at the volume in her hand.

"You shouldn't be reading 'Anatol,'" he said slowly. "I'm more interesting."

"I wonder," was Linda's not very clever retort.

He grinned engagingly. "You seemed to think so the last time you saw me, even with half the table and the Ross infant between us."

Linda wasn't prepared for that. He had really seemed so absorbed in the matter at hand. She smiled a little to herself. Peter was making the same mistakes so many men make, and it was greatly to her advantage. Could he but contrive to make her angry, he thought, the rest would be easy. A woman piqued is a woman easily vanquished. His masculine mind had prepared this formula, to which it expected her mind, because it was feminine, to react. Linda shrugged slightly. She might have told him that a little adroitly applied flattery was a far easier method of breaking down defenses.

"You did rather well," she said, "but I couldn't see that you had anything on Anatol."

"The trouble with Anatol is that he is true to life. He can't spend an hour with a girl without telling her how much he loves her. He reminds me of Tom Terry, who always referred to himself as a philanderer. Tom invariably got to the point where the affair at hand seemed quite real to him, and then he lost his balance and proposed. He met his Waterloo when he asked two girls at the same time and both accepted him." Peter told the story with evident relish.

"And so," he continued, "Jane, an athletic young woman from Denver, came on for the wedding at exactly the same time that Tommy found himself engaged to Lucie. Lucie had a plaintive voice, soulful eyes, and a brother with definite ideas on chivalry. Tom married Lucie. If you remember, Anatol married somebody in the end, too. It all comes from saying 'I love you.'" Peter looked superior. Linda smiled again; he was an amusing young man.

"Have you never succumbed to that temptation?" she asked.

"No," said Peter firmly, "I never have, and, what is more, I never will."

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"Has it ever occurred to you," she asked, "that Anatol has a more or less easy time of it? When he says 'I love you' to a girl she believes him. After that it is easy. All girls are not Anatol's girls, tho. They don't always believe the 'I love you.' And some of them won't even let you say it."

Peter smiled that woman-tamer smile of his, that smile which mocked and caressed and understood and wondered, all at the same time.

"You just think they don't believe it," he replied. "They think they don't. Sometimes they even fool men into thinking they don't. But if you're willing to put in the time you always get results." That being settled he moved on. Linda wondered how he could have such a large blind spot. He really believed in his infallibility. It would be awfully good fun, she thought, to have a little encounter with Peter. It wouldn't amount to much; no casualties or anything like that, but it was Spring and she needed something like that in the Spring. Her work suffered without it.

After that night they happened to see each other frequently. It wasn't planned at all. They just seemed to keep meeting at all sorts of unexpected places. And a little later at expected places. They enjoyed each other. It was so much fun comparing notes.

"They all fall down at about the same place," Peter said one night. "Just at the time I'd begun to think I had one with real intelligence she'd sigh and say, 'Why do you look at me that way?' or 'Say it again,' and then I'd have to quit."

"Oh, well," Linda laughed, "you needn't think that's exclusive with women. Some of the men I've thought were the best have disappointed me cruelly with that same stuff. 'You look like a startled fawn.' And a pet line has always been, 'If I were any other man you wouldn't be so safe.' I really appreciate you, Peter; you're the first man I've ever known who hasn't saved me from himself."

They slid into place alongside each other with marvelous ease. He caught her tempo so deftly that she scarcely noticed what a habit he was becoming. They were comrades, yet they couldn't by any remote possibility be called Platonic friends.

The situation was altogether different from anything Linda had ever known. They just fitted; they were always rollicking about and poking fun at each other and every one else. Their especial scorn was reserved for sappy people, sentimentalists, who used the same old stuff.

This new joyous game was so engrossing that Linda forgot, most of the time, that she had an object, and her efforts toward the taming of Peter were rather feeble. It was too comfortable to disturb. After surveying the situation carefully one dull afternoon when she couldn't get out to meet him, Linda reached the conclusion that if she did succeed in teaching him that he wasn't infallible it would mean that the playtime would be spoiled—ended, probably. And she didn't want it ended.

Occasionally, however, her old fencing spirit flared up for a brief hour. Then she'd marshal her forces and go to work. After all, she didn't want much, just an admission. She didn't want him to mean it, and he knew she didn't want him to mean it. And it wasn't as if she wanted the same old stuff that they had laughed over so much. She couldn't imagine Peter mooning over her and saying, 'You make me tremble like an aspen-leaf,' or anything like that. No. She wanted three simple little words. But he just didn't say them. It was irritating, because she knew so well what was the matter with him.

There was a closed door in Peter. She knew just what keys she needed and she tried them all, only to find that tho the key fit in the lock the door wouldn't open. A couple of times she thought she felt the door give way. Once or twice it seemed to yield under her hand, but it always escaped her.

She gave more and more thought to the thing. Of course it was only a matter of pride. Soon the office began to notice a change in her.

"S matter, Lin?" queried Uncle Billy; "you've lost some of your pep." And Henry, the office boy, took special note of her increasing interest in telephone-calls during her absence.

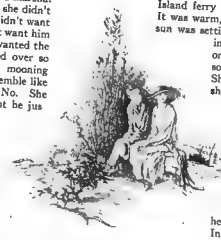
BY JUNE they were together every day. Linda, he assured her, was the best in the world. She ranked second only to O'Brien, his lazy, lovable pal, recently flung to the wolves of matrimony out in Duluth, and irretrievably lost.

"When I think of O'Brien married," he groaned, "it nearly kills me. Pat, the invincible, blurbing about his 'little nest.' You're all the pal I have left now," he said seriously.

He was entirely aware of her potency and told her so. She was very beautiful, he said, and the most touchable person in the world. Her arms were like drifts of white petals. Her hair was a pale-gold moonshaft. Her mouth was a flower. All these things he said, but he did not say "I love you."

One day they left the city early and wandered high up on Emerson Hill, where they could read and watch the harbor.

Linda was entrancing. She wore a straight frock of that marvelous color known as hyacinth-blue, which looks like the sky after a Spring rain has washed all the hardness out of it. It is always worn as a bait by blue-eyed maidens and is guaranteed to make homely girls pretty and pretty girls ravishing. She wore also a large, floppy hat which was extremely becoming and made her look not more than eighteen. And Linda, being twenty-three, enjoyed looking eighteen.



They were coming over the bay on the Staten Island ferry after a glorious, romping afternoon. It was warm, but there was a tiny breeze and the sun was setting very red and lovely. Linda was in that delicious state which is attained only by a girl who is sure of her looks, softly tired, and with the right man. She knew she was most attractive when she was a little weary.

"Peter," she said softly, "it was a wonderful day, wasn't it?" A ghost of a sigh escaped from her parted lips. "I'm so tired. Hold my hand, Peter; that always rests me."

Peter reached across and took her hand, smiling ever so tenderly. Into his eyes crept an expression Linda had never seen before. It was sweet and warm, and it matched the smile in tenderness. He looked long into her wide eyes, then he smiled again.

"Let's get a shine," he said.

Another time they were dancing at Uncle Billy's Summer-house on the Sound. Out on the balcony they could see the small craft weaving in and out, and the sharply sweet Summer sounds came drifting up from below, doing curious and unexpected things to the best of cynics.

Linda wore a pale-gold dinner-gown, straight and slim as always. The lights from the Sound boats bathed her in a white radiance, marking the pallor of her face and arms and shoulders, and giving the ash-blond hair a new gleam. It seemed almost to Peter that if he should touch, even ever so slightly, this exquisitely fashioned figurine, the frailness that was hers would be shattered into a million gleaming fragments.

He held out his arms, and Linda, smiling faintly, as befits an ivory figurine, swayed imperceptibly toward him.

Then they were clinging together, the magic of the night sweeping all resolves into a temporary oblivion. For a brief moment this, then the girl, her blue eyes heavy with what her friends called her hidden sorrow, stepped back. With infinite tenderness Peter brushed back into place a straying lock of her moonlight hair.

"Sweet," he whispered a bit unsteadily, "sweet. You are very sweet, Flower Mouth."

"Peter." Her voice was low; she barely breathed the words. "Peter, am I?"

"Yes, Linda," very gravely, "you are sweet. So awfully sweet. But you use too much make-up on your eyelashes." Linda disengaged herself gently, and in a moment was lost among the dancers inside.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

"TONY ADAMS DECIDED THAT HE MIGHT WANT HER FOR HIS WIFE. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO SHE WAS. BUT HE COULD SEE HER BLOND HEAD BENDING OVER A SMALLER BLOND ONE, CROONING A LULLABY"

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

Fascinating New Stories of Film Celebrities in This, the Second Article of Our Great Series

BY SAMUEL GOLDWYN

AUTHOR'S NOTE—I want to acknowledge the co-operation of Miss Corinne Lowe in the preparation of these articles. But for her enthusiasm, her patience, and her splendid co-operation given me in every way, this series could never have been written.
SAMUEL GOLDWYN.

LOU TELLEGEN, GERALDINE FARRAR, AND SAMUEL GOLDWYN, CHEERFULLY DESERTING NEW YORK FOR HOLLYWOOD

BEFORE I happened into Adolph Zukor's office that evening, of which I had spoken previously, when Mary Pickford was consulting him about the proper recompense for her indorsement of the cold-cream, I was, of course, already launched on my own adventures with the stellar world.

Through my account of the difficulties experienced by Mr. Zukor and Mary Pickford in arriving at a mutual understanding of a satisfactory wage, the reader may perhaps have gathered that the intercourse between producer and star is often clouded by the individual view-point. A story of my own contacts will not weaken that impression. In fact, before the Lasky Company was six months old I had discovered that the need for adjustment between these two supreme functionaries of the motion-picture world covers a wide ground, where salary represents only a limited space.

Among the first of the stars whom I engaged was Fanny Ward. It was shortly after we made our first picture that I chanced to meet this widely known actress in the elevator of the Hotel Claridge, New York. Fanny was not in her first youth. There was nothing, however, except her birth certificate to indicate this fact. If Ponce de Leon in his search for the Fountain of Youth had seen her that day he surely would have cried, "Ho, man, we're getting warm!"

I was so struck by that air of youthful witchery which she has so often conveyed on the screen that I ultimately asked her if she would not make some pictures for us. Up to this time her fame had been confined to the speaking stage. But she was at once enthusiastic about the opportunity I presented to her, and in a short time we concluded arrangements for her trip.

The vehicle which we selected for her was "The Marriage of Kitty." But, alas and alack! The vehicle was unequipped with shock-absorbers or even ordinary springs. After some very rough going in California, during which time Mr. de Mille had expressed by wire his dissatisfaction with my newly found star, the picture was sent back East.

And along with the picture was shipped Fanny herself.

Almost immediately I was apprized of the latter fact. "Miss Ward phoned you just now," announced my secretary on an otherwise pleasant morning. "She wants you to call her immediately."

That I did not heed this request was due to a misplaced confidence on my part in the healing quality of Time. When the actress finally succeeded in seeing me I found that Time had done no more for Fanny than it does for a fireless cooker. Instead of cooling it had merely conserved those inner fires.

I had just ordered my dinner on that night when she consummated my capture, and as I saw her bear down upon my table I resigned myself to the inevitable. The inevitable was punctual. "You!" cried she, glaring up at me; "what have you done?"

I was, however, given no time for this solicited autobiography. Instantaneously the actress proceeded to enlighten me upon the one predominant and vital activity of my career. "You have disgraced me in the eyes of Hollywood and New York," she asserted; "that's what you have done. Did I ask to go into pictures? Not much! I had a big reputation on the stage, and then—you come along! You tell me what a future I have in pictures; you persuade me to leave New York and go to California, and now here I am, disgraced, absolutely made a laughing-stock——"

I took advantage of this, her first pause. "There, there," murmured I, fully conscious of the limitations of my soothing technique, "what's the matter?"

"Matter!" she stormed. "Everything's the matter. Your photography's rotten—absolutely no good. And as for your director—say, haven't I been on the stage some years—oughtn't I to know something about the game? And am I to be told what's what by Cecil de Mille?" Et cetera. Et cetera.

The dinner cooled. Not so, Fanny. For fully half an hour the outraged star poured into my ears the tale of her wrongs in that far-away studio. Only my assurance that I would look at the film, which had arrived simultaneously with her, succeeded in stemming the flood-gates.

I did look at it, and my impression was much more favorable than I had hoped. It seemed to me that she had screened well and I wired to De Mille and Lasky to ask a second opportunity for Fanny. When I communicated this decision to Miss Ward she was so happy and so grateful for my intervention that I felt quite reckless about any financial outcome.

MARIE DORO, A FAVORITE OF THE SCREEN

MARSHALL NEILAN—HIS SUCCESS AS A DIRECTOR WAS MARKED FROM THE FIRST

Photo by Brown

As it happened, however, the Lasky Company was not penalized for giving Fanny her second chance. The next play we assigned her was "The Cheat." This film did four things. Its court scene where Fanny was branded established her as an eminent artiste of the screen. It provided a wonderful vehicle for Suskuye Haskyana, the Japanese pantomimist, whom we engaged then for the first time, and was indeed responsible for the rapidity of his ascent to fortune. It also brought Cecil de Mille to the front. And to the Lasky Company it meant a first real "knockout" after a number of moderate successes. Everybody talked about "The Cheat," Fanny Ward, and Suskuye.

WHILE making this play Miss Ward was the victim of a studio accident which provided the source of innocent merriment for the entire screen colony in Hollywood. When the cry of "Camera" was given Miss Ward got into action on a rustic bridge spanning a pool. She was attired in a costly ermine coat, a plumed hat, and a Paris gown. Sustained by the consciousness of these assets, as well as by her usual dramatic fervor, she began to trip across the edifice. For a few moments the tripping was good. Then suddenly there was a creak of boards. The creak was followed by a loud ripping noise, the bridge fell, and a moment later the camera, that remorseless Boswell, had recorded Fanny sitting in the pool below.

It was a somewhat inglorious attitude for any heroine, and Fanny was not slow to realize it. Sitting there in her soaked ermine coat with her plumed hat all awry, she relieved her feelings in a manner highly satisfactory both to herself and to those about her.

"At last," commented one of her fellow actors, hearing this outburst of indignation, "we have seen it—the lake of fire and brimstone."

But it was only a moment after this that the victim was laughing quite as heartily as the spectators. Indeed, among the various tempers which I have looked over in my career as producer, Fanny Ward's variety comes nearest to the ideal recognized as "lovable." Not only is her anger short-lived, but it is accompanied by such warmth of heart and generosity of spirit and it is followed so swiftly by her infectious laugh that one never remembers her stormy moods except with an affectionate smile.

Certainly her residence in Hollywood did much to dispel the horror which the mere mention of California evoked in the minds of many screen performers of that day. Into that former community with its few shops and its unpretentious homes Fanny moved with a suggestion of Eastern pomp. Having been married to a wealthy man and being therefore independent of her salary, she took the largest house in Hollywood and filled it with a fine blend of gold plate, servants, and bric-à-brac.

This home became the rendezvous of the picture-making colony. If you entered it on Sunday afternoon you found that forty-nine people had preceded you. No hostess could have been more delightful and gracious.

Whatever may be later sources of inspiration in motion-picture festivities those at Fanny Ward's did not wander far

Photo by Kendall Banon

MAE MURRAY'S ACHIEVEMENTS HAVE BROADENED NOTABLY IN THE PAST FEW YEARS

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from childhood's happy hour. Once, I remember, a donkey-party was tendered. On this occasion Eva Tanguay did everything she could to sustain a famous self-characterization. She did a bit of comedy work for which this nonsensical game offers such wide scope, convulsing us all with the innocent blundering she so well knows how to simulate.

There was one personal prejudice of Fanny's which is recalled with amusement by all those who used to be invited to those parties. No matter what she served her guests at a dinner—lobster, or quail, or turkey—she herself always ate frankfurters. Furthermore, she liked a mob scene of these "hot dogs," and I can see her now as she sat before one of her famous gold platters heaped high with the incongruous fare.

Every other type of refreshment at the Ward home sprang from an equally liberal source. Witness to this fact is supplied by a dinner given by Fanny just previous to a discussion arranged by the Lasky Company, the Famous Players, and the Triangle Company with a view toward a merger of these organizations. A representative of one of the two rival companies sat beside me while a relentless hospitality was being waged. At last he turned to me pleadingly.

"For Heaven's sake," he whispered, "I want a clear head for our talk. Won't you tell that butler to stop filling my glass?"

"Butler!" I whispered back, almost congealed with horror. "Is! That's Miss Ward's husband."

This husband, by the way, was Jack Deane, her leading man, whom she married after coming to Hollywood.

Fanny's expenditures began at home, but they did not stay there. She made the same opulent gesture in the studio. Thus I remember that when Percy Hilburn, the cameraman who used to film her, threatened to leave us because we would not raise his salary from one hundred to two hundred a week, the actress made up the extra amount out of her own purse.

"What," she exclaimed, "have Percy leave the place while I am here! A man that can make you look as beautiful as he does me!"

There was, of course, a great deal in what she said. For an expert cameraman can be as flattering as a pink sunshade. However, Fanny was dependent upon his ministrations.

Her sustained ability to look young was especially definite in "Heart's Ease," a Bret Harte story in which she played a seventeen-year-old part. As Fanny's own daughter was at the time just about this same age, newspapers everywhere saw the opportunity for much good-natured fun, and it was after such far-flung propaganda that her close friend Nora Bayes greeted her with a sally I have never forgotten.

The famous comédienne just mentioned was opening up on a certain night in the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles. Fanny gave a large dinner that night, including Charlie Chaplin, Marie Doro, and De Wolf Hopper, and after the dinner she asked me if I would not drive into Los Angeles with her to Nora's opening. I did so, and before the comédienne's appearance Fanny took me back of the scenes. Nora came down the stairs to greet us and when she caught sight of her friend she cried, "Why, Fanny Ward, I expected to find you with a rattle in your hand!"

For several years Fanny's screen popularity continued. Then quite gradually she began to go under an eclipse. Why was it? Perhaps she may not have gotten the proper dramatic mediums. More probably the public failed in its former response to her type of acting. Be that as it may, this decline in popularity—so tragically familiar in the motion-picture world—left Fanny behind us, a pleasant memory. However, the Lasky Company had always prided itself on fidelity to contract, and we did not depart from this standard in our dealings with Miss Ward. It was she who finally severed our business relations.

I have dwelt upon the career of Fanny Ward at this length, not only because hers is one of the vivid and lovable personalities in the screen world, but because the social atmosphere which she created forms a cherished background for the collections of many a screen star. To-day if you find yourself in a crowd where Mae Murray, Wallace Reid, Tommy Meighan, Mabel Normand, and other famous stars are gathered together, you are sure to hear, "Oh, do you remember that evening at Fanny's when she did so and so?"

LOVELY EDNA GOODRICH AND THOMAS MEIGHAN, "A MANLY-LOOKING CHAP WITH A MOP OF CHESTNUT-BROWN CURLS"

Meanwhile, of course, I had been negotiating with various other stars. Among this number was Marguerite Clark. Miss Clark, you remember, had stirred the public deeply by her beautiful performance in "Prunella," and this success of the speaking stage resulted in a competition between Mr. Zukor and ourselves for her services on the screen. Our final compromise indicates how ably we lived up to the friendly enemy ideal of conduct.

"See here," called Mr. Zukor over the phone, "I hear you're negotiating with Marguerite Clark. Now I want to tell you something. I'm going to get her, no matter what I have to pay. So you'll do me a favor if you don't bid me up any higher."

I agreed to withdraw, but upon one condition only. The Lasky Company had just secured the rights to Harold McGrath's "The Goose Girl," and we had been thinking for some time that Marguerite would be ideal for the part. My final understanding with my competitor accordingly was that he should lend us the coveted star for this single picture. In this arrangement, however, we reckoned without Marguerite herself. "What, Marguerite go all the way out to California!" exclaimed the star's sister when I called at the Clark apartment that first evening.

An Astor or a Vanderbilt ordered to go out and hoe potatoes, a Russian nobleman sentenced to Siberia—neither of these could have expressed more profound emotion. Nor was the prejudice of Miss Clark's sister an isolated one. I quote this exclamation, indeed, as significant of an almost universal obstacle I encountered in those early days. Stars did not want to leave New York for California.

I soon suspected that in Marguerite's case the prejudice was a more deep-seated one than could be explained by climate or landscape. The very morning after she agreed to go out to the Lasky studios a young man in the employ of Mr. Zukor came to my office. His name was Harold Lockwood and he will be remembered for his work in some of Mary Pickford's earlier stories, and later as a famous star for the Metro Company.

After a little preliminary clearing of his throat the handsome Harold suggested the purpose of his call. "Ahem," began he, "I hear you've engaged Miss Clark to do a picture for you?"

"Yes, yes, so I have," retorted I, leafing over a pamphlet.

More pronounced symptoms of nervousness by Harold before he could proceed. "Ahem—well—I just thought—of course you may not be looking for anybody—but——"

We did not take advantage of Harold's willingness to share Miss Clark's banishment, but there are numerous parallel situations where we found the pressure more forceful. Sometimes, in fact, we have been obliged to take a constellation in order to secure the services of the one particular star which graced it. Our engagement of Blanche Sweet, of Pauline Frederick, and later experiences with Geraldine Farrar—these episodes to which I am coming presently—reveal the extent to which some emotional preference influences the contract of the feminine star.

Well, Miss Clark did go to California and she made for the Lasky Company its successful play of "The Goose Girl." The performance was not, however, devoid of friction. From the studio across the continent to my office in New York came constant mutterings of disagreements between Miss Clark and her director, Fred Thompson. Once I wired to De Mille to ask him how the play was coming along, and his answer to the telegram was as follows:

"'THE CHEAT' PROVIDED A WONDERFUL VEHICLE FOR SUSKUYE HASKYANA, THE JAPANESE PANTOMIMIST"

"Don't know much about the play, but geese and photography both looked great."

I have mentioned that Marguerite's sister met me that evening I went up to her apartment. This sister, who was some years older than her celebrated relative, was almost as constant a phenomenon as was Mary Pickford's mother. Indeed, many feminine luminaries of the screen possess one of these adhesive relatives. There is nearly always a mother or brother or sister or husband standing around back of the screens to see that justice is administered.

There was one time when Mary Pickford's supremacy was seriously threatened by the success of this other Famous Players star. "Is Mary jealous of Marguerite?" I asked Mr. Zukor at this period.

He shook his head. "No," said he. And then he added swiftly, "But it comes to the surface through Mrs. Pickford and Marguerite's sister."

From this remark I gathered that the two doughty supporters of opposing causes used to look at each other about as pleasantly as did the Montagues and Capulets. And if you possess any flair, like Landor, for imaginary conversations, you can easily construct a dialog between the twain based on their respective claims to the most mail, the most unappeasable demands of exhibitors, the most appreciation from Mr. Zukor.

Yet Mary long outlasted her fair rival. Why was this? Marguerite Clark was beautiful, she was exquisitely graceful, and she brought to the screen a more finished stage technique and a more spacious background than did Miss Pickford. My answer to this question, so often propounded to me, applies not only to Miss Clark, but to all the other actresses who have flashed, meteor-like, across the screen horizon. First of all, she did not have Mary Pickford's absorbing passion for work. Secondly, she did not possess the other artiste's capacity for portraying fundamental human emotion. Simple and direct and poignant, Mary goes to the heart much as does a Foster melody. Herein is the real success of a popularity so phenomenally sustained.

Previous to engaging Miss Ward and Miss Clark, the Lasky Company had secured the services of Blanche Sweet. The performance of this actress in Griffith's "Judith and Bethulia" had lingered in my memory, and almost as soon as we organized I took Lasky to see that film. He was so much impressed that we wired at once to De Mille to negotiate with Miss Sweet, then working under Mr. Griffith in California.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

National Photo

"FANNY WARD'S SUSTAINED ABILITY TO LOOK YOUNG, IN 'HEART'S EASE'"

A PLAYFUL MOMENT IN THE CAREER OF THE LATE WALLACE REID (AT THE PIANO)

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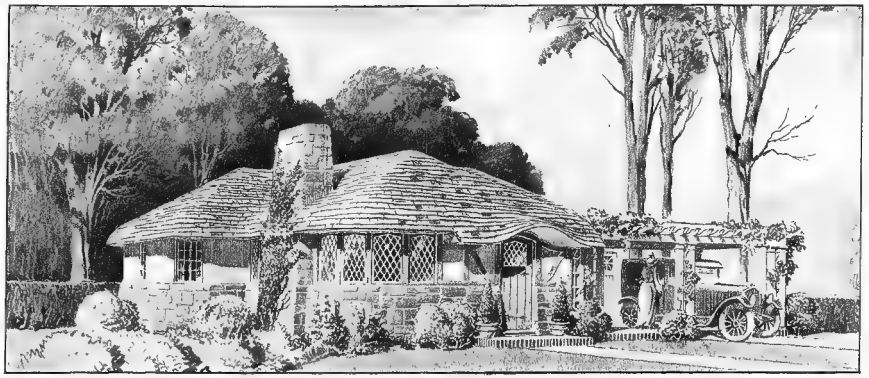


PICTORIAL REVIEW LOVE-NESTS

The Second of These Ideal Dwellings for Married Couples of All Ages

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

BEFORE beginning to describe this little house I want to call attention to the marked difference to be observed in the ideas of the many thousands of families who build their own homes. These prospective home-owners may be placed in two groups; one intent simply on acquiring a house in which to live, the main thought being that it shall be large enough and cheap enough; the other group being composed of a more progressive type, those who have tired of the many repetitions in small house designs, and who feel a craving for something out of the ordinary.

The funds are always limited, of course, and the problem resolves itself into a question of just how the money shall be spent. Are we to use the whole appropriation in paying for mere bulk, and provide ourselves with high ceilings, huge rooms and more of them than we need, overdoing the size of everything until there is nothing left for any artistic fixtures? Or will it be more satisfactory to use a part of our expenditure for a few things which will add a little art to the scheme, even tho the dimensions of the building may thereby be necessarily somewhat reduced?

It is for the latter class that this little home was designed, and I believe that it will be found to contain all of the features required by a couple who are just entering upon their first housekeeping experience, and these arranged in the most convenient fashion. It has not been forgotten, moreover, that families have a way of growing, and accordingly, provision has been made for future additions on the rear, where one or more additional bedrooms may be built on at a later date, in the manner set forth in the course of this article.

THE features which distinguish this design from the ordinary bungalow may be arranged in various degrees of elaboration, according to the taste and purse of the owner. For instance, if the thatch roof indicated in the picture should prove to be too expensive, a simple, straight-line shingle roof can be used with good effect. If the stonework indicated should be too costly, the chimney could be built of brick and stucco, and the exterior walls covered with shingles up to the line of first-story window-sills.

The style of the front door, and the seven leaded-glass windows work wonders in producing the effect shown, and the extra cost, above that of the ordinary treatment, runs only about $125. Some persons, belonging in group number one mentioned above, will surely say this is no way to invest such a sum, as it will pay no dividends, but it is all a matter of personal makeup and preference. From what sort of things do we derive our pleasure?

Now the plan has been arranged with the purpose of providing in as convenient form as possible the six units which any home must have, namely, living-room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom, bathroom, and porch; and then suggesting a manner of adding the various other items which some owners might require. These additional features, such as the porte-cochère, garage, and the extra bedrooms, may be built along with the rest of the house or they can be added one by one, as wanted, and while they may be in many cases essential from the standpoint of utility, their omission will not injure the appearance of the design.

The extension on the rear may be made by taking out the linen-closet and the rear bedroom closet and extending the hallway to meet the one or more bedrooms as required. Diagrams showing this addition in various sizes will be mailed upon request.

While the house as shown is small, the living-room is of very liberal dimensions, 15 by 20, as there seems to be more reason for spaciousness here. The dining-room, while small, is arranged for seating six persons, and requires no furniture but the table and chairs.

The kitchen has one of the efficiency arrangements which have been shown in Pictorial Review several times, and which have been used in a great many homes. The cellar stairs are arranged so as to provide a grade entrance toward the rear yard, and hence serves both as an inside and an outside entrance to basement. The porte-cochère is a wonderful addition, which can be made at small cost, and gives a convenient access to the house in bad weather, as well as having a tendency to cool the front porch in Summer.

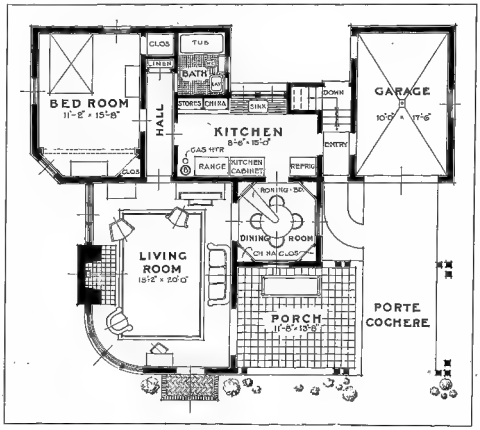
The garage may be reached directly from the house through the entry, and also has a door at the rear to give access to the rear yard. Being thus attached to the main building the garage may be heated from the main plant if either a steam or hot-water system is used. Otherwise the house may be made very comfortable with either a hot-air or pipeless furnace.

THE width of the house and garage are just sufficient to allow of placing comfortably on a lot of 50 feet frontage, and the depth may be anything from 75 feet upward.

No finished attic is contemplated as the roof-lines have been purposely kept low, partly because of the cost and also in order to preserve the artistic effect. The basement may extend under the entire house and thus provide ample storage space in addition to the coal and furnace rooms.

The main building contains 14,500 cubic feet, and can be erected along simple lines in locations of average building cost, for about $4,000. If the thatch roof is wanted this will increase the figure by about $600, and the garage will add about $350 more. In other words, this little place can be erected complete as shown herewith for about $5,000. This applies in general to the New York suburbs, but as there is a wide difference in building costs in various sections of the country, local builders had best be asked about the probable cost in other locations.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Woods will gladly answer any questions regarding this house, free of charge. Address care House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.



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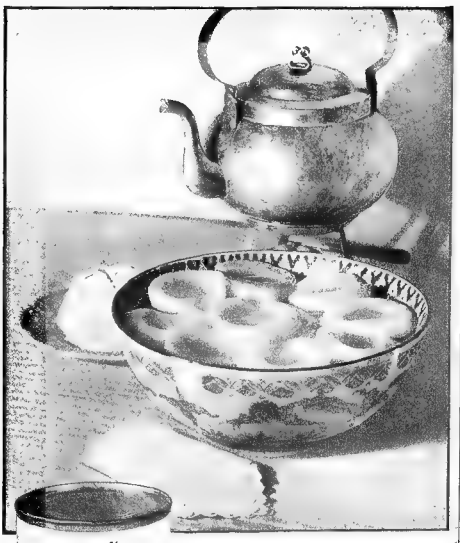

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THREE LITTLE WORDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"He's scoring heavily these days," she told herself with a rueful little smile, "but it's just as much fun that way" She had about given up her plan to tame Peter. There were plenty of tame men about. Maybe it would be better to keep him wild.

AT THIS point it becomes necessary to clear a space for Antonio Adams. He was a person who always had to have spaces cleared for him. The child of a New England father and a Neapolitan mother, everything about Tony Adams was picturesque except his mind, which came from the paternal side of the family. And what that lacked in picturesqueness it more than made up in strength. Tony was a lawyer, one of those lawyers who invariably develop into rising young district attorneys, clean up the city, and get the goods on the corrupt mayor.

Tony was a handsome man, with an overpowering but thoroughly graceful bulk He weighed close to two hundred pounds, but he danced like an angel His eyes were the eyes of southern Italy, and they were set wide in a dark olive face.

"When Tony wants a thing," his friends were in the habit of telling each other, "he usually gets it." Tony gave that impression. He was a very determined young man. And he had ideals. Many ideals. He wasn't exactly saving his kisses for the girl he married, but he subscribed to the theory. In short, Tony was a noble young man.

Less than three minutes after Linda had left the ungallant but entertaining Peter, Tony Adams, draped carelessly against the fireplace, told Linda he might want her for his wife. He didn't know who she was, but he could see her blond head bending over a small one, crooning a lullaby. He could see those wistful blue eyes filling with unshed tears as he practised the summing up of his latest murder case He could see a lot! He had vision, had Tony. By love, he'd have to meet her! When he wanted a thing he usually got it. But he had to want it first.

Soon they were dancing together as the they had danced together for years. Within half an hour after the amusing little contretemps on the balcony, Linda was standing there again, once more drenched in the white rain of searchlights. She was more than ever the ivory figurine, her fragility emphasized by the ponderous bulk that was Tony. She drew her a slightly breathless feeling, as tho he might accidentally put out his hand and brush her into nonentity. At a particular moment he was earnestly explaining to her why it would be a good idea for her to drive back home with him.

"I can beat the others back by half an hour," he urged, "and, anyway, I *want* you to come with me."

"I'd love to drive back with you, Mr. Adams," Linda told him with just the right note of regret in her voice, "but I've been provided for and it wouldn't be polite."

"Well, if I can't take you home to-night," insisted Tony, making his first and all but his last compromise with fate, "when can I?" They settled on the following Thursday night. Afterward Tony was glad he had waited because that gave him several days in which he could investigate.

Tony had three questions which he always put to himself when he felt in danger of falling in love.

"Would I want to see her opposite me at the breakfast table for the rest of my life?" Tony wondered when he first looked at Linda across the dance-floor. He thought he would.

"Would I be proud to introduce her to my friends?" Would he!

"Would she make the right kind of mother for my children?" That was the part that needed investigating. Don't misunderstand Tony: he had no children at the time, but he would have. He had long since decided upon four. He thought they would be sons.

AS FOR the object of all this speculation, she was completely unaware of it. It should be said in justice to Linda that she never thought of men as possible husbands. Some day, of course, she should marry, because marriage was an important an experience to miss, but it was out of her mind for the present. A man was something to fight a circle of wits with, or he was a convenient and entertaining adjunct She didn't think much about Tony Adams one way or the other.

"Nice man," she mused, after her smooth blond braids were flung over the pillow for the night. "Beautiful manners. Sort of strong. I like Peter better." She smiled at herself in the mirror. Then she went to sleep and forgot all about Tony until she looked at her calendar-pad on Thursday afternoon.

The engagement was successful and led to others. They dined on a cool roof, danced desultorily, and talked. That is, Tony talked. Linda always listened the first three times. After that, she had discovered early, it didn't matter what she said. She was established.

Tony told her about his work, his ambition, his political views, his religious convictions, his social standards, and his mother. He didn't mention the four children, but apparently the investigation had proved satisfactory, because before the evening was over he was sure he wanted Linda. And Tony, as had been mentioned before, when he wanted a thing, usually got it.

"When are you going to marry me?" Tony demanded one sultry night two weeks later, when he and Linda had remained at home to escape the heat. He stood above her as she sat curled up in a corner of the couch, one slipper dangling half off her small gray-silk-clad foot. A terrific want blazing in his Italian eyes leaped down to the girl on the couch. For all her astuteness in the matter of men she was now a little frightened, more than a little uncertain. Her fencing had always been in play. She had never been actually proposed to before. She had always been able to ward it off if she saw one coming that she didn't want. And, besides, she really didn't want to marry yet. She had all the contempt of the dilettante in love for the set forms of love-making.

But there was something about this earnest, fierce, humorless young man that was terrifying. He was strong, as she had told herself after their first meeting. He had a kind of overbearingness that she was afraid of because it could make her do things she didn't want to do. She could feel herself weighted down by it. Not unpleasantly.

"When, Linda?" broke in upon her silence. She smiled faintly up at him.

"I don't think at all," she said, hardly believing herself, Tony laughed shortly.

"You are, child," he said simply. "It's only a question of when. I knew the minute I saw you that you were my future wife." All the grace of *La Belle Napoli* was in his gesture as he bent down, lifted her aloft from her nest of cushions, and kissed her with a kind of hard tenderness and a thoroughness characteristic of all his actions.

"Now," said Tony grimly, "we're engaged." Linda gasped.

"Tony," she exclaimed, "we're not! I must have time to think. You're not at all the man for me and I'm not the right kind of wife for you. I'm afraid of you; you're too strong." Even as she said it a kind of glory in his strength filled her.

"Girl," said Tony, "you may not be the right kind of wife for me, but I want you. And what I want I usually get. See?"

LINDA saw. And Linda, as she had come to do whenever she was troubled, flew to Peter Not literally, of course, since it was well after midnight when Tony left, partially placated by Linda's promise to see him the next day and come to a definite understanding. But she did fly to the telephone.

Mr MacLeod, intoned the smoothly correct voice of Peter's Japanese boy, had left town rather suddenly that evening. He was not sure when Mr MacLeod would be back. Was there any message?

There was not Linda hung up the receiver with a sudden sense of being overwhelmingly alone. She dropped back on the couch, face down. A few tiny tears wet the pillow. But she must stop acting like a fool, she told herself angrily, and think things out for herself. Still, Peter thought so straight. He was so beautifully unsentimental. She wondered where he had gone. Strange that he should leave town that way without letting her know. She began to feel somewhat injured. She shouldn't, tho—that had been part of their compact—to keep each other.

Well, she must come back to the question of Tony. She waited until she had finished her preparations for the night, and then, cool sheet brought up over her little nose, she turned on the Tony switch of her mind. How strong he was! That was the thread of her thoughts. Dreadfully noble, to be sure, but maybe living with her would cure him of that. Strength is Big.

Her life would be different if she married him. He would plan everything; she would simply have to follow. It would be a haven—a port. She would be protected. How she had always hated that thought! But now, lying there in the great dark, it seemed rather wonderful. And he hadn't said, "Don't look at me that way," or anything like that. He might be noble, but he was also happy. That seemed the determining factor in his favor She would call him in the morning and tell him to come up. She hoped he wouldn't make her say "I love you" for she didn't exactly. She was receptive, acquiescent. Almost happy. Uncle Billy would be interested. How he would laugh over the dissipation of her bright and shining sophistries! They all come down to fundamentals ultimately, he would chuckle. How strong Tony was! Maybe some day she'd love him.

Thin little streams of sunshine sprayed upon Linda as the short, sharp ring of the hallboy delivering mail jerked into her consciousness. There was nothing but a scrawled note from Peter, posted at the Pennsylvania terminal the night before:

"Plans for the Burton house call me to the wilds of Great Neck to-night," it ran. "Will hop over to Uncle Billy's to-morrow and look for you. Good night. Pete."

Linda's throat, always a medium for her emotions, grew suddenly warm with gratitude. Peter, the old dear, had remembered after all. The best friend she'd ever had. She'd take the ten-fifteen up to Uncle

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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K A R P E N

The Trianon Group

Distinctly modern and luxurious; with frames of carved walnut, and upholstery done in a combination of striped and figured mohair and taffeta silk. Needle-point embroidery is shown on the large arm chair.

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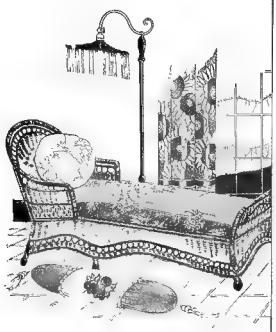

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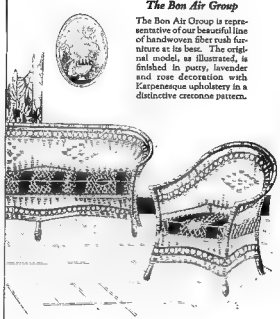

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Alec and Al

THE BOYS CHANGE A SNOW MAN INTO A BURGLAR-ALARM

Drawings by C. H. TWELVETREES

Verses by PERCY WAXMAN

1 "Al, cover up the hose with snow;
Then after that we'll start the fun.
I'll bet that not a soul will know
Just how this Snow Man trick is done."

2 To see how well Al did the stunt
Young Alec waited at the gate,
And when Rump heard that Snow Man grunt
He ran as if he had a date.

3 Some kids who happened to come by
Said, "Let us muss the Snow Man up."
But when he yelled, "You come and try,"
They beat it faster than the pup.

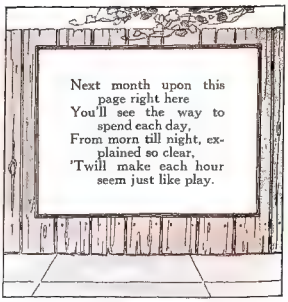
4 The grocer's boy was scared the most;
For when he heard his own name called
He thought the Snow Man was a ghost,
And on his knees for mercy bawled.

5 The constable in terror fled,
And later told how in a fight
He'd left a dozen bandits dead
Who tackled him with all their might.

6 The boys hear some one near the house,
And, hitting a clever plan,
They get up quieter than a mouse
To see if they can catch the man.

7 The burglar hears, "Up with your hands!"
And up they go without delay.
Afraid to move an inch, he stands
Until the cops take him away.

8 A meeting's held at which the Mayor
Gives both boys medals made of gold,
While everybody seated there
Of their courageous deed is told.


Next month upon this page right here
You'll see the way to spend each day,
From morn till night, explained so clear,
'Twill make each hour seem just like play.

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THREE LITTLE WORDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Billy's. Suddenly she thought of Tony, and an odd sense of lifting and sinking accompanied the thought. She recounted the things she had told herself the night before. They still had power. But she must talk them over with Peter. She walked slowly to the telephone and got Tony's office.

"Well," growled Tony darkly into the transmitter, "have you decided on the day?"

"No," said Linda, a smile in her voice, "but I might if I could see you." She had to admit a thrill at his tone. "I've got to go to Uncle Billy's, but I may be able to come back on the eight-fifteen. I may have to stay over, tho. Can I tell you?" Tony seemed amenable.

"Well, if you've got to go I can work on that Osterhouse case. That'll keep me busy all day. Call me here before you leave and I'll meet you. We can have dinner." Then swiftly, fiercely, utterly without regard to listening operators:

"You're mine, aren't you?"

"Not yet," came Linda's reply weakly as she rang off.

"But soon," rumbled Tony, and thereupon asked for a connection with Uncle Billy. He felt jubilant; he knew it would be all right. He always got what he wanted and this would be no exception. He jiggled the telephone-hook. All his training tried to stop him, but his Latin blood demanded that he talk to somebody about it, and Tony wasn't the sort of man who confided—consciously—in his stenographer.

"Linda's on her way out," he told Uncle Billy petulantly. "She's always working." Then he remembered that this wasn't at all what he had meant to say. "She won't be working for you much longer," he added in an explanatory tone. "Ask her about it when she gets out there." Then he hung up.

Uncle Billy was frankly worried. This simply confirmed a growing suspicion of the past few weeks. He waited patiently for Peter, who was foraging for food in the village.

"I was afraid of something like this," he said anxiously, repeating Tony's message half an hour later. "We can't let her do it, Pete. Adams is a fine boy, but he's not the boy for our girl. You know he would swallow her up completely. Talk to her when she gets here, will you? She hasn't promised yet, and you're the one person in the world she'll listen to. Better go down to the station; the train's almost due." Peter stared blankly.

"Listen to me?" He repeated the words, and for some reason that he couldn't quite fathom, the words sounded bitter to his own ears. And equally unfathomable was the reason for a sudden peculiar sensation in the region of the solar plexus; a sensation similar to the one he had felt as a college freshman when the list of the football squad was read and his name wasn't on it. A kind of breathless expectancy, then a sharp physical pain as from a blow, then a queer sense of unbelief as tho he hadn't heard aright, that it was a mistake. Then a rising flush of realization that he had heard aright, that there had been no mistake. Following that, when he was a college freshman and hadn't made the football squad, he had shrugged—with an effort, to be sure, but he had shrugged and gone ahead. In a little while he hadn't minded it at all.

IT SEEMED odd to him that he should remember this so vividly. He hadn't thought of it for years. Of course, it all flashed through his mind in a second, then it was over. But why? he wondered. He didn't care what Linda did, only he did hate to see her throw herself away on that prig Adams. Oh, shucks, what did it matter? He shrugged. Life was a shrug anyway.

"Another good girl gone wrong," he said, his lip curling contemptuously. Uncle Billy could see the contemptuous curl, but with Peter standing in the shadow, he couldn't see the color ebb slowly from the boy's tanned face.

"It's a blamed nuisance. Well, I'll talk to her, but I'm through after that. I thought I had a regular pal, but she's only a fool girl. There's no use talking to her; she's fallen for the same old stuff. He probably dropped on his knees and said, 'Darling, will you be mine?' and she couldn't resist that." Then he ambled discontentedly in the direction of the station. He was digging vicious little holes with his toe into the gravel when Linda stepped off the train. It sent a comfortable, warm glow through her to see his bare yellow head. Peter would always be her friend. She stepped up eagerly and a trifle shyly, as always when she met him. It was a funny thing, this little hesitation of hers whenever they met. Each time seemed almost to be the first time. There was always something of newness in Peter. But now as he rose to meet her something happened. Or to be more accurate, something didn't happen. Linda couldn't have explained it, nor could Peter, but they both felt it. A scientist would have said that they failed to synchronize. For the first time that either could remember, and both were acutely aware of it, they had nothing to say but banalities. They started up the road to Uncle Billy's.

"ISN'T it cool out here?" Linda said after a few minutes. "It was unspeakably hot in town."

"Yes, it was this way last night, too. New hat?"

"No, I've had it a month. You've seen it dozens of times."

"Don't remember it." Silence. Heavy, uncomfortable silence. Linda flashed a sidewise glance up at Peter, who was gazing steadily ahead. They reached the bend of the road, where a willow-tree almost hid a little stone bench. Linda tugged at his blue serge coat.

"Sit down just a minute, Peter," she said. "I want to tell you something." Peter sat down, waiting for her to start. Funny how that ache assailed him again. He hated scenes.

"I—I don't know how to begin," faltered the girl.

"I'll begin for you." He laughed constrainedly. "You want to marry that fellow Adams. That lofty caveman. That sanctimonious reformer. You think you want to marry him. Old girl, you mustn't do it!"

"Oh, Peter," she said reproachfully, "I had counted so on your help. Don't you want me to be happy?"

"That's just the point. I do want you to be happy, but you'll never be happy that way. I don't see why you have to marry at all, but I suppose all women are alike in that respect. You'll have to do it some day, just to satisfy your vanity. But it's Adams I object to. I could have understood if you'd married that what's-his-name, that French scenic artist. *He* meant something. *He* could have done something for you in your work. *He* might have compensated you for the loss of your freedom. But Adams! He's nothing but an overbearing fool with a purple sedan and a sense of virtue because he doesn't beat his mother. I can't bear to see you throw yourself away. Go ahead and get married if you must, but marry some one who's worth you!"

Linda tried to say something, but he brooked no interruption. He was warmed up to his subject now, drew a mocking picture of her five years later, staid, suppressed, stifled, *fat*.

"Nobody will remember Linda Wells at all. You'll be Mrs. Antonio Adams, wife of the Republican candidate for Governor, photographed on the grounds of her country estate, surrounded by her husband." Linda sighed, tears in her voice.

"Tony's awfully chivalrous," she said, defensively.

"Of course," goadedly, the mockery gone strangely from his voice. He found himself suddenly in earnest, in desperate earnest.

"So chivalrous, for instance, that he couldn't let his wife earn money for fear it might reflect on him. What would happen to your work? What of your trip to Paris? Why, you'll be a big person some day if you'll only keep your integrity. Your life belongs to you, and it won't if you marry Adams. He's angry." Peter paused and looked at Linda, lifting her heart-shaped face so that he might bring her eyes to a level with his.

"Linda, you—" He started to argue further as her frightened eyes, wide with tears, lifted to his. But he didn't say it; he said something else instead. And he couldn't have included it in his plans because he hated it always had. But something in those hunted eyes made him forget such things as plans.

"Linda, Linda," he said in a stricken voice, "you're like a startled fawn. Don't look at me that way, dear, dearest; I can't stand it." She didn't smile at that. It didn't even sound familiar. Two tears slipped from under the drooping eyelids and traced a wandering course down her pale cheeks. Half-way down they were caught, miraculously, by Peter's kisses. More tears followed. Also more kisses.

"Darling," said Peter, who had somehow slid to his knees before her, "I love you."

"Oh, Peter," murmured Linda as she bent to return his kiss, "say it again."

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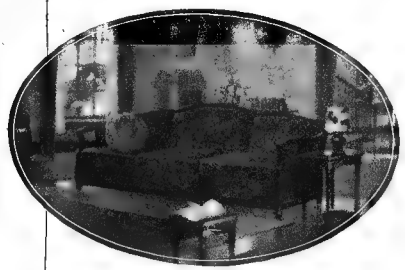

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WAY FOR A SAILOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

They gathered it up, shouting it, roaring it, men of the seaports, taking a ship over the bar.

Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, across the sea.

The skipper, on his bridge, blew his whistle.

"Get sail on her, sir! Loose all! Crowd her to it!" he called to his mate.

"Th' ol' man says to crowd 'er to it," said one.

They stood, waiting at the halyards, the morning breaking full across the sea, drizzle falling, dripping from mast and spar and backstay.

"Some one gi' us 'Boney'!" cried one.

"Aye! Gi' us 'Boney'!" cried another.

"Come on," said Wispy Cavendish; "'ere you are:"

Oh, Boney was a warrior,
to me way, hay, yoh!
Oh, Boney was a warrior,
and a long time ago.
And Boneyparte met Wellington,
to me way, hay, yoh!
And Boneyparte met Wellington,
and a long time ago.

"I 'opes 'ee drives 'er," said one.

"She'll fly anyway. She couldn't help it," said another.

"Look out, sons! She's going to ship it green—duck y'r 'eads!" cried one.

"Let 'er rip!" cried another.

"Don't she lift to 'em nice?" said one.

"She's a *sea-boat*," said another.

"Some one sing!" cried a sailor.

"'Ere you are, lads—let 'er take it," said Wispy Cavendish.

W'en I was young an' in my prime,
Oh, roll that cotton down!
W'en I was young an' in my prime,
Oh, roll that cotton down!
With the *Golden Age* I served my time,
Oh, roll that cotton down!
With the *Golden Age* I served my time,
Oh, roll that cotton down!

"'Ark at Wispy—'ee's amakin' of it as 'ee goes," said one.

"Belay those halyards! What y' tryin' to do with her?" cried the mate.

"We wants to make her fly," said one.

"She'll fly anyway—she couldn't help it," said the mate.

"Walk those royals to the mastheads! Walk 'em up! Let's get her out and going!" cried the mate, the shore-line fading as the day broke wide.

"W'ere's that there admiral?" cried a sailor.

"Aye! W'ere's the admiral?" cried another. "Admiral, sing for us, son!"

"Sing, Admiral!" cried another.

"Let 'er 'ave it, Admiral, me little hearty," said old Wispy Cavendish.

"We make fly," said the Suva man, looking at the pink-cheeked sea apprentice, with the down upon his face.

John Brown's wife drinks whisky in her tea.
John Brown's wife drinks whisky in her tea.
John Brown's wife drinks whisky in her tea.
As we go rolling home.
And it's glory, glory, hallelujah!
And it's glory, glory, hallelujah!
And it's glory, glory, hallelujah!
As we go rolling home.

sang the sea apprentice, twenty sailors lifting it to the lilt of the big ship, stamping forty feet along her dancing teakwood decks.

"Belay them halyards!" shouted the mate. "What y' tryin' to do with her?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a sailor. "Th' admiral's tryin' to make her fly."

"She'll fly anyway. She's got to. She can't help it," said the skipper on his bridge, overhearing them.

"Get all sail on her! Set those staysails!" he shouted, adding to himself, "Crowd her along. She wants to go."

The *Golden Age* buried her bows to the smother, lifting her bright foot high, laughing along, a drench of sea upon her long white decks.

"Admiral, it's eight bells. It's your wheel, me little hearty," said Wispy Cavendish.

"I'll make her fly," murmured the apprentice.

"South," said the man at the wheel, turning the wheel over to him, adding, "*South to the Horn*, son."

"South it is," said the apprentice, staring into the compass, giving her half a spoke of weather-helm, the wind coming up from east by south.

"She's going to fly," said he.

"WHAT'S the course?" asked Wispy Cavendish thirty days later, taking the wheel over from the Suva man, the clipper running down her easting for old Cape Stiff.

"Sou'eas' by eas'," said the Suva man; "make fly."

The wind cried out of the westerly, the singing sea along her racing quarters, the gates of the east flung wide to let her through.

"It's blowing, sir," said the mate, looking at the skysail on the mizzen.

"Let it blow," said the skipper

"She'll fly anyway," muttered an old sailor on the quarter-deck beneath them.

At dusk the second mate, taking the bridge, stared along the swamped decks deep in green water from fo'c'stle to poop, the ports lashed wide open, the sky dark.

"It's blowing, sir," said he, looking at the skysail on the mizzen.

"Let it blow," said the mate.

The skipper looked out of the chart-house, watching the canvas on the bending topgallantsails.

"Take nothing off her, sir," said he.

"Very good, sir," said the second mate, adding, as the skipper went below, "If he can drive her, so can I! *She's going to fly!*"

NIGHT fell, the sky black above, the *Golden Age* flying, with everything set, down the easting to old Cape Stiff, the wash of an invisible sea noisy about her. In the fo'c'stle the watch below sat at their supper.

The skipper, coming to the chart-house, looked at the barometer, and, standing beside the wheel, watched the compass, the helmsman fighting the clipper, holding her true.

"Call all hands on deck. Shorten sail," said the skipper to the mate; "she'll lose a stick. We'll have to ease her."

Aloft, in the darkness, the watches gathered up the skysails, the royals, and the fore-and-afters, rolling them tight, neater than window-blinds in rich ladies' houses, snugging them down.

The clipper raced beneath her topgallantsails, dipping deep as the wind arose, and the sea ran higher. The watch below rolled into their bunks, onto "donkey-breakfast" straw mattresses, to dream of lights by many water-fronts, of songs in strange places, of children who stared at them from door-steps.

The watch on deck, smoking time-blackened pipes, sat in the fo'c'stle, hearing the wind's uproar, the sea's wetting without.

"It's coming cold, sir," said the mate to the skipper, on the bridge.

"There's ice about," said the skipper.

The mate said nothing.

"I'd hate to take a topgallantsail off," said the skipper; "she wants to fly."

The mate said nothing.

"I'd like to drive her," said the skipper, going below, staying a moment in the chart-house door.

"If he can drive her," said the mate, "*so can I!*"

She flew, wind-staggered, down the night —*with ice about.*

Four bells went.

"W'at's the course?" asked Wispy Cavendish, taking the wheel over.

"Sou'eas' by eas'," said the helmsman.

"Sou'eas' by eas' it is," said Wispy.

"*All hands on deck—shorten sail!*" bellowed the mate, his head at the fo'c'stle door. "Call the watch!"

"Rouse her out there! Rise an' shine, you sleepers!" yelled a man at the door of the starboard fo'c'stle, waking the second mate's watch.

"Who's that astagin' on them ropes?" muttered a man of the second mate's watch, wriggling into cold oilskins.

"That's th' admiral," said one.

"Let 'im sing! I likes to 'ear 'im," said another.

"Step lively, sons! Get her shortened down—there's ice about!" shouted the second mate.

"Ice about," mumbled one, biting a chew of black 'baccy.

"Ice—bergs—*hell!*" said another, reminiscently.

Save for the wash of the sea and the wind-wail, the night was silent.

"How's she heading?" asked the skipper of Wispy, at the wheel.

"Sou'eas' by eas', sir."

"Bring her to east-southeast," said the skipper.

"Eas'-sou'eas' it is, sir."

"There's ice about," said the skipper to himself. "I must keep her up a bit."

"Haul in the weather-braces, sir, as soon as those topgallantsails are furled," said the skipper to the mate, upon the bridge.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate, descending to the deck.

"Starboard cross-jack brace!" shouted twenty sailors, in the hidden deeps of night.

"I want to drive her. I hate to take those gallants off," said the skipper to himself, looking at the Horn chart, outstretched upon the chart-house table.

"Here's a hell of a squall!" cried a sailor.

"Stand by; all hands!" bellowed the mate.

"Take that cross-jack off her!" shouted the skipper.

"Haul the cross-jack up!" shouted the mate.

"Hi—leeee-yo—ho—ho, hi—leeee-yo—ho—ho!" sang the apprentice.

They went aloft to furl the cross-jack, and, descending, furled the mainsail—the great storm-mainsail; a hundred and two feet across the head, forty-seven and a half feet deep in the leech—storm-canvas, soaked with sea-water, frozen stiff.

Their voices echoed in the limitless night, singing a chantey on the mainyard.

"And that's the way we'll pay Daddy Doyle for his boots," they sang, roaring it, screaming it, bellowing it, their bare hands cold and raw.

"I ain't got no boots; I wish I did 'ave," said Wispy, at the wheel.

"*She's got a crew,*" said the skipper to the mate, upon the bridge.

The mate said nothing.

"Reef the foresail," said the skipper; "the wind's freshening."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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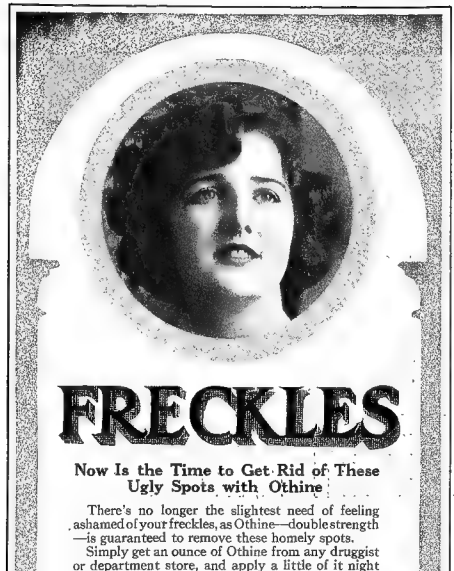

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WAY FOR A SAILOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

They reefed the foresail, the clipper driving through the black smother, trembling throughout her length.

"Six tops'ls and a reefed foresail. I *hate* to take another rag off her. I want her to fly," said the skipper, looking at the Horn chart.

"Cold, ain't it?" said the second to the mate, upon the bridge.

"Ice about. Feel it?" said the mate.

"Aye—colder'n Satan's lost ice-box," said the second, beating his arms.

Eight bells went, clanging faintly along the deck, the hands mustering aft in the dark, shouting to one another, somebody singing.

"*Now all young sailors, take my tip,*"

"All aft, sir!" shouted a sailor, from the mizzen-shrouds.

"I'll go see what the skipper says," said the mate; "the wind's blowing up."

"A Horn sale coming," said the second, hanging his bare hands upon his sides.

"It's going to blow," said the skipper to himself.

"It's going to blow," said the mate to himself.

"It's going to blow the headlights off of hell's front door," said a sailor in the fore rigging.

"We make fly," yelled a black man from Suva, standing on the foreyard, staring into nothingness, spray striking on him.

"She'll fly anyway. She couldn't help it," said the apprentice to himself.

"Hi—leee-yo—ho—ho, hi—leeee-yo—ho—ho!" he sang, all about nothing, on his way down from aloft.

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed an old gray-bearded man.

"I wonder will we go below now," said one.

"I'll bet we take that fore upper tops'l off her," said another.

They did.

They first *reefed* three upper topsails, one after the other, and coming once again to deck to go below, they went aloft, and, one after the other, they *furled* three upper topsails.

Snorting through the black Horn sea, she flew, unseen bergs about her, ice freezing upon shroud and backstay, snow, in driven flurries, circling her high mast-heads.

At five o'clock, two bells, they went below; the second mate's watch to roll, as they were, into their bunks; the mate's watch, on deck now throughout the night, to sip their coffee.

"It's goin' to blow," said one.

"She's boun' for Liverpool direc'. I wish she was there," said another.

"Liverpool direc'. We'll dance w'en we gets there," said another.

"We ain't there yet," said the old gray-bearded man.

"We make fly," said the Suva man.

"You'd ought've been a bleedin' albatross, you wants to be flyin' so," said another.

"A crow-black albatross! Wouldn't that look queer, now?" asked one.

"I seen a cape pigeon wi' a w'ite head once," said another.

"I seen a w'ite Mother Carey's chicken once, off Flattery," said another.

"Gi' us a pipeful o' 'baccy," said another.

"Aye! Let's have a bit o' cheer," said another.

"Whose wheel is it?" asked another. "Where's ol' Wispy Cavendish? It ain't *his* wheel *now*. It was *his last* wheel."

"My God!" said the mate, springing up, throwing his pipe into a bunk, "it's my wheel! I forgot. *I was so bleedin' cold.*"

"Ol' Wispy's been at the wheel since—*Gawd!—since four bells o' the first watch.* That's—that's—" said one.

"We make fly," said the Suva man, grinning.

"*Fly?* *Hell!*—Wispy's bin amakin' 'er fly since four bells o' the first watch. That's—that's—" said another.

"That's seven hours an' over," said another. "Good Gawd!"

DAY broke cold above the racing clipper, tossed seas about her, green water mountains rolling up astern; her length lost, her height lost, her strength, her swiftness, blown fragments on the storm; the sky low-hung above her slender skysail-masts, threatening and black, tormented and tormenting; the horizon close-hurled upon her, in tortured swells white-crested and ominous.

"A berg to starboard, a berg to port. She has passed bergs in the night—many of them," said the skipper, on the bridge. "We're abeam of the Diego Ramirez," said he, looking at the chart upon the chart-house table—a squall striking her, hail crashing upon masts and spars and hatches, beating the sea to thunderous gloom.

Upon either bow bergs rolled and rumbled, broken ice, astream of them, crashing at their feet.

"The wind's going to come out of the easterly. It'll meet the current and the bergs. It'll be awful," said the skipper, looking out of the chart-house door, shaking his head.

"If I head her northerly I must cross their path. If I stay astream of them it will prolong the peril," thought the skipper, watching lashed waters break high upon the towered bergs, hearing the thunder of the fragments at their ponderous feet.

The skipper blew his whistle, calling the mate to the chart-house.

"I'm going to head her northerly, sir. One fast day's sailing will take her out of the ice region. Check in the starboard braces, sir."

"Starboard cross-jack brace!" shouted the mate, the watch crowding from the fo'c'stle to the drenched decks.

Steadily the wind shifted from sou'-westerly to south, and through south to easterly, the gale driving against the opposing currents, the sea becoming hourly more savage, more madly tormented.

Eight bells was struck; all hands gathering on the sloped fore-deck, gazing at a berg close down on the lee bow; the mate's watch starting to go below, to rest at length after a full night's duty.

"Clew up the fore lower tops'l," said the skipper; "it's going to blow."

"Fore lower tops'l!" shouted the mate.

Again all hands stood at the frozen gear, bunt-lines and clew-lines in their cold fingers.

"Watch yourselves!" roared the mate, clinging to a lifeline as the sea swept her; "watch your chance—*now!*"

Leaping through the water smother of the fore-deck, he battled to the topsail-sheets, to ease them away, the second and the bosun with him.

"Hi—leee-yo—ho—ho, haul away—oh!—Hi—leee-yo—ho—ho!" sang the singing apprentice, forward at the weather clew-line.

"Aloft and make her fast!" bellowed the mate, the second, and the bosun, all together, the bosun fighting into the shrouds to lead the way.

ABOVE, the storm-topsail crashed and bellied at the bunt-lines; below, the quivering clipper staggered blindly, strained to the limit of her brave endurance, her main- and mizzen-topsails tighter than the heads of war-drums, the sea shouting around her, threatening disaster, savagely wrathful.

"Aloft!" roared the mate, his voice lost in the tumultuous morning.

"Aloft!" roared the second, his face to the gale, his head back, his clenched jaws scowling to the weather.

"Aloft—get that sail stowed!" roared the mate, staring up at the sky-polding skysail-mast, trembling above the battered topsail.

"We make fly," said the man from Suva, his head beaten upon by great hailstones, his bare hands no blacker than the weather.

"*Look!*" yelled a sailor, his hand outstretched, his finger pointing, where ahead of the bosun, ragged burlap about his feet, Wispy Cavendish fought up the reeling ratlines toward the topsail-yard.

"A sailor—by—!" said one, swarming to the shrouds, wind-baffled.

"*Way for a sailor!*" shouted a young voice amidst grown warriors, the apprentice springing to the shrouds, aloft, higher and higher, defying wind and sea and hail, following where an old man led, passing the bosun.

"An' that's the way we'll pay Daddy Doyle for his *boots*," sang Wispy Cavendish, in the beating bunt of the topsail, his knuckles broken to bleeding, his arms waving, his burlapped feet upon the frozen foot-rope.

"An' that's the way we'll pay Daddy Doyle for his *boots*," sang the row of sailors on the fore lower topsail-yard, their voices drowned, the voice of each man sensed by the man beside him, snow driving over the sea, the ship invisible from aloft, hatches, fife-rail, houses, lost in driven foam—only her three high masts rising from the fury, coated with ice, lying over at a dreadful slope, the helmsman, vague in the turmoil about him, as a haunted creature of the sea.

"A day, and she'll be safely through the ice," said the skipper, staring at the Horn chart upon the table, his finger following the line of the Antarctic ice-drift.

The second mate's watch, huddled beneath the fo'c'stle-head, awaited what should be.

The morning watch passed, Wispy and his fellows slumbering, motionless as stones, rolling as the ship rolled, unaware that they rolled.

Throughout the hours from half past eight, when they came down from the fore-topsail-yard, until they were again awakened at a quarter to twelve, they rested tired limbs, the clipper speeding beneath black skies under two topsails, the sea whipped to fury, the weather bitter.

"A few hours and she'll be out of the ice," said the skipper.

"Nor'eas'," said the man at the wheel, turning his eyes over to the apprentice at the change of the watch.

"Nor'eas'," said the apprentice; "let her rip!"

"Liverpool direc'," said the other, grinning back at him.

"Nor'eas', sir," said he, reporting to the mate upon the bridge.

"Nor'eas'," said the mate. "All right."

"Skipper's holding her to the nor'ard, ain't he?" said the second to the mate.

"Aye. He's getting her out of the ice," said the mate. "Seen many bergs in the morning?"

"A few," said the second, going below.

The mate's watch huddled under the fo'c'stle-head, waiting what should be.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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Two marvelous new nail polishes—

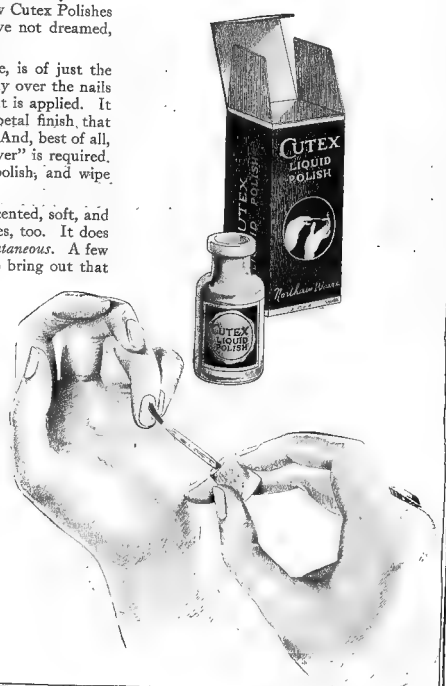
They are different from any you have had before

DEVELOPED by the world's foremost authority on the care of the nails, and prepared in a laboratory devoted solely to the making of manicure specialties, these two new Cutex Polishes have attained a perfection of which you have not dreamed, if you are not familiar with Cutex products.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish, for instance, is of just the right consistency to flow evenly and pleasantly over the nails from the tiny camel's-hair brush with which it is applied. It dries instantly, and leaves a charming rose-petal finish that retains its brilliant lustre for at least a week. And, best of all, when you wish to renew it, no special "remover" is required. You simply use another application of the polish, and wipe it off.

The new Cutex Powder Polish (delicately scented, soft, and velvet-smooth) has its own outstanding virtues, too. It does not dry the cuticle—and *it is practically instantaneous*. A few strokes of the nails across the palm suffice to bring out that jewel-like gleam which fashion has decreed the smart finish to a manicure. The tint of this polish is a lovely shell pink, and it imparts a rosy hue to the nails.

Other Cutex Polishes that have long been favored by American women are the Cutex Cake Polish, the Cutex Paste Polish, and the Cutex Stick Polish. The Cake Polish comes in either pink or white, and is especially economical to use because it lasts almost indefinitely. An exclusive feature of the Paste Polish is the water-proof rouge base. The Cutex Stick is a convenient form of polish to carry in the purse. All Cutex Polishes are priced at 35c the package. Obtainable at drug or department stores in the United States and Canada, and at chemist shops in England.



CUTEX

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In order that every woman may test these two marvelous New Cutex Nail Polishes for herself, and so come to know their extraordinary merit, we will send trial-size packages, containing sufficient of each polish for six manicures, on receipt of six cents in coins or stamps. Enclosed with polish packets is instructive booklet on the way to manicure so as to develop the full beauty of your nails.

Send for Trial Packages of New Polishes To-day—*only 6 cents*

Fill out the coupon below, and mail with six cents in coins or stamps for trial sizes of the two new Cutex Polishes shown here—Cutex Liquid Polish and Cutex Powder Polish—enough of each for six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. P-4, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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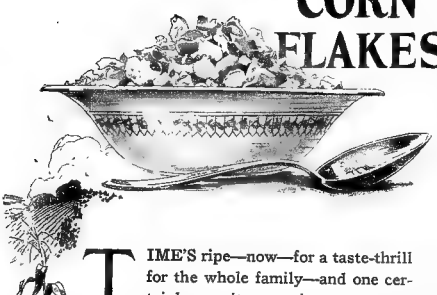
HOW YOU'LL ALL ENJOY *Kellogg's delicious* CORN FLAKES



TIME'S ripe—now—for a taste-thrill for the whole family—and one certainly awaits you in a generous package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that's ready to make your friendly acquaintance at the grocer's!

Never was there such a fascinating breakfast—or any-time meal! For Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only delicious—*they're wonderful;* and, *extra-wonderful* with bananas or other fresh or stewed fruit—and a generous pitcher of milk or cream!

Eaten liberally, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are a perfect meal for any morning—sustaining, refreshing! How much better every one will feel who stands by this delicious menu, adding but the favorite hot beverage! Easy to digest, Kellogg's give the stomach chance to get in action!

How the day's doings will fly when you're free of that "loggy" sensation heavy foods give you! All grocers.

CORN FLAKES

WAY FOR A SAILOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

The watch passed, the trembling clipper driving.

The dog-watch coming, the hands gathered in the port fo'c'stle, the mate's watch in oilskins, the others in oilskin trousers only, their upper bodies freed, for a time, from that heavy clothing.

"Harris, where's that concertina?" asked one.

"Aye! Get that concertina out and give us some music," said another.

"We're bound for Liverpool direc'," said another.

"Aye! An' we'll dance w'en we get there," said another.

"We ain't there yet," said an old gray-bearded man

Harris played the concertina, its happy wheezes, crying high above the weather's cry without, making music to roll and laugh above the sound of the sea, above the lash of the spray.

They sat smoking, twenty of them, seated at the little table, leaning against the bulkheads, beating their feet, nodding their heads to a concertina's merry tune.

Wispy, seated upon his old sea-chest, rewrapped the Prince Alberts on his feet and legs.

"Wispy, ye're all dressed up, ain't ye, old son!" said one, between tunes.

"Make that concertina play. I likes to 'ear it," said Wispy, looking up.

"Aye! Make that concertina play," said another.

"How's this, then?" said Harris, smiling happily, his hands going out and in, his fingers pressing and releasing on the stops.

They stamped their feet, heads nodding, eyes shining, pipes puffing white smoke. one of them lifting a song to the tune, all of them coming in on the chorus, drowning the roar of the Horn sea, the drive of the spray, the wind thunder.

"Oh, who's that aknockin' at the door?"
said the fair young ladee.
"Oh, who's that aknockin' at the door?"
said the fair young ladee.
"Oh, this is me an' no one else,"
said Abel Brown, the sailor.
"Oh, this is me an' no one else,"
said Abel Brown, the sailor.

EIGHT bells was struck upon the iron bell for'ard of the fo'c'stle, all hands crowding out to the night and the cold darkness.

"Wind's fallin', ain't it?" cried one.

"Aye! Let it fall—let's get some sail on her. It's Liverpool direc'," laughed another. "Look out, there!"

"Look out, there!" cried another, feeling her tremble to the onrush of a boarding sea.

The sea roaring about them, they grasped life-lines, hand-rails, shrouds, and backstays in the darkness. The mate's whistle sounded, shrilling half heard, faint, along the uproarious deck.

"I'll bet he's going to make sail!" cried one.

"She's out of the ice by now, sir," said the skipper, on the bridge "We've seen none since we left the d'ad afternoon watch. Set that fore lower tops'l and the main upper."

"Loose foretops'l—loose main upper tops'l!" shouted the mate.

Men raced up the rigging, shouting one to another, unseen, their voices swept away.

"Sing there, Admiral! Where's the Admiral!" cried one.

"He's aloft on the main—sing, some one!" cried another.

They set sail, crowding it upon the willing ship, giving her wing after wing, every one shouting, every one glad, for she was bound for Liverpool direct, and they would dance when they got there. They strung out in a long water-washed row upon the topsail-halyards, singing chantey after chantey, sending canvas with the ice frozen upon it to the reefing mastheads.

Oh, Johnny's gone, what shall I do?
Shiloh, Shiloh Brown.
Oh, Johnny's gone, what shall I do?
Johnny's gone to Rio
Where Johnny goes I must go too,
Shiloh, Shiloh Brown.
Where Johnny goes I must go too;
Johnny's gone to Rio

Their voices rang above the wail of the Horn wind, the tumbled thunder of the boarding seas.

Said he, "My son, you'll rue the day,
to me way, hay, yah!"
Said he, "My son, you'll rue the day,
and a long time ago.
When oft to sea you go away,
to me way, hay, yoh, yah!
When oft to sea you go away,
and a long time ago."
And often since I have thought of his word,
to me way, hay, yoh, yah!
And often since I have thought of his word,
and a long time ago

The clipper leaped, gathering her free feet to great plunges, as a beautiful colt to the whip.

"Sheet home the foresail!" cried the mate.

"Sheet home the foresail!" bellowed twenty sailors.

"Loose the mainsail!" shouted the skipper from his bridge.

"I'll drive her!" said he to himself.

"Gawd!" cried the bosun to the second, "ain't she a flier?"

"She knows she's going to Liverpool direc'," laughed the second.

"We make fly!" cried the man from Suva.

"'Ark at 'im. 'Ee'd oughter been a bird," said one.

"I'm agoin' to dance at Mother Mitchell's when I gets to Liverpool," said another.

"You ain't there yet," said another. "Put y'r weight on them 'alyards."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old gray-bearded man.

"We'll see the moon when the clouds break. She'll be risin' soon," said the bosun to the second.

"Sing, Admiral, sing—sing us a chantey!" shouted one.

"Aye, sing, Admiral –sing!" shouted another.

"Sing—sing, little Admiral. Let the boys 'ear a *sailor singin'*," said old Wispy Cavendish beside the admiral at the mizzen-topgallant-halyards.

Oh, Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
But the son of a New York tailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
And he shipped on board of a whaler,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
And he shipped on board of a whaler,
Poor old Reuben Ranzo!

"Belay!" yelled the mate; "what y' tryin' to do? Break something?"

"The mate says 'Belay'!" yelled twenty sailors on the mizzen-top-gallant-halyards.

"Hoist the fores'l," shouted the mate.

Oh, a pretty lass sat on a rail,
hand-over-hand, oh!
Oh, a pretty lass sat on a rail,
hand-over-hand!
Blow, bullies, blow, and give her the sail,
hand-over-hand, oh!
Blow, bullies, blow, and give her the sail,
hand-over-hand!

"Belay!" shouted the mate. "What in hell y' tryin' to do with the fores'l?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed twenty sailors. "The mate says 'What y' tryin' to do with her?'"

"Liverpool direc', sir!" shouted one.

"We're goin' to dance at Mother Mitchell's!" shouted another.

"Loose the royals—walk 'em up—lively does it!" shouted the mate.

"She's got a crew," said the skipper to himself, upon the bridge.

"Sing, Admiral, sing!" cried a sailor.

"Walk her up, sons!" shouted the apprentice; "this way."

John Brown's body lies amoldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amoldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amoldering in the grave,
As we go rolling home.
And it's glory, glory, hallelujah!
And it's glory, glory, hallelujah!
And it's glory, glory, hallelujah!
As we go rolling home.

Twenty sailors lifted it, to the lift of the big ship, stamping forty feet along her dancing teakwood decks.

"Belay—belay all!" yelled the mate.

"'Belay all!' the man says—come up behind!" yelled the sailor at the pin.

"Liverpool direc'!" yelled another.

"Mother Mitchell and her gals!" cried another.

"She's driving," said the skipper, on the bridge

"She'd fly if you tied her down," said the second to the bosun.

"She would that! She can't help it," said the bosun.

"Check in those weather-braces a little!" shouted the skipper from the bridge.

"Weather-braces!" shouted the mate.

"Stat board watch to the fore, port watch to the main!"

"Haul away, sons! She wants to fly!" shouted the second.

"Sing, some one sing—so we can pull together!" shouted one.

"Sing for Liverpool direc' and a dance ashore!" shouted another.

At the main-braces Wispy Cavendish was singing, at the fore the singing apprentice, keeping time together, all hands hauling to the long song of it, water to their knees

"Hi—leeee-yo—ho—ho, hi—leeee-yo—ho—ho, hi—leeee, haul away—oh!"

THE clouds broke above a ragged horizon, torn edges frayed and tumbled o'er the sea; masses of disaster heaped above the sky-rim; a cold moon shining through, silvering sobbing ridges—gleaming a molten pathway down the stormy waters.

"My God!" cried the skipper.

"My God!" cried the mate at the lee fore-braces.

At the wheel the man from Suva stood, his great eyes bulged, his white teeth shining through far-parted lips.

"Come on!" cried Wispy Cavendish, and, turning, *saw beyond the racing clipper's bow*

"Sing, Admiral, sing!" he yelled. "*Sing with me, son!*"

"Hi—leeee-yo—ho—ho, hi—leeee-yo—lo—ho!"

The *Golden Age*, her wide wings flying to the wild Horn wind, the grim sea fury-lashed about her, a dimming moon on drear, disastrous water, swept upon her way.

"Hi —leeee-yo—ho—ho, hi—leeee—"

Head on, high-lifted, leaping all aquiver, trembling throughout her lovely length, bound for the dance-floors of home, she struck upon the dismal parapet of an awaiting berg, the loose cakes grinding, roaring, tinkling, falling about her dying beauty, the storm-clouds driving down across the moon's dimmed face, shading the sea.

Way -for -a- *sailor!*
(Sing, Sailor—*sing!*)

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WEIGHTY ADVICE FOR THE TOO-TOO-THINS

With Much Between the Lines for the Friendly Fat Fraternity

BY LULU HUNT PETERS, M. D.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

SETTLE BACK!

IN a delicious old book, Wadd on "Corpulency," published in 1760, there is a short chapter on how to gain in that chapter Mr. Wadd says that when the *Spectator*, a London publication, was first published, the following advertisement appeared:

"An assured cure for Leanness which proceeds from a cause which few know, but easily removed by an unparalleled specific tincture, which fortifies the stomach, purifies the blood, takes off restfulness of the mind occasioning rest and easy sleep, and as certainly disposes and causes the body to thrive and become plump and fleshy if no manifest distemper afflicts the patient, as water will quench fire, and it is pleasant to the taste and is sold only in Mr. Payne's toy-shop, price 3 shillings a bottle with directions."

Notice the different things that this unparalleled specific tincture promised to do. They are quite significant.

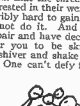
Now settle back. Make yourself comfortable. One of your errors is that you don't consider your comfort enough. This article is really for you, my dear long-suffering Too-Too-Thins, and it is an assured cure for leanness, much more efficient than the unparalleled specific tincture which was sold in Mr. Payne's toy-shop so many years ago.

I know how strenuously you have tried to gain. I know how little attention has been paid to you. It seems that everything is written for the benefit of the F. F. F.

Even articles headed "Watch Your Weight" seem to think that the three F.'s are the only ones interested in their weight.

You have suffered terribly from pain and you apparently can not do it. And you have given up in despair and have decided that it is natural for you to be skinny and scrawny and to shiver and shake if it runs in your family. One can't defy fate.

But now I am coming to your rescue. There is an absolutely successful method of gaining weight. I know of thousands who have followed it and have gained in weight, so there is no need for your despair. You can do the same

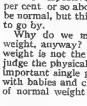


GO TO IT!

The first thing, let us see how much underweight you are. Here is a good working rule to find the ideal adult net weight.

Multiply the number of inches over 5 feet in height, in stocking-feet, by 5½. Add 110. If you are under 5 feet in height multiply the inches under 5 feet by 5½ and subtract from 110. In other words, if you are 5 feet in height you are allowed 110 pounds. For every inch over or under you are allowed 5½ pounds more or less respectively. You might vary 10 per cent or so above or below this and still be normal, but this rule gives us a standard to go by.

Why do we make all this fuss about weight, anyway? For this reason: Weight is not the only thing we go by to judge the physical condition, it is the most important single point, for with adults, as with babies and children, the maintenance of normal weight must preclude most serious disorders.



WATCH WEIGHT!

Now you've all taken for granted that you are underweight, and perhaps markedly so, or else you would not be interested in this article. Are you organically sound? You will notice, if you reread the *Spectator* advertisement for the unparalleled specific tincture, that it will cause the body to become plump and fleshy "if no manifest distemper afflicts the patient."

Have you had a thorough physical examination to see if there is not some slow poisoning of your system from chronically inflamed tonsils or teeth, or diseased thyroid, or latent tuberculosis? Or are you poisoning yourself with drugs like nicotin or with too much tea or coffee or other stimulants?

Now we will say that you have none of these conditions and you are simply thin and the Lord only knows why, in your estimation. But you are mistaken. I also know why. And perhaps a few others of the elect. I shall tell you. The sole reason you are thin, my dear T.-T.-T.'s, if you have no organic trouble, is simply and solely that you are not eating enough.

Of all the befogging bromides that bloom, that bromide is the most fallacious which avers that thin people eat so much that it makes them thin to carry it around. And the bromide that everybody eats too much is a close second. If we vary these to say that thin people eat so much food with no calorie value that it makes them thin to carry it around, and that every fat person eats too much, we will be nearer the truth.

The fat person who eats so little and the thin person who eats so much belong to the same rare species of animal, there ain't nones. It may be true that you, who are thin, apparently eat more than some fat person you know of. You perhaps don't see what this fat person consumes between meals.) You can not compare yourself to any one else. In this matter of eating, each person is a law unto himself. You may be older or younger, you may be larger or smaller, you may have more physical work, and you may have other factors that make the question of your nutrition a different one from the other fellow's.

So now I say the probability is 90 per cent. in favor of the fact that you eat too little for your needs. Read the following story, then confess. Aren't your tastes exactly like the tastes of the thin man of the street-car episode?

A fat man laboriously climbed onto a street-car and placed his perspiring bulk close to an emaciated man. The emaciated man looked up and remarked pensively, "If that they ought to charge by space occupied on the cars. The fat man responded genially, "In that case I suppose you figure on traveling for nothing, Mr. Slimpus," which wasn't at all a bad comebacks.

We will suppose that the thin man got over his grouch and they had a conversation. The thin man speaks.

"Would you mind telling me how you got that way, my friend?"

"I dunno! I eat very little. I never touch potatoes. Gosh, I don't see what makes me so fat!"

"Have you ever dieted?"

"Yes; there is nothing to dieting I got faster on the system I cut out my breakfast, except a couple of slices of buttered toast, a dish of cereal and cream, and two cups of coffee with cream and sugar, and for lunch I ate only a couple of slices of pie à la mode and two glasses of milk, and at my dinner I cut out potatoes entirely and ate only three slices of bread and butter when I used to eat five or six.

"Of course I ate a lot of meat and vegetables, but I like them and they are not fattening, and for dessert I took cheese and nuts instead of sweets. And do you know with all that dieting I actually gained! There's nothing to dieting. If you're going to be fat, you're going to be fat and nothing will help. I suppose it's the same with being thin. You don't get fat, and I'll bet you eat so much that it makes you thin to carry it around!"

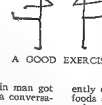
"Yes, I do; that's a fact. For my breakfast I eat two oranges and a couple of boiled eggs and a thin slice of toast. I don't care for cereals and cream, and sugar I detest. For my lunch I eat a big salad of green stuffs. They're full of vitamins, you know, and are good for you. No, I don't have mayonnaise on them, I can't bear oil; I take vinegar instead. I like sour stuff and greens. I eat a potato a day, too; the Lord knows they ought to be fattening, but they don't fatten me.

"No, I eat very little bread; I don't care for it. I like thin soups, tho, if there's no fat on them, and I like lean meat, and I like fruit for dessert. You can see I eat like a horse. I agree with you that eating has nothing to do with whether you are fat or thin."

Now suppose some good fairy had touched these gentlemen with a magic wand and had caused a transfer of their tastes, and the thin one had begun to eat as the fat one did, and the fat one as the thin one. Do you suppose in six months they would have thought that eating had nothing to do with their condition? No. Because they were absolutely wrong, and six months' time or even less would prove them so.

LULU HUNT PETERS, M. D.

CHEER up, thin people! Dr. Peters knows her subject. Her book, "Diet and Health, with Key to the Calories," has long been a best-seller. She has been practising physician, hospital superintendent, head of child clinics, a district head of public health service of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, and worker in the Balkans under the Red Cross. Dr. Peters was trained in the University of California, with graduate work in the New York and Chicago Post-Graduate Colleges and Harvard University.



A GOOD EXERCISE

The thin man speaks.

"I'm going to try it. I never touch potatoes. Gosh, I don't see what makes me so fat!"

"Have you ever dieted?"

"Yes; there is nothing to dieting I got faster on the system I cut out my breakfast, except a couple of slices of buttered toast, a dish of cereal and cream, and two cups of coffee with cream and sugar, and for lunch I ate only a couple of slices of pie à la mode and two glasses of milk, and at my dinner I cut out potatoes entirely and ate only three slices of bread and butter when I used to eat five or six.

"Of course I ate a lot of meat and vegetables, but I like them and they are not fattening, and for dessert I took cheese and nuts instead of sweets. And do you know with all that dieting I actually gained! There's nothing to dieting. If you're going to be fat, you're going to be fat and nothing will help. I suppose it's the same with being thin. You don't get fat, and I'll bet you eat so much that it makes you thin to carry it around!"

"Yes, I do; that's a fact. For my breakfast I eat two oranges and a couple of boiled eggs and a thin slice of toast. I don't care for cereals and cream, and sugar I detest. For my lunch I eat a big salad of green stuffs. They're full of vitamins, you know, and are good for you. No, I don't have mayonnaise on them, I can't bear oil; I take vinegar instead. I like sour stuff and greens. I eat a potato a day, too; the Lord knows they ought to be fattening, but they don't fatten me.

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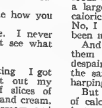


DO THIS DAILY!

But maybe you do apparently eat rather large amounts of other foods and you feel perhaps that you are a large eater. Did you ever count the calorie value of those foods that you eat? No, I am sure you haven't. You haven't been interested in calories

And now if I am going to talk about them you are just going to give up in despair. Perhaps you will say, "Oh, this is the same old stuff Dr. Peters is always harping on."

But don't give up, please, as a knowledge of calories is going to be your life-saver just as it is for the Fat Fraternity (spelling intentional). I must write on calories for reducing or gaining, for a knowledge of them is simply the knowledge of the a-b-c of nutrition, and always must appear in any scientific article on the subject.

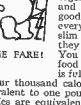
It is largely because we haven't had the knowledge of calories that three-fourths of our adult population are overweight and one-fourth underweight. The rest are normal. I have said this before, but such subtlety is worth repeating, isn't it?

And there are a great many other things not quite so subtle that I have said before and have repeated in this article because they are necessary, and it is only by repetition that we learn.

Now I know you can not memorize a lot of figures. I hate them also. But you won't have to do that and you won't have to know the caloric values accurately. You could not, even if you needed to, unless you were having your foods accurately weighed and knew their exact ingredients. All you need know is the approximate values. And an approximate knowledge is going to help you just as it does the overweighter.

There are so many ordinary portions of foods that are too calories that it is no tax on your gray matter to remember them For instance, an ordinary slice of bread one-half an inch thick, a pat of butter, five ounces of milk, one and one-third ounce of cream, two ounces of lean meat, a moderate-sized potato, a large egg, a large orange or apple or pear, three full cubes of sugar, four walnuts, ten double peanuts—all are too calories each. And the things you like, watery vegetables, such as lettuce, tomatoes, cabbage, celery, etc., are over a pound each to the too calories. A pound of these latter foods is a large amount. You probably have not eaten over 500 calories a day of them. You can see how little food value you have been getting by stocking up on them.

You can compute the approximate value of almost any food simply by the knowledge of the caloric value of those I have mentioned. You can obtain good text-books in the libraries and book-stores.



SAME FARE!

While green foods are necessary for vitamins and organic salts and roughage and you should have a couple pounds of them every day, they are mighty slim fattening foods, for they have so few calories. You can remember that a food that is full of calories is full of fattening value.

Four thousand calories of any food are equivalent to one pound of fat. So 1,000 calories are equivalent to one-fourth of a pound of fat, and 500 calories are equivalent to one-eighth of a pound. Theoretically and practically they will make this amount of fat if you eat them, *if they are more than your system needs for its internal and external activities*, just as surely as they accomplish this diabolical to them result on your fat sisters.

How many calories do you need? And what are calories, anyway?

A calory is the unit of measure of heat, and of the fuel or energy value of foods. Technically it is that amount of heat necessary to raise 1 pound of water 4 degrees F. For your purposes you can think of calories simply as food units, just as yards are length units.

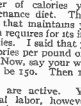
An adult needs from 15 to 20 calories per pound of normal weight per day, depending upon age and activities. In general, from 2,000 to 2,500 a day cover the needs of most sedentary adults The more active you are, the more calories you need naturally, and the younger the more you need also. You have to work this out for yourself.

Thin people as a rule are very active, mentally and physically They use a lot of energy. Very many times they use energy unnecessarily. For instance, talking requires a great deal of energy.

Let me show you how to work out the number of calories you need for your maintenance diet. The maintenance diet is one that maintains you—one that your system requires for its internal and external activities. I said that you need from 15 to 20 calories per pound of normal weight per day. Now, say your weight is 125 when it should be 150. Then 150 is the figure you take.

You are active. You are not doing physical labor, however, so let us take 17 calories per pound. Seventeen calories multiplied by 150 equals 2,550 calories Now do a little mental calculation on your daily intake from the caloric value of the more common foods listed. You found it came nearer 1,500 than 2,500, didn't you?

Now, you want to gain, so you have just got to deliberately begin increasing your calories so your system has enough for its activities and a little left over to store away as fat.



AGITATE MOTHER EARTH!

But what can you do when you don't like the foods that are fattening? And when you have eaten a certain amount your stomach ab-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

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"Best to buy for bake or fry"

To make apple dumplings flaky and tender

Did you ever hear a very new bride puzzle over how one gets the apple into the dumpling? Of course it's no trick, as the recipe below clearly shows.

But the recipe alone doesn't tell you how much Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, with its even texture and creamy smoothness, helps to make apple dumplings or any other pastry exceptionally flaky and tender.

Nor does it tell you of the rich, yet delicate flavor which, as experienced housewives know, this fine lard gives to anything that is shortened with it.

These things you will learn when you first try Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard for it is always uniform, always pure. You can get it at your grocer's in sanitary one-pound cartons and in tins of 2, 5 and 10 pounds.

Recipe for apple dumplings

Mix ½ teaspoon salt with 1½ cups flour, cut in ⅓ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Moisten with cold water and roll one-fourth inch thick. Cut in squares large enough to enclose the apple which, cored and peeled, is placed in the center of each square; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. (For this amount of dough, use 6 apples and ¾ cup sugar.) Moisten the edges of the paste and fold the corners over the apple. Bake in a moderate oven and serve with lemon sauce.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

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The rug on the floor is pattern No. 536. In the 9x12 foot size it costs only $16.20

"What a lovely rug, Bob—and so practical. I can hardly believe it cost only $16.20"

So much of the charm of a home depends on its floor-covering. That's why Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs are so popular. They offer a wealth of artistic patterns and color combinations—and yet they cost so amazingly little.

Waterproof—Sanitary—Durable

They're practical too—save hours of drudging house-work. Congoleum Rugs need no sweeping or beating—no oiling or waxing. Just run a damp mop over their firm, waterproof surface and in a jiffy they're spotlessly clean and bright.

No Fastening Necessary

Congoleum Art-Rugs lie flat without fastening of any kind. They hug the floor with never a curled up edge or corner.

The variety of their patterns will delight you—there are handsome Oriental and Chinese motifs for the dining-room, living-room, and hallway; dainty flowered patterns for bedrooms; conventional tile and wood designs for kitchen and bathroom.

When your dealer shows you Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs you'll realize why they're America's most popular floor-covering.

Note the Low Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 8.10	9 feet x 9 feet	$12.15
7½ feet x 9 feet	10.10	9 feet x 10½ feet	14.15
		9 feet x 12 feet	$16.20

The rugs illustrated are made only in the few large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.75
3 feet x 3 feet	1.25	3 feet x 6 feet	2.25

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one genuine Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee.

It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. Be sure to look for it when you buy!

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Atlanta, Dallas, Pittsburgh, Montreal

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM Art-Rugs

Pattern No. 528

Pattern No. 508

Pattern No. 518

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

Drawings by Gaston Delsarte

DID SHE PAY TOO MUCH FOR HER SUIT?

An Eye-Opening Talk—the First of a Series—to the Retail Purchaser

BY RUTH LEIGH

EDITOR'S NOTE—This writer, Miss Leigh, is a leading American authority upon the mutual relations and problems of the purchaser and the dealer, being the author of "The Human Side of Retail Selling" and "The A B C of Retailing," as well as a popular lecturer upon these topics, and a practical business woman.

HOW do you like my new suit, everybody? Got it to-day at Prescott's. Isn't it good-looking?" Triumphantly, Mrs. Throckmorton held up for her family's examination a navy-blue tricotine suit, the box-coat of which was ornamented with wide gray braid, scroll design.

"Only $40! Isn't that reasonable for a suit with all this braiding and handwork?"

"Oh, yes, Mark Weston told me about that sale, Mother. He's in the suit business, you know." Son George, ordinarily aloof from discussions of feminine apparel, became suddenly interested. "He sold that lot of suits to Prescott's; they were $55 wholesale. He showed me some samples when he was in town that night."

"Only $25? For this suit?" Mrs. Throckmorton turned suddenly to her son. "Why, you don't mean—well, what an outrage to charge $40! That's profiteering, pure and simple. I won't pay that profit!"

"Gosh, that's not all profit, Mother!"

"I don't care. The idea of charging $40 for a suit that costs $25!" Indignantly, Mrs. Throckmorton threw down the offending garment. "I always thought Prescott's was expensive—but to make such a profit!"

"But, Mother, don't you see, it's not all profit. It costs the store money to run—" George interrupted.

"Maybe it does. But it certainly doesn't justify their charging $40 for a suit that costs them $25. Why, they didn't have to do any manufacturing. There was no work involved; the suit's just the same now as it was when Prescott's got it."

"Mother's right. Stores can make a profit, but I think it's a shame to sell a suit for $40 if it costs only $25." Helen Throckmorton took up the charge. So Mrs. Throckmorton, living up to her convictions, returned the suit next day, declaring to her family that she, for one, wasn't going to encourage these stores in their profiteering.

On the face of it Mrs. Throckmorton is right. To an outsider a store has no justification for charging $40 for a suit that cost $25 when it is selling the same garment, its original condition unchanged.

As a matter of fact, is a retailer justified in making any profit?

Let us take up this point first by considering Mrs. Throckmorton in Oberlin, O. She wanted a suit; good-looking, well-made, fashionable, and of good quality. She knew only as much about textiles and workmanship as the average woman. Certainly she did not know much about the technicalities of design or suit-manufacture. She had no idea of all the factories making suits, their locations, nor what styles each factory makes. Mrs. Throckmorton is an average woman, a housewife, not a specialist in suits, shoes, clothes, jewelry, drugs, hardware, or industry. To buy her suit, she needed, among other things, the services of a suit expert. The factories are far away; she is in Oberlin, O. Yet she wanted, in buying her suit, to compare values, to try on different styles, to see that *hers* fit, and was of good quality.

"A BIG RISK IN CARRYING NOVELTIES"

What did Mrs. Throckmorton do? She went to Prescott's, the leading store in her city, and bought her suit. This, you see, was quite an obvious, commonplace procedure to Mrs. Throckmorton.

Yet, suppose Oberlin, O., and its surrounding towns and cities had no retail stores, and Mrs. Throckmorton were obliged to send to New York for her suit; to Gloversville, N. Y., for her gloves; to Grand Rapids, Mich., for furniture; to California or to Florida for fruit; to Troy, N. Y., for Son George's collars. To her, buying would then be a less commonplace, less taken-for-granted business.

Think that over in terms of Mrs. Throckmorton's life, and you will get some idea of what Prescott's, or any other store, means in the general scheme of things. Remember this: it was not through accident that Mrs. Throckmorton found just the suit she wanted. The Prescott store, knowing that Mrs. Throckmorton and other women would want just this kind of novelty suit, had planned the purchase long before the women of Oberlin thought of buying Fall suits. Mr. Prescott, or Miss Riddell, the suit-buyer, did not go to the wholesale market and buy "just suits," without thought or planning. Miss Riddell, being a careful buyer, knew before she spent a dollar of her firm's money the approximate number of possible customers her store would have during the coming Fall season, about how much money they would spend for suits, and the kind they would want.

That's how Mrs. Throckmorton happened to find just the novelty blue suit that she liked. Miss Riddell had visited the big manufacturing centers and searched in the wholesale suit market for suits to satisfy her public. Being a suit expert, she gets a large salary for her good taste, technical knowledge of textiles, and careful merchandising experience in selecting suits.

Goods from Everywhere

SO YOU see how it comes about that Prescott's, representing the average store, carries under one roof, awaiting the demands of numerous Mrs. Throckmortons, merchandise gathered from all parts of the earth: cotton grown in the South and made into textiles in New England, shoes from Massachusetts, furniture from Grand Rapids, Mich., fruit and canned foods from the Pacific Coast, rugs from Persia, India, and China; brilliant ostrich-feather fans, with panaches and Aigrons; pearls from the South Seas, silks from Japan and China, women's apparel from France, men's wear from London. These stores, with their vast assortments, selected by experts, which the stores assemble, preserve, and display, awaiting the demands of customers. Prescott's, or any store, has this merchandise sold by trained men and women, so that Mrs. Throckmorton can, within a short distance from her home, in a few minutes, and with comparatively no effort, examine merchandise in New York city or in France, try them on, compare them with other suits, receive the advice of Miss Riddell, another fashion expert, and secure the suit to satisfy her taste. And, if she does not want to carry it home, Prescott's will deliver it. She may receive credit, too, by charging the suit and paying for it at the end of the month.

Now, as a reward for the difficult task of buying and assembling merchandise and carrying it in stock, awaiting the demands of the public, Prescott's, representing the average store, asks a profit, a payment for conducting the store. You can judge for yourself whether for the service Prescott renders the community he is entitled to this profit.

"All right, a *fair* profit," declares Mrs. Throckmorton, "but not an exorbitant one. We are getting tired of paying these high prices." Mrs. Throckmorton is right, yet, when you examine all the facts, you realize there is something wrong somewhere. Department stores prove obviously, as the result of an investigation made during 1920, that their average profit on sales is 2 per cent. Surely that seems fair enough! How, then, do they reconcile this difference between seemingly small profits and such a retail price as $40 for a suit that cost $25? It's this apparent discrepancy that results in high prices that we want to understand—*that we insist on understanding.* They claim small profits. Why, then the high prices?

All retailers give the same explanation: that high prices which make them appear to be profiteering are the excessive expenses of retailing. It costs a tremendous amount of money to run a department store; most people have no idea how much.

To begin with, every retailer must pay shipping charges on merchandise. If he buys goods in New York and his store is in Oberlin, O., he pays the costs of getting his goods from New York to Oberlin. A store adds these charges to the purchase price of goods and considers them as part of the real cost.

A retailer has buying and store expenses. Take technical experts like Miss Riddell and other buyers who are paid high salaries for expert knowledge, good taste, and merchandising ability. Consider the traveling expenses of sending these buyers to big manufacturing centers several times a year, sending some to Europe, some to Palm Beach, to study styles, to seek out and bring back the newest, smartest merchandise. Consider the salaries of other store officials, and those of the clerical force necessary to keep records of a store's buying and selling activities, and the cost of office supplies, equipment, and postage, that are constantly needed.

Every store has salespeople behind its counters and must pay them salaries. We all had our experiences with stupid, inefficient, lazy, or impertinent salespeople, and stores know about these experiences. They're trying to eliminate them by making their salespeople more polite, experienced, intelligent, and helpful by means of educational classes. Most large department stores to-day have teachers known as "educational directors," whose business it is to teach, train, and educate salespeople in all other store employees. There are regular store classes, which salespeople attend regularly, in which they are graded and from which they are graduated, as in a regular school. All this helps to make shopping easier and more pleasant, but it is therefore considered one of the necessary expenses of conducting a modern department store.

The cost of wrapping-paper, boxes-cord, special forms of packing-material, are also calculated in the retail price of goods.

When you read about Prescott's as having "a special sale of sheets and pillow-cases," which is good news to you because you need sheets, you get your information—through advertising. It keeps you in touch with the stores' activities, with merchandise, styles, special sales, and service. It enables you to shop leisurely and at your convenience. This is an advertising expense that is considered important and necessary.

Then you must not forget such necessary expenses as rent, light, heat, power, insurance, taxes (both on the store-building and on its income and profits, paid to the Government). No store can avoid these fixed expenses. They are met by the public in the price paid for goods.

Of course, there are occasional repairs to the store walls, furniture, lights, counters, show-cases. Repairs, as we all know, are inevitable. You can't run a home or a store without something going wrong some time. You have to keep things in condition, and repairs and depreciation costs are part of the expenses counted in the retail price of goods.

Merchants, because they buy goods in advance, must pay the wholesaler for these goods long before the goods are sold to the public. The store's money invested in goods is tied up until they are sold. Where does a merchant get the money to finance this buying? By borrowing from local banks, for which privilege, and for the use of which money, he pays interest. That makes an additional expense which every store, no matter how wealthy, must bear. This, too, is considered in the price you pay for goods.

"ONLY $40! ISN'T THAT REASONABLE?"

Last of all, there are the thousand and one odd, miscellaneous, and necessary expenses borne by every store; small, general expenses, not chargeable to any one group, but which must, nevertheless, be met—contributions to the church bazaar, store dues to a retail merchants' trade association, membership to the rotary club, to credit bureaus, new chairs for the salespeople's luncheon-room—miscellaneous and necessary expenses all figured in the retail price of goods.

All these settled store expenses are added together and put into the price you pay for goods, yet they do not amount to near what you pay; that is because there are so many other expenses, frills and privileges that the store gives you, which seem free, but for which you pay.

There are the charge-account privilege, the cost of maintaining accounts, granting credits, and carrying accounts that are "bad" because Mrs. Jones moves away without paying her bills or because Mrs. Smith can not meet hers. Who pays the cost of these charge-accounts? You do, whether or not you get credit from the store.

This applies also to delivery. You pay the expenses of maintaining store delivery-wagons, horses, automobiles, and the salaries of the delivery force, whether or not you have your packages delivered. The average cost of delivering a package purchased in a New York store is 40 cents. You pay for the C. O. D. privilege. There's a store in New York that figured out on an average of 800 C. O. D. packages a day. The average of these C. O. D. packages returned is from 150 to 200 a day. A Boston store kept a count for four weeks, and found that in that time 2,000 C. O. D. purchases were returned by customers. Another store has about 850 C. O. D. packages returned in a week. Consider the loss of time of all store-workers in addition to wrapping, listing, and delivering a C. O. D. package—a waste of about 300 hours a week—and you will have a better idea of why retailing is expensive.

Stores in Competition

THERE'S so much competition. Every store is vying with its neighbor, trying to outdo it in service, in merchandise, in prices, in educating the public to demand services and conveniences which it would never have wanted, or known that it wanted, if some stores had not made it accustomed to these privileges. Perhaps it's all the retailer's fault that storekeeping is so expensive to-day. The public has been educated to demand such conveniences as store guides, special shoppers, parcel-checking privileges, trained nurses, store hospitals, expert services, bureaus that give advice to Sunday-school teachers, schools, concerts, marriage-license bureaus, appointment registers, which are found in different large stores. Stores to-day are outdoing themselves, going beyond their original function, and duplicating efforts, in their service. And the public is paying.

The injustice of retail prices is that we all pay for these services whether or not we use them. Altho you carry home the suit you purchase, you pay for the convenience your neighbor receives in having hers sent. You can understand now why, when a store offers a real bargain at extremely low prices, it warns you that there are no C. O. D.'s, no credits, no exchanges. All the merchandising frills are removed, and you know you are getting good value; otherwise the store couldn't afford to sell goods at that low price.

Prices might always be correspondingly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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How many PYREX dishes have you?

No Home Can Have Too Much PYREX

A PYREX equipped home is a joy forever. Pyrex means betterfood, most attractively served, a more beautiful table and less work in the kitchen. Every Pyrex dish pays for itself many times over.

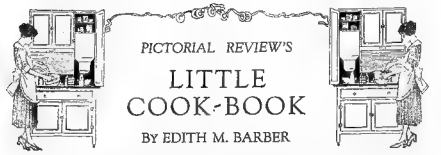
PYREX

Transparent Ovenware

There are 100 styles and sizes of PYREX from which to completely equip your home. Buy them of any dealer in housewares.

Pyrex Sales Division
CORNING GLASS WORKS
Corning, New York
Originators and Patentees of Oven Glassware

Round, Casserole or Covered Baker
Covered Utility Dish
Square Casserole or Covered Baker
Shallow Baking Dish with Handles
Bread Baker or Deep Pudding Dish
Square Cake Baker



PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY EDITH M. BARBER

SALAD is no longer an accessory to a meal. The recognition that fruits and vegetables are not only delicious accompaniments but also necessities for a well-balanced meal has made salad a feature rather than an afterthought. At luncheon a well-combined salad may be the main dish, while at dinner it may be an important supplement.

"S" FOR SALADS

THE realm of salad-making is perhaps the most attractive and interesting to be found in the world of cooking. No other combinations of foods lend themselves to such a variety of savory ingenuity and at the same time to such endless arrangements of taste and beauty. Through the dressing of a salad at the table in a bowl designed for that purpose, interest and conversation may be added to the dullest meal, while the originality of designing a novel and beautiful salad may enliven the preparation of a more elaborate feast.

In the following recipes suggestions for salad combinations are given. Any of these salads may be marinated with French dressing before mixing or combining with other dressings. Marinating adds flavor, but perhaps slightly detracts from the crispness, which to some of us is more desirable.

Lettuce, endive, celery, romaine, water cress, parsley, and other leafy salad-plants should be washed thoroughly as soon as received from the market. After washing place at once in a covered can and set in the ice-box. Salads treated in this way will keep a week or more. Cabbage should be shredded one hour before serving and placed in salted water to "crisp." Longer soaking wilts the vegetable. Celery may be treated in the same way.

While the success of the salad depends upon the combination of ingredients and upon the seasoning, it is no less important to have everything for the salad very cold. A warm salad is as inexcusable as a cold soup.

Cole-Slaw

¼ Cupfuls Chopped or Shredded Cabbage
Salt
Cooked Salad Dressing

SPRINKLE the cabbage with salt, cover with cold water, and let stand one hour. Mix with the dressing and serve on cabbage-leaves. Garnish with rings of green pepper or sprinkle with paprika.

Chicken Salad

2 Cupfuls Cold Chicken — Salt
2 Cupfuls Diced Celery — Mayonnaise

CUT the chicken into good-sized cubes, add the celery, sprinkle with salt, and when just ready to serve mix with the mayonnaise and serve on lettuce. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives or with capers. Lobster- or crab-meat may be used instead of chicken.

Cabbage and Nut Salad

4 Cupfuls Shredded Cabbage — ½ Cupful Chopped Peanuts
1 Green Pepper or Pimiento — Mayonnaise

MIX the ingredients with mayonnaise, serve in a bowl, and garnish with watercress or parsley.

Vegetable Jelly

2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin — ½ Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Cold Water — ½ Cupful Shredded Cabbage
½ Cupful Vinegar — ½ Cupful Diced Celery
2 Cupfuls Boiling Water — 2 Chopped Pimentoes
1½ Teaspoonful Salt — 2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Olives
1 Chopped Onion

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water and the vinegar. Add the boiling water, sugar, and salt, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Stand in cold water, and when the mixture begins to thicken pour into a cold mold in alternate layers with the vegetables. Chill, and when ready to serve dip the mold into hot water for a moment to loosen the jelly. Serve on a bed of lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

Tomato Jelly

OMIT the vegetables from the recipe for Vegetable Jelly and replace the boiling water with two cupfuls of strained and seasoned tomato-juice. Onion, bay-leaf, cloves, salt, pepper, and sugar may be cooked with the tomatoes for seasoning.

Salmon Salad

2 Cupfuls Salmon — 2 Cupfuls Diced Celery
2 Sour Pickles — Salt
Mayonnaise

FLAKE the salmon, add the celery and the pickles, and sprinkle with salt. When ready to serve mix with the mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce and garnish with sliced hard-cooked eggs. Tuna-fish may be used instead of salmon.

OTHER SALADS

Potato Salad

4 Cupfuls Cold Boiled Potatoes — 1 Cucumber or 2 Pickles
1 Chopped Onion — ¼ Cupful French Dressing
Cooked Salad Dressing

CUT the potatoes into dice or slices, add the onion and sliced cucumbers or pickles, mix with the French dressing, which should be very well seasoned, and let stand in the ice-box one or two hours. Mix with the salad dressing, serve on lettuce, and garnish with parsley. Celery, cut into cubes, or celery-seed may be used with the other ingredients if desired.

Tomato Surprize

5 Medium-sized Tomatoes — 1 Small Cucumber
1 Cake Cream Cheese — 1 Teaspoonful Onion-juice
Seasoning — Mayonnaise

PEEL the tomatoes, remove thin slices from the top, and take out the pulp. Cut the cucumber into small cubes, mix with the cream cheese and enough tomato pulp to moisten the mixture well. Season with the onion-juice, salt, pepper, and paprika. Serve on lettuce or watercress and garnish with mayonnaise or with Russian dressing.

Fruit Salad

2 Oranges — 4 Slices Pineapple
2 Bananas — French Dressing

CUT the fruit into cubes or slices, mix with the dressing, and serve at once. Garnish with mayonnaise mixed with the same amount of whipped cream or with fruit salad dressing. Almost any combination of fruits is acceptable as a salad. Some suggested combinations are watermelon and pear, peach and cherry, melon and grapes, grapefruit and grapes.

Stuffed-Egg Salad

5 Hard-cooked Eggs — ½ Teaspoonful Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Vinegar — Pepper
½ Tablespoonful Salad-oil — 1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Mustard — Paprika
2 Tablespoonfuls Minced Meat, Fish, or Pickles

CUT the eggs in halves crosswise. Remove the yolks, mash, and add the other ingredients, mixing the mustard, sugar, salt, pepper, and paprika together before adding Anchovies, sardines, ham, or bacon gives special savoriness. Refill the whites and arrange on lettuce- or cabbage-leaves Garnish with stuffed olives, parsley, or watercress.

Ring Salad

3 Green Peppers, or Canned Pimientoes — Cream Cheese Seasoning
French Dressing

STUFF the peppers or pimientoes with the cheese, well seasoned with paprika and salt. Cut into slices, arrange on a bed of lettuce, and serve with French or spiced salad dressing.

Pineapple and Cucumber Salad

USE the recipe for Vegetable Jelly, substituting for the vegetables in the recipe one cucumber, cut into cubes, and the pulp from a small can of pineapple. One chopped onion may also be added. Measure the pineapple-juice and substitute it for the same amount of boiling water.

Waldorf Salad

3 Medium-sized Apples — ½ Cupful Nuts
1 Cupful Diced Celery — Mayonnaise

CUT the apples into cubes just before ready for serving. Add the celery and the nuts, mix with the mayonnaise, and serve at once on lettuce.

Orange and Onion Salad

3 Oranges
2 Spanish or Bermuda Onions
French Dressing

SLICE the oranges after peeling and arrange with slices of onion on a bed of lettuce or endive. Dress with French dressing and let stand at least one hour before serving.

Stuffed Celery

2 Stalks Celery — Salt
1 Cake Cream Cheese — Paprika
1 Pimiento

FILL short pieces of celery with the mixed cheese, pimiento, and seasonings. A little Roquefort cheese may be added if desired. Serve the stuffed celery on lettuce and pass with it French or Red dressing.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

TO *the* GROCERY *for* CHEESE, DRIED FRUITS *and* MILK

The Seventh of Our Marketing Articles Will Help the Housewife with Her Early Spring Menus

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

Drawings by Katherine Wireman

WHAT does cheese mean to you? Few of us know how many cheeses a well-stocked grocery has, and when asked "What kind do you want?" are usually at a loss to think of anything but just plain "American." The grocer has jars and boxes of Camembert, Roquefort, the attractive-looking pineapple, the "cannon-ball" Edam, and many more, but he sells us a wedge of plain "American" or "store cheese," which—good as it is—might well be varied by some one of the others which are so delicious.

When planning our meals, most of us have lacked imagination in failing to appreciate the flavor and interest that domestic and imported cheeses, such as Camembert, Roquefort, Parmesan, Gruyère, and Port de Salut, add to them. Some of our domestic imitations of the imported cheeses are delicious. Perhaps we have thought of cheese as a very plebeian food, to be used when we did not have meat or wanted to "concoct something for lunch," instead of realizing that the various kinds of cheese can add much variety to our meals. There is not a course in a dinner that somewhere some kind of cheese can not be used. From soup to coffee cheese can claim a place. It is a delightful accompaniment to certain salads, and there is nothing better for dessert than a piece of fruit, a little cheese, and a demi-tasse of coffee. The trade-mark of Cheshire cheese even furnished the author of "Alice in Wonderland" his inspiration for one of Alice's visions.

The marketman tells us that to most housekeepers cheese means either a mild, medium, or strong cheese or a light or yellow cheese of the American variety. A mild cheese is one that has been kept in storage for a comparatively short time, perhaps from June to January, and does not have much character. Medium cheese has been held perhaps a year, its flavor becoming gradually stronger. It has developed a little tang. Strong cheese is from one to two years old. It is usually dry and crumbly and has a rich flavor. This is a favorite with the epicure.

The color has nothing to do with the richness, for a cheese with 38 per cent. milk-fat may be a creamy white, while another, made from skim-milk, is just as likely to be a deep yellow. The color depends largely on the amount of coloring-matter which has been added.

Most of the cheese used in this country is American cheddar, made from whole sweet milk or sometimes from milk that has been skimmed or partly skimmed. The last two are "skim-milk" cheese and are inferior in quality. A large market carries seven or eight kinds of Cheddar cheese under various names, the name usually indicating the ripeness of the cheese. One firm carries the following American cheeses, giving its own names to the cheeses: for example, Young American, a Cheddar cheese of medium color and fine flavor for rarebits and other cheese-dishes; Old Factory, a rich cheese with a real tang; New American, or Young Factory, of a mild flavor and light color, which many people like for cut cheese or sandwiches; Square, simply a Cheddar that has been molded in a square, and of medium color and richness. Sage is a kind of Cheddar which is too strong for most tastes.

The Test for Cheddar

THE best American Cheddar is made during the months of March, April, May, and June. It is richest in fat, and is soft and crumbly and not strong in flavor. A cheese-buyer told us that the real test of a good rich Cheddar cheese is to work a bit of it with the fingers, and if it can be worked like butter it is a good cheese. If it is rubbery or stringy in the fingers it is poor in quality and will be stringy when cooked. Poor cheese always shows in the cooking.

The imported cheeses may be divided into two groups, those that we often use in cooked dishes, like Parmesan and English Dairy, and the kinds that are served at the end of a meal, in place of dessert or as picnic or supper cheeses. The three most popular

"WHEN PLANNING OUR MEALS, MOST OF US HAVE LACKED IMAGINATION"

at the "end-of-the-meal cheeses" are Roquefort, Camembert, and Brie. The French and Italians have a custom of serving a small amount of cheese at the end of a meal. This is a delightful innovation which is becoming quite common in this country, altho it is not always an example of good nutrition.

The Italian Parmesan is excellent in made dishes with a foundation of macaroni, spaghetti, or noodles, and in soups. Parmesan is a dry, hard cheese that grates nicely and can be purchased by the pound or already grated and packed in bottles. This is a more expensive way to buy than by the pound.

Gorgonzola has been called the Italian cousin of Roquefort. It is made from pure cow's milk, and a green mold develops which gives the characteristic flavor. In the market Gorgonzola is found in large loaves, from which a portion may be cut. This cheese keeps well except during the hot Summer months, when it should be in the refrigerator. In most households this is not practical as the odor is so strong.

Stilton cheese comes from England. It is made from whole milk to which cream has been added. It is a rich, smooth cheese. It has a green mold, like Roquefort, but is usually less expensive. It is good for supper and luncheon, and is appreciated as an after-dinner cheese.

The decorative Edam cheeses made in Holland are large and round, with an outside coloring of red, so that they look more like red cannon-balls than anything else. The story goes that the Dutch once used them in battle in lieu of real cannon-balls. Edam is a dry and hard cheese, and is used in cooking, but it is a favorite when just "crackers and cheese and nothing else" is the thing you want for supper or luncheon. Cut off a section of the top and use it as a lid. Edam cheese must be labeled if it is made from anything but whole cow's milk, which gives a very rich cream cheese. When made from skim-milk or partly skim-milk the cost is less, but the cheese is not so rich and creamy. A three-and-one-half-pound Edam cheese, partly skimmed, costs about two dollars.

Gouda, from Holland, is an excellent dinner cheese, soft, rich, and of a fine flavor. Care should always be taken to keep it in a cold, dry place.

Another good dessert cheese, delicately flavored and rich, is La Trappe. It is made by a process said to be known only to the Trappist monks.

Camembert is a soft rennet cheese which comes to our markets in wooden cartons, each cheese weighing about one-half pound. When green it is quite waxy in consistency, but as it ripens becomes softer, and when just in prime condition to eat is creamy and has a rich flavor. Beyond this point it becomes almost fluid, sometimes stringy and rather strong in flavor. Camembert is usually kept in the refrigerator in the market and sold to the customer when just ready for use. This is a very popular after-dinner cheese. An excellent domestic Camembert is being made in California. It has a little more gram than the imported Camembert and has a milder flavor, but is very popular.

Brie is much like Camembert in consistency, but it has a saltier flavor, and is excellent to serve with crisp water-crackers at dinner or luncheon, particularly if the preceding courses have been light

Swiss for Sandwiches

WHEN you ask for Swiss cheese you are generally given the light-colored cheese characterized by its mild, sweetish flavor and large holes and known as Swiss Emmenthal. It is a favorite for sandwiches and is used in cooking.

Gruyère also is a Swiss cheese made in Switzerland. This is a firm, mild cheese that many people like with after-dinner coffee. Gruyère is a good luncheon or supper cheese served with a simple green salad. The imported is put up in wooden cartons, while the domestic comes in cans.

Roquefort is creamy-colored and made from sheep's milk, mottled or marbled with green mold, which gives it the characteristic piquant flavor. It is a favorite to mix with French dressing and also to serve with crackers. Imported Roquefort comes to the market in large cakes, from which any desired amount may be cut. Recently small portions of Roquefort cheese, wrapped in tin-foil, have been put on the market, weighing two ounces each, enough to serve two or three people. This is a decidedly expensive way to buy Roquefort, each portion costing almost double the price of the same amount cut from a large cake. Imported Roquefort usually costs about a dollar a pound. Grocers have bought it recently at seventy cents, or at the rate of about four and a half cents an ounce. A two-ounce package cost us nineteen cents, or nine and a half cents an ounce. Just another example of the disadvantage of buying in small quantities.

American Roquefort, which comes in packages or tins, is softer and milder than the imported product. Good Roquefort, properly aged, has a green mold and is crumbly. As most housewives want a clean cut of cheese, this crumbly characteristic is not advantageous to the dealer, so that much of the Roquefort sold on the market is too young, but is easy to cut without waste when in this condition.

Pineapple cheese is made in this country. A real "pineapple" is known by the latticework on the surface, with lines at the top where the strings held the ends of the netting in place while the cheese was ripening. It has much the same flavor as Cheddar cheese, but is softer. Pineapple is a favorite for luncheon and supper, and is especially attractive when served, the top being cut off and used as a lid.

If you do not already know them we thought that just a little description of some of the varieties of cheese to be found on the market might tempt you to try some of the strangers. Be broad-minded and get acquainted with others than those we have mentioned. There are Munster and Neufchâtel, Sapago, and Liederkranz, and many others. We are becoming more keenly appreciative of the value of cheese every day.

Selecting Dried Fruits

DURING the Winter and Spring months, when fresh fruits are expensive, the economical housewife finds that dried fruits can be substituted frequently for fresh with a considerable saving of money and still satisfy the family. Modern methods of drying have made it possible to put on the market many attractive products. We commonly know prunes, apples, raisins, apricots, peaches, dates, and figs, but you can get good dried loganberries, pears, and cherries. Pears and peaches are so carefully treated that they are still white and quite soft after being thoroughly dried. When marketing for dried fruits, always select those that are heavily fleshed. Peaches and apricots should have a large amount of pulp in comparison with the amount of skin. The better grades of dried apples are peeled, and should be tough and leathery rather than hard and brittle.

We are buying sulfured peaches, apricots, and apples, but they are so labeled. The unsulfured fruit is somewhat better-flavored, but does not keep well in a damp climate and is not so attractive in appearance as that which has been sulfured.

Figs are often thought of just as a confection rather than a fruit. This is unfortunate, for dried figs properly prepared are delicious as a breakfast fruit or a dinner or luncheon dessert. In the markets we find several varieties of dried figs. Most delicious stuffed figs come in glass. They are clean and are moist, but so expensive that they should be used as a sweet rather than for cooking. Stuffed figs sell at a high price; a fifteen-ounce jar cost us fifty-five cents. These are figs that have been pared and cored, and the packers unt the blossom- and stem-ends are brought together when pressed.

Loosen figs from boxes have been worked into squares and then packed in layers in boxes. These are usually a fine grade of fruit, and sell for about fifty cents a pound. There are also small jars and tins of less expensive figs in the market. The new whole dried California figs are excellent for cooking, the price is about thirty-five cents a pound. Greek figs, strung on reeds, are often in the market at a low price, but they need careful washing before using. We paid twenty-seven cents for a string weighing a pound and a half. There are also unpressed figs, sold for about thirty cents a pound, and which are suitable for stewing.

At the market you will probably be told that they carry four grades of bulk dried prunes, graded according to the number of prunes in a pound. We found the large "twenty-thirty" fruit selling at thirty-nine cents per pound, the "thirty-forty" at twenty-eight cents, the "forty-fifty" at twenty-two cents, and the "fifty-sixty" at nineteen cents. Which grade to buy is a

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Cheese Souffle—2 eggs, ½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. flour, 2 tbsp. butter, cayenne, ⅔ cup water, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ cup Carnation Milk. Melt butter, add flour and stir until thoroughly mixed, then add the liquid and cook until it thickens. Add the seasonings. Remove to the back of the stove and add the well beaten yolks and cheese. When cool add the egg whites, which have been beaten stiff. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake 25 to 30 minutes. Serve when taken from the oven. This recipe serves six people.

Prune Whip—5 egg whites, ½ pound or 1¼ cups prunes, ½ cup sugar, 1 tsp. lemon juice. Wash prunes and soak in cold water overnight. Cook in same water until soft. Remove stones and rub through a strainer, add sugar and cook five minutes. Beat white of eggs until stiff. Fold in prune mixture when cool and add the lemon juice. Put lightly in buttered baking dish and bake twenty minutes in a slow oven. Serve with Carnation Custard Sauce. This recipe serves six people.

Custard Sauce—3 eg., yolks, 1¼ cups water, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. sugar, ½ tsp. vanilla. Scald milk, beat yolks slightly, add sugar and salt. Stir constantly while adding the hot milk. Cook in double boiler stirring until the mixture thickens and a coating is formed on the spoon. Strain, add vanilla and chill. This recipe serves six people.

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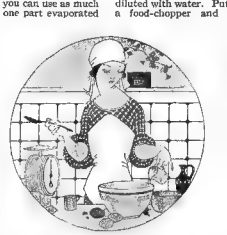
PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

MILK FROM THE CAN

BY CATHERINE SWEENY

IT WAS while I was in Florida last year that I realized what a decided place evaporated milk has in cooking. It was absolutely impossible to obtain sufficient fresh milk for necessary drinking and cooking purposes. And so it was that I came to learn a valuable lesson that I carried back into my Northern home. To-day I use evaporated milk for much of my cooking. It makes delicious white sauces, milk stews (as oyster), milk soups (as potato, tomato, corn, etc.), milk drinks (as chocolate and cocoa), and creamed dishes. Just as "seeing is believing" so "trying is knowing." Such a wholesome article of food that is easy to buy, easy to keep, easy to use, and which gives excellent results has a large place on our marketing-list and on our pantry-shelves.

For general cooking you can use as much as two parts water to one part evaporated milk. Thus with one cupful evaporated milk you obtain three cupfuls cooking liquid. You can even dilute it more and get good results. In cream soups and in baked foods, such as cakes, you use one part evaporated milk and three parts water. Be sure to mix thoroughly the evaporated milk and water before using. For making drinks such as cocoa or chocolate use three cupfuls water to one cupful evaporated milk, or if a richer drink is desired use half water and half evaporated milk. For creaming vegetables, such as creamed potatoes, creamed asparagus, etc., use half evaporated milk and half water. When in doubt as to how much to dilute the evaporated milk just remember this rule: When diluted with an equal part of water, evaporated milk has the consistency of fresh milk and can be used then just as you are accustomed to using fresh milk; when it takes the place of cream, as in coffee, it is generally used undiluted; when it is whipped you do not dilute it.



"FOR GENERAL COOKING YOU CAN USE AS MUCH AS TWO PARTS WATER TO ONE PART EVAPORATED MILK"

Ice-cream made with evaporated milk is smooth and very good. You can use any good ice-cream recipe that you have, using one part water to two parts evaporated milk for the milk liquid necessary. If your recipe calls for cream, use evaporated milk instead, undiluted. I make a very good ice-cream using evaporated milk and part cream. There is no cooking and the result is delicious.

The following dishes are excellent, made with evaporated milk:

General Rules for Cream Soups

CREAM soups are a combination of white sauce and strained vegetable-pulps. The proportions generally used are:

2 or 3 Cupfuls Sifted Vegetables
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Cupful Evaporated Milk
3 Cupfuls Water
1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
1 Quart Liquid

COOK the vegetables until very tender, press through a strainer, and add the sifted pulp to a white sauce made from the other ingredients. If the soup is too thick it may be thinned with a little hot milk and water and more seasoning added. To make the soup richer add one beaten egg immediately before serving. Vegetables most commonly used are peas, beans, lentils, potatoes, corn, celery, spinach, and asparagus.

Rice Soup

1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Onion
½ Teaspoonful Salt
⅛ Teaspoonful Paprika
1¼ Cupfuls Cooked Rice
½ Cupful Evaporated Milk
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley

COOK the slice of onion in the milk in the double boiler for ten minutes. Add the rice water (left over from boiling rice). Make a white sauce, using the butter, flour, salt, paprika, and the liquid. Add parsley and serve at once.

White Sauce or Cream Gravy

(Foundation for creamed vegetables, fish, meat, etc.)

½ Cupful Evaporated Milk
½ Cupful Water
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter (or Other Fat)
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour

IN a saucepan melt the butter; to it add the flour and salt; when mixed to a smooth paste add gradually the milk and water mixture, which have been thoroughly blended together. Cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens; allow it to boil three minutes to thoroughly cook the starch, stirring to prevent scorching. It is then ready to serve over any cooked vegetable, such as carrots, peas, potatoes, corn, celery, cauliflower, etc.

Raisin Cookies

½ Cupful Butter or Shortening
½ Cupful Evaporated Milk
½ Cupful Water
2 Eggs
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Salt
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
2 Cupfuls Seeded Raisins
4 Cupfuls Flour, or Enough to Make the Dough Roll Thin

CREAM the butter or shortening with the sugar. Add salt, well-beaten eggs, and the evaporated milk, which has been diluted with water. Put the raisins through a food-chopper and then add to the above mixture. Sift two-thirds of the flour with the baking-powder and gradually add to the mixture. Then add the remaining flour, or enough to make the dough roll. Roll to one-eighth inch thickness, cut in any desired shape, and bake in a hot oven about eight to ten minutes.

"Whipped Cream"

PUT one cupful of evaporated milk in the top of a double boiler and cook for about twenty minutes. Cool. When thoroughly chilled add the white of an egg and beat until stiff. Add one-half teaspoonful vanilla and enough confectioner's sugar to suit the individual taste.

Welsh Rabbit with Evaporated Milk

1 Tablespoonful Shortening
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Cupful Water
½ Cupful Evaporated Milk
1½ Cupfuls Grated Cheese
1 Teaspoonful Worcestershire Sauce
} White Sauce
½ Teaspoonful Salt
⅛ Teaspoonful Paprika
2 Eggs

MAKE white sauce; add cheese and seasonings; add yolks of eggs, slightly beaten. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Serve on hot toast. Garnish with olives stuffed with pimientoes, sliced thin. Slice crosswise so the olive-slices appear as little green-and-red circles.

Nut and Date Pudding

½ Cupful Evaporated Milk
½ Cupful Water
1 Cupful Dry Bread-crumbs
1 Cupful Chopped Dates
1 Cupful Chopped English Walnuts
3 Eggs
1 Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt

BEAT the egg yolks and add to the milk and water and stir thoroughly. Add the remaining ingredients and beat the mixture until light. Add the egg whites, which have been beaten stiff. Put in a buttered baking-dish, cover the top with small pieces of butter, and bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven. This can be served with whipped evaporated milk.

Chicken à la King

1½ Tablespoonfuls Liquid Chicken-fat
1 Tablespoonful Cornstarch
¾ Cupful Chicken-stock
¾ Cupful Evaporated Milk
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Cold Cooked Chicken, Cut in Strips
½ Cupful Sauted Sliced Mushrooms-caps
¼ Cupful Pimientoes, Cut in Strips
1 Egg Yolk

HEAT the fat, add the corn-starch, and stir until well blended; then add gradually, while stirring constantly, the stock and milk. Bring to the boiling-point, add salt, chicken, mushrooms, and pimientoes. Just before serving add egg yolk, slightly beaten.

Evaporated Milk Ice-Cream

1 Cupful Canned Shredded Pineapple with Juice
¼ Cupful Bananas (Put Through Sieve)
½ Pint Cream
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Tall Can (1-pound Size) Evaporated Milk

MIX everything together; put in freezer and freeze. This is easily made, and is just as good as the more expensive custard foundation. This quantity is sufficient for a two-quart freezer. You can use this recipe and substitute strawberries, peaches, oranges, raspberries, or any crushed fruit. Add the lemon-juice to all fruits, as it is such an excellent combination. With fresh fruits use one cupful sugar; when canned, one-half cupful sugar is sufficient.

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Grape Jelly

Measure 7¼ level cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar and 4 cups bottled Grape juice into saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. Stir in 1 bottle (scant cup) Certo and bring again to a full boil for 1 minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim and pour quickly

Pineapple Jam

Use sliced or grated pineapple. If sliced pineapple is used, put slices through food chopper or chop fine. Mix the juice and chopped pineapple and measure 4 level cups into large pan. If necessary add water to fill 4th cup. Add 7½ level cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar, mix and bring to a vigorous boil, stirring constantly. *Boil hard* one minute. Remove from fire and stir in 1 bottle (scant cup) Certo. Skim and pour quickly.

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FRESH AIR, FREE VENTILATION, AND A VIEW FOR THE KITCHEN-WORKER

IS IT CHEAPER TO BUY OR RENT?

BY MAE SAVELL CROY

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the seventh article of Mrs. Croy's very helpful series, "Planning the House to Save Labor."

WHETHER or not it is less expensive to buy one's own home or to pay rent for the privilege of living in a house belonging to another is a matter of speculation.

If one does not want the responsibility of caring for a house, or if this responsibility weighs more heavily than the responsibility of providing the rent, then it is probably cheaper to pay rent. Also, if one lives in a locality where renting values are lower than is commensurate with the actual value of the house and land, or if the percentage on an investment, added to the taxes, insurance, and other set charges for building a house, amounts to more than rent, then it is cheaper to pay rent. Again, if one is engaged in a commercial venture where he receives a large percentage for money invested, larger than he would save by owning a home, then it is cheaper to pay rent.

But if none of these conditions prevail, the chances are that it is cheaper to buy.

It is usually less expensive for the salaried man, or the man with a limited income, to buy his own house. For one thing, it is a sure way for him to save money which otherwise might be frittered away. Reliable real-estate companies to-day are developing tracts of land and building houses for sale on which two mortgages can be placed, the company taking the second mortgage and giving the purchaser a certain length of time in which to pay it off in monthly instalments. Most of these companies provide for the monthly carrying charges to amount to a little more than the prospective buyer might pay for rent for the same class of house; but the advantage lies in the purchaser paying off something on his second mortgage each month, thereby acquiring more and more equity in the property as time goes on.

It should be noted, however, that terms as liberal as are here figured can usually be arranged only with concerns who are extremely anxious to sell their land, and who, for this reason, will be willing to carry the second mortgage for a period of years.

The actual figures for an investment of this sort, in the vicinity of New York city, made by a man who had formerly paid $60.00 per month for rent, are as follows:

Total cost of house and lot	$6,000.00
Paid in cash	1,000.00
Balance in mortgages	$5,000.00
First mortgage, $3,000.00	
Second mortgage (to run for 5 years), 2,000.00	
	$5,000.00

(A bonus is often required on a small mortgage.)

YEARLY CARRYING CHARGES

Taxes	$80.00
Water	10.00
Insurance	10.00
Repairs (practically no repairs for the first three years)	40.00
Interest on first mortgage at 6 per cent	180.00
Interest on second mortgage at 6 per cent	120.00
12 monthly payments on second mortgage	400.00
	$840.00
(Interest is reduced a little each month as the monthly payments are credited.) $840.00 divided by 12 equals a monthly payment of	$70.00
Interest on $1000.00, cash payment	5.00
	$75.00

At this rate the house cost $15.00 each month more than rent would have cost, but $400.00 per year is equity in the property, and after deducting this sum at the rate of $33.33 per month there remains a net outlay of $41.66 per month, which is to be compared with the $60.00 rental. After the second mortgage is paid off there will be deducted from the yearly carrying charges the interest on the second mortgage, $120.00, plus the 12 monthly payments, amounting to $400.00, or a total of $520.00 per year, which is equal to $43.33 per month, bringing the monthly cost of the house down to $32.67, which is in lieu of rent, and the owner has as equity the $3,000.00 invested in the property.

In another community where a more expensive type of house is built, the following figures prevail for a house costing $14,000.00. The builder of a house of this price would probably pay $125.00 to $150.00 per month rent for a house of the same class in a neighborhood with like advantages.

Total cost of house and lot	$14,000.00
20 per cent. paid in cash	2,800.00
Balance in mortgages	$11,200.00
First mortgage, 54 per cent. of value of property at 6 per cent	$7,500.00
Second mortgage (to run for 5 years)	3,700.00
	$11,200.00

YEARLY CARRYING CHARGES

Taxes	$168.00
Water	32.00
Insurance	24.00
Repairs	100.00
Interest on first mortgage at 6 per cent	450.00
Interest on second mortgage at six per cent	222.00
12 monthly payments on second mortgage	740.00
	$1,736.00
(Interest decreases each year as payments are made.) $1,736.00 divided by 12 equals a monthly payment of	$144.66

Of this $144.66 the monthly equity averages $61.66, leaving a difference of $83.00 per month. To this should be added the sum of $14.00 (the monthly interest on the $2,800.00 originally invested) and this will make $97.00, to be reckoned as the expense of the property in lieu of rent.

A first mortgage on a well-kept piece of property in a good locality is usually not difficult to renew, but after the second mortgage is paid off the conservative investor will apply his savings on the first mortgage.

Unless one can judge the construction of a house, or knows the seller to be honest, it is better to build a new house than to buy an old one, unless the old one is offered at a real and not at a supposed bargain. Also it is much easier to get mortgage-money on new property for a larger percentage of the value than upon an old piece of property. Buying a very old house cheap with a view to rebuilding often proves more expensive than to build anew.

PERHAPS the most important thing of all in building a house is the site. It should be in a neighborhood as pleasing to the eye as the purse will permit. If it is planned with a view to some day selling it (and all builders should keep this thought in mind, since none of us can foretell coming events), it will sell much more readily if it is attractively located. This does not necessarily mean that it must be in an expensive neighborhood. If possible to judge, which is not always the case, select a site in a neighborhood where the values are likely to increase, not decrease.

It is a good idea to compare the present tax-rate with that of former years. If it is decreasing, find out why. It may mean that the property is decreasing in value.

It is hardly necessary to say that the site should be high and well drained, otherwise there will be spent on doctor's bills probably all one is planning to save. No one should build or buy a house without knowing where the water-supply comes from, and that it is pure and healthful water. If a house is to be bought already built, inquiry should be made about the plumbing and sewage, and one should see for himself that the cellar floor is dry in *rainy* weather. Gas and electric rates should be inquired into, also facilities for marketing and shopping, and the school conditions.

Whether a house should be of wood, concrete and metal lath, concrete and hol-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

57

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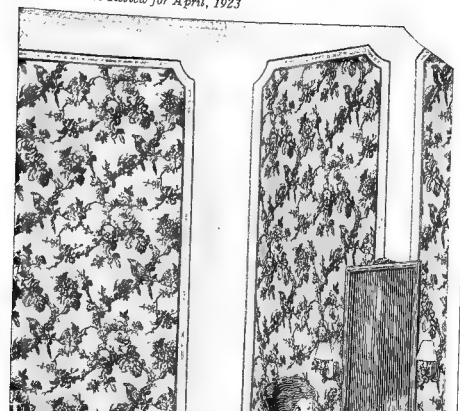

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

IS IT CHEAPER TO BUY OR RENT?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

low tile, brick or stone, depends entirely upon the taste and pocketbook of the owner. Stone and brick are more stable construction than concrete, and concrete likewise is more stable than frame, and the amount spent on repairs for stable construction naturally will amount to less than a house which is more easily damaged by the elements. In the days when frame houses were built of high-grade lumber, they were built to last two hundred years, tho it is always a question for debate as to whether any one should build a house with such duration of time in mind. Tho the house may last two hundred years, no purchaser will want it that long, and the style and type of house that will be desirable fifty years hence will probably be along very different lines from those we are building to-day—with regard to details at any rate.

Certainly the details of the house built fifty years ago are not in accordance with the modern woman's idea of planning to save labor, tho the plans of many of these houses can be readily altered to fit any phase of woman's work.

Brick, stone, or concrete houses require no painting as the years go by, except for the trim, which naturally must be of wood, while the frame house should be painted every three or four years to preserve the wood and keep the house attractive.

And all of these details should be taken into consideration in building or in buying a house, for unless one does there can be no sound conclusion as to whether it is cheaper to buy or to pay rent.

List of Features of This Labor-Saving House for the Small Lot

First Floor

1. Large coat-closet near entrance door.
2. Fireplace with damper and ash-dump installed. (Ashes are dumped into a receptacle in the cellar, whence they are removed once or twice a season, and there is no carrying of ashes over the living-room floor.)
3. Dumb-waiter placed in hall near kitchen, instead of in kitchen, as it will fit into convenient space on second floor.
4. Narrow-shelved storage-cupboard opposite dumb-waiter.
5. Portable kitchen cabinet at left of kitchen door, with a place for all utensils and all food-supplies in daily use, also a sugar-bin, flour-sifter, bread box and bread-board, spice-jars, etc.; making it convenient to do most of the work of preparing food on the table-leaf without extra steps.
6. Sliding door between kitchen and rear entrance to save wall-space and to have the door out of the way.
7. Gas-range.
8. Sink and drain-board set thirty-seven inches from floor to top of drain-board.
9. High stool for working at sink and drain-board.
10. A garbage-chute for depositing garbage in pail, which stands in the yard. The chute has a lid inside kitchen, and the other end fits into the lid of the garbage-pail; constructed of glazed sewer-pipe, easily cleaned and non-absorbent.
11. Small wall door for passing food and dishes to and from breakfast-alcove.
12. Electric dish-washer for washing dishes for half a dozen people in ten or fifteen minutes; not necessary to dry dishes; merely polish silver and glasses.
13. A built-in cupboard with shelves from floor to ceiling.
14. Breakfast-alcove, consisting of seats and table-leaf, which can be taken down, leaving space for a portable electric sewing-machine or for other purposes.
15. An additional built-in cupboard in alcove for storing food-supplies. (An extra closet for coats or brooms might be substituted for this cupboard.)
16. Hinged box-seats on back porch.
17. The wall between range and ice-box has asbestos filling to prevent heat from melting ice.

Second Floor

1. Two closets for each bedroom, except the small one over the kitchen.
2. Bathroom door convenient to each bedroom.
3. Passageway, with basin on one side and shelves on the other, between the two front bedrooms, making a suite of these two rooms.
4. Large linen-closet in bathroom.
5. Shower over tub.
6. Dumb-waiter at convenient place and opening into hall. The dumb-waiter shaft is used as a linen-chute when the dumb-waiter itself is run up higher than the opening. There is little additional expense in installing a dumb-waiter in a linen-chute. Strict adherence to straight wall-lines decreased the cost of construction of this house.

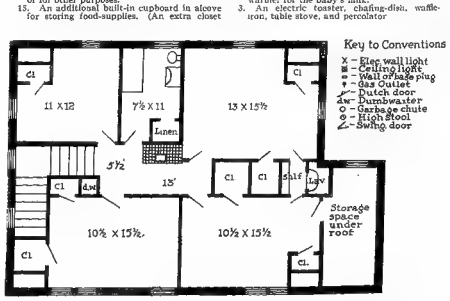
Cellar

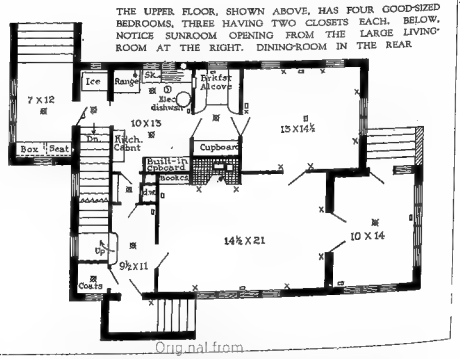
1. The laundry is in the basement, and is equipped with an electric washing-machine and wringer, an electrically operated and gas-heated ironing-machine, an ironing board hinged to the wall and swung upward when not in use, an indoor clothes-dryer, an electric iron, and an electric fluter.
2. An instantaneous and automatic gas water-heater supplies all hot-water outlets.
3. The cellar floor is dry in rainy weather, and there is cross-ventilation throughout.

Various Parts of the House

Electrical devices used in different rooms consist of:

1. An electric vacuum cleaner with attachments for cleaning draperies, mattresses, pillows, upholstery, and clothing.
2. An electric heating-pad and a bottle-warmer for the baby's milk.
3. An electric toaster, shaving-disk, waffle-iron, table stove, and percolator





THE UPPER FLOOR, SHOWN ABOVE, HAS FOUR GOOD-SIZED BEDROOMS, THREE HAVING TWO CLOSETS EACH. BELOW, NOTICE SUNROOM OPENING FROM THE LARGE LIVING-ROOM AT THE RIGHT. DINING-ROOM IN THE REAR

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

TO THE GROCERY FOR CHEESE, DRIED FRUITS AND MILK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

problem. We weighed the pits from a pound of each grade to find out the comparative waste and the real cost of the fruit. We found quite a difference in the price of the small prunes and the other grades! We found that we were getting one more ounce of pulp on the thirty-nine-cent prunes than on those which cost nineteen cents, but the extra ounce of pulp was actually costing us twenty cents.

It is true that the expensive prunes were large, meaty, black, and shiny, but if you were going to use the prunes in prune-whip, who would ever know that there was a difference in the grade used? The flavor of the four grades was surprizingly alike Weighing the prunes taught us two valuable facts: first, that the housewife can not always trust her eyes to tell her the absolute truth, and, second, that there are different uses for almost all grades of goods in the market, and that we should often keep more than one grade of a kind on our shelf.

There are a variety of raisins for the housekeeper to choose from: cluster raisins, delicious for eating; loose raisins, that is raisins free from the cluster, the kind grandmother used and seeded herself (these are not found in all stores), and seeded and seedless raisins. No matter in which form you choose them, the raisins should be plump and soft. We found cluster raisins at forty-five cents a pound, loose at forty cents a pound, and a fifteen-ounce package of both seeded and seedless at nineteen cents each. Raisins have long been a favorite in cooking, but have you ever tried curried lamb with raisins? The raisins are put in after the meat is done and just before the curry-powder is added

Good dates should be clean and free from worm-holes and not sticky or gummy. Package dates while more expensive are generally a better buy than bulk, which are rarely satisfactory because they are so apt to be dirty and difficult to clean. Dates keep well, so when buying note the cost per ounce and see if the large box is not a decided advantage. We paid twenty-five cents for a ten-ounce package and ten cents for a three-ounce package of the same brand of dates.

By way of variety try combining the dried fruits instead of always cooking them separately. Stewed prunes and apricots or prunes and figs are very good cooked together, and so are dried apples and raisins. Pears cooked with figs and ginger are also delicious.

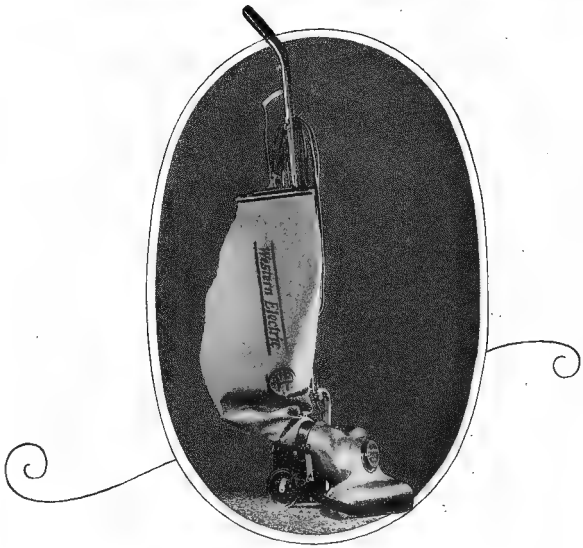
Milk Dried and Canned

DOES your regular milk-supply ever run short? Do you know how convenient it is to have some milk on your emergency shelf? We all agree that fresh whole milk is the ideal milk for the family, but there are times when there is a question as to the purity of the local milk-supply or there is no ice available to keep the milk in good condition. Perhaps the needs of the family are uncertain, and the housekeeper wants an emergency supply to fall back on. The camper or traveler wants a supply of milk that is easily carried and ready for immediate use.

Dried or powdered milk is rather a new product on the grocer's shelf, and the housekeeper has not yet realized how valuable it is. Only fresh, clean, tested milk is used for drying Milk is eighty-seven per cent. water and most of this is removed in the process. All that is required is the addition of water to the dried milk to bring it back to a liquid.

Powdered milk comes in two forms: whole milk and skim-milk. Both keep well, the whole milk about three months and the skim-milk powder much longer. It is an economy to have both, for the powdered milks can be used satisfactorily in cocoas, soups, sauces, and puddings. A quart of milk made from skim-milk powder costs about nine cents and from whole milk about eighteen cents. When the reconstituted milk is to be used for the table, if possible, mix the powdered milk with ice water and let it stand overnight to reoxygenate the milk. In warm weather it is not possible to let the milk stand for that length of time unless you have ice.

A reliable grocer told us that most of his customers ask him for a "can of milk," not knowing or thinking it worth while to tell him the size of the can or the kind of canned milk that they desired. Do you know the difference between evaporated and condensed milk? Evaporated milk is unsweetened canned milk, milk from which part of the water has been removed by evaporation and the product sterilized in the cans after the sealing. Condensed milk is a canned sweetened milk from which part of the water has been evaporated. The two kinds of canned milk are quite different as to flavor and consistency, and frequently the housewife does not want to use a sweetened product, so it is well to say which you want. We have found that if canned milk is to be kept in the house for only occasional use, in small quantity, the small cans are the best buy, but if the canned milk is to be used in ice-creams, puddings, etc., the large cans are a decided saving. We were four cents ahead through purchasing a large can of evaporated milk rather than getting the same quantity by way of small cans.



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Have your dealer send a Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper to your home for demonstration. See how easy it makes a hard job. Then ask yourself if you can get along another week without one.

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THEY STAGE THE MODERN WOMAN

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY

Photo by Maurice Goldberg

SUSAN GLASPELL

Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

RACHEL CROTHERS

THE women of history and of tradition have come down to us man-made enigmas of wickedness, of beauty, of virtue, or of weakness. There was no member of their own sex to tell their stories, to take their part before the bar of history. They had to depend upon Hebrew prophets and Greek philosophers to give them substance. Hence such characters as Delilah and Jezebel, Mother Eve and Pandora, Flora Copperfield and the Sphinx of the desert.

But now at last we are confronted with a group of women dramatists who are giving expression to new ideas —ideas that would never have been exposed if all our playwrights were to be men, since these dramatists are taking the woman's part in the drama of life as only women can see it.

History would read very differently had it been dramatized from the woman's angle as the plays of these women are dramatized. There are four of them whose work is particularly worthy of consideration, whose plays you probably have seen but whose names you may not know: Susan Glaspell, Zoe Akins, Rachel Crothers, and Clare Kummer.

LET us first introduce you then to Susan Glaspell, that dark-eyed woman of genius who somehow manages to give sympathetic understanding to the discouraging stacks of unwashed dishes of the farm women of Iowa whom she knew in her youth, and to the ultramodern complexes of the ultramodern woman whom she herself has become; Susan Glaspell, who is that delightful paradox of an advanced feminist in New York's freethinking Bohemia, a woman very much in love with her husband!

Her plays, her novels—in which she has won nation-wide renown—and her magazine short stories all have a whimsical trick of revealing first the one side of her and then the other. But before analyzing her character, first picture her as the eyes behold her, the woman as I saw her in a little town up in the Catskills, where she had slipped away for a month to work on a new play. Slim, brown, and strong, with straight, dark bobbed hair—not the flapper cut; more like Joan of Arc's coiffure—an elfin smile and a piquant nose, a rough tweed skirt and a sweater in yellows and browns, a swinging, free stride. A woman somewhere past thirty-five, but suggesting a friendly boy instead of a famous woman. Really famous women have a disconcerting way anyhow of being friendly to out-of-door dogs, to their cooks, and to other women.

I like to remember Susan swinging through the snow-incrusted forest. Her own charm was like that of the Winter walk, where you can not sit and let nature drift over your senses in the luxurious laziness of sensuous Summer. You must be up and doing to keep up with her thought-provoking sentences, her flashes of genius, her logic and her illogic. Or you are left cold and lonely instead of tingling and stimulated. Here again I found the two women in one: the gay, out-of-doors companion, and the daring, scintillating, intellectual rebel.

Her theme, that same daring theme which is shot tantalizingly through her latest play, "The Verge": that whatever is tried and proved is perhaps not often worth keeping, for the very reason that whatever is proved is finished; that when growth has ceased, stagnation must come. This is the ultra-modern freethinking side of Susan Glaspell, not her daughter of Iowa side. It is "The Verge" which reveals this Susan Glaspell; but when the daughter of Iowa is in the ascendency the playwright gives up the secrets of her heart.

As I write I can hear her rippling voice in the cold, crisp air, now earnest with thought, now merry as a schoolgirl's, as we clambered over a frozen mountain brook.

"The abnormal may mean only above the average," she suggests. "And what right have you to call a mind unbalanced on the evidence that it does not balance with yours?" And again: "The radicals who are not content with the old order are the material of which adventurers have always been made. Our first apelike ancestor—what an adventurer he was when he started man's making by thag radical move of standing up on his hind legs! Oh, the shock that it was to his conservative ape neighbors! I have ancestors, less distant, tho, who were radicals, too. They were the hardy adventurers who forsook safe, tamed Ohio for wild, menacing Iowa. They were going on with America's making instead of resting on what those radical Pilgrim Fathers had made."

And Susan Glaspell would have us still at this business of tearing down old beliefs that new beliefs might be built up; of tearing down old institutions for the building up of new institutions, "lest we forget that man's in the making and not made."

It is in a world of real and of imitation freethinkers that Susan Glaspell lives and moves and has her being. She is a member of the artists' and writers' colony of New York's far-famed Greenwich Village. She and her husband are equal partners in work. Together they wrote the play "Suppressed Desires," which is so much used in amateur performances in the various "little theaters" over the country. He is the manager and director of the Provincetown Players' Theater in Greenwich Village, where her plays are often produced. He was a professor in a college in Iowa before he began going in for experimental stage art.

But we have not space to discuss Miss Glaspell's husband. In fact, when writing of a really up-to-date radical, you are not constrained to include the "husband" or "wife" as when giving invitations in formal society. For Miss Glaspell is a conscientious member of the Save Your Own Name Club. And if she made formal calls—which she doesn't—the engraving on the cards would not appear as "Mrs. George Cram Cook."

In the community in which she lives marriage and housekeeping are considered side issues; and there are no children in the Cook-Glaspell partnership to fix woman's place unequivocally in the home. When they are in the small house which they own in Greenwich Village, they are apt to take their meals in an Italian restaurant in the neighborhood. When they are in the little fishermen's village on the end of Cape Cod, where they spend their Summers, the housekeeping arrangements are as unpretentious as the meals of the simple fisherfolk about them.

Understand such "light housekeeping" does not mean laziness; it merely indicates a world where bridge clubs and the opinions of neighbors cease their troubling. And the real ambition of Susan Glaspell is not to get greater royalties, not even to write superplays, but to help the other women of America to realize that they must strip their housekeeping and their lives of the "unessentials" so that there may be time for the pleasures of the mind, for development of the mind, for humanity's "evolution."

She would have us free forever of our dread of what the neighbors think. This is the real concern of the daughter of Iowa. For you can't get away from it: back of it all was a little girl in Iowa who confesses that she was a nice little girl with pigtails, who was "teacher's pet," who was not misunderstood at home, and who carried a nice red apple to school in one of those little woven lunch-boxes of the nineties. And there was a mother who believed in a young girl's talent long before her first story was sold.

FROM her fifteenth birthday Susan Glaspell's gift was given right of way. "Susan is writing—no, you can't interrupt her." And there was no way ever discovered to get past Susan's mother. By the time the young writer was twenty the fruit-tree warmed by the sun of mother-love was bearing. She had sold her first story to *Harper's Magazine* for one hundred dollars.

I have a suspicion that this mother, who still lives and rejoices in her daughter's success, is the real reason why Susan Glaspell has never lost her tender understanding of the heart of the average woman; why she has never acquired a snobbish mental attitude toward the rank and file of us mere women; why she has kept her respect for the minds of the women whom she would free from the tyranny of the "little conventions."

As witness the one-act play "Trifles," in which you may discover the emotional side of Susan Glaspell. Here is no trace of ultra-modern propaganda. I read it first in magazine form under the title of "A Jury of Her Peers," and never have I forgotten the poignant dramatic picture of the two farm women to whom the realization has come that a neighbor has murdered her husband. Before those two women there is unrolled the proof of the meanness of that husband; of his little household meannesses such as only a woman knows; of his final sin of strangling the song-canary, which was the only living creature that the drab little lonely wife had to love. Driven to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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CLARE KUMMER

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ZOE AKINS

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You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Is your skin pale and sallow?

—How you can rouse it

Sleep, fresh air, the right food—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must be given special care, if you wish it to have the brilliant loveliness of which it is capable.

Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, use the following treatment to give it color and life:

ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

How you can tell that your skin is responding

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage — it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more stimulating form of cleansing. After a few treatments this drawn sensation will disappear. You will be surprised at the difference even two or three of these treatments will make in your complexion.

In the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap special treatments are given for each type of skin and its needs.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles, make it ideal for regular use.

Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the following Woodbury skin preparations:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.
With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 304 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 304 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

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Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking

© THE R. L. W. CO.

ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.

Shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

How to prevent this coating

To have beautiful hair you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo is not only expecially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possibly injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather. The lather rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to see how beautiful you can make your hair look, set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children —Fine for Men

Mulsified

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

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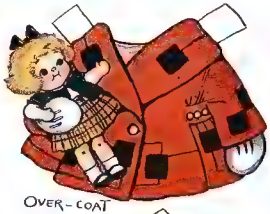
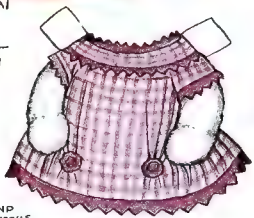
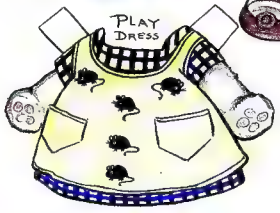
DOLLY DINGLE'S KITTY DRESSES UP

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON







KITTY wished she was "real folks", like her little Missie Dolly Dingle, so when she met a Fairy she begged so hard that the Fairy granted her wish. Oh, mercy me! but Kitty was pleased. She bought heaps of pretty clothes and a pink parasol, and she was awfully happy for a short time. But she couldn't climb trees, and was told it was very rude to chase mice—no little lady Kitty could do such a thing. So she ran to the Fairy and begged to be just a cozy pet again. She said she had learned her lesson and would never again want to be anything but her own dear little self. I wish we could all learn as good a lesson.

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GLADYS HALLOS, as demure and quaint as a Gainsborough beauty, sings a leading role in that tuneful musical production, "The Lady in Ermine," one of the season's real successes starring Ina Ba[illegible]

MILDRED [illegible]PIK, a capt[illegible] brunette, is a member of the splendid cast of that successful operetta, "Be[illegible] Time." Upper [illegible] singer [illegible]

MAUDE HIMER [illegible] and charming, appears in the delightful and entertaining musical play "In Spring Time I Wish." At right [illegible]

Google

Nature's Own Color

The soft, rich, green color of Palmolive Soap is the natural color of the rich oils from which it is blended.

Nature put the color in these oils, just as she does in grass and foliage.

It might as well be said that flowers, trees and grass are artificially colored as to say it of the green of Palmolive.

Palm and olive oils not only impart their color to Palmolive Soap—they also give it their own soothing mildness. The rich, creamy Palmolive lather is lotion-like in its effect on the skin. It is ideal facial soap.

The Springtime of Life

—How to keep that youthful bloom throughout the years

THE joyous time—the time of youth and blooming, when every young girl should charm the world with her flower-like freshness. This greatest of all attractions is girlhood's rightful heritage as well as the most admired beauty of later years. The pretty girl will mature into the beautiful woman if she keeps that schoolgirl complexion.

Don't let it fade

All too often this alluring schoolgirl complexion is allowed to vanish with schoolgirl days. Yet simple treatment following school-days will retain it as the greatest attraction of mature years.

Be careful how you cleanse your skin—don't let harsh methods rob it of its natural delicate texture. Or, just as dangerous to complexion health, don't omit the daily washing with soap and water for fear that its action is too harsh.

Instead, choose the facial soap which you know is so mild and soothing that it keeps the most sensitive skin smooth and soft.

This soap is Palmolive, as millions of women already know. It is blended from Palm and Olive oils, known since the days of ancient Egypt as nature's beautifying cleansers.

These two rare oriental oils, by whose aid Cleopatra kept her youth, impart their mildness to the smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive. It cleanses thoroughly, removing every trace of the oil, dirt and perspiration which otherwise clog the skin pores. It leaves your skin soft and glowing with a delightful sensation of freshness.

Used regularly, every day, Palmolive keeps your complexion fine of texture and free from blackheads and blotches. Yet it never robs the skin of its own beautifying oil provided by nature to keep it smooth.

Apply a touch of cold cream after gently drying your face with a soft fine towel. Normally oily skins won't need it except possibly when the weather is very cold.

A low-priced luxury

If you imagine that Palmolive, because of its superfine qualities, must be very expensive, you are wrong. While in Cleopatra's days Palm and Olive oil was the luxury of the rich, modern manufacturing methods combined with world-wide popularity makes Palmolive a low-priced soap.

We import these rare oils in enormous quantities and the Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the demand. Palmolive is only 10c a cake—a price which puts it within the reach of all for general toilet use.

Palm and Olive Oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also makers of Palmolite Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

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A Twin Skin-Treatment for Your Complexion

Protection by Day, with Pompeian Day Cream

IT is hard to think of the sun and the wind as injurious influences; yet to the delicate skin of the refined woman neither is an unmixed blessing.

Both sunburn and windburn are drying, roughening and coarsening to the complexion; while the dust that accompanies wind tends to clog the pores.

Pompeian Day Cream is a harmless preparation of exquisite fineness made to protect the skin during the activities of the day from exposure to the elements.

Not Entirely Oilless

Unlike some "disappearing" creams, Pompeian Day Cream is not entirely oilless; on the contrary, it contains just sufficient oil to make it desirable for naturally dry as well as for normal or oily skins, and to offset the drying effects of sun and wind.

To all appearances Pompeian Day Cream vanishes upon application; actually it leaves an invisible film on the skin which serves as a protection against weather; furthermore, this soft, dull film eliminates and prevents shine and makes a powder foundation to which Pompeian Beauty Powder will adhere evenly and smoothly for a long time.

The sleeping hours may be made a period of benefit or of harm to the complexion, according to whether the skin is properly prepared for natural restoration or carelessly left to the heavy hand of time.

If a woman retires with her pores filled with the dust and grime of the day, with her skin dried and roughened, wrinkled by mental concentration or worry, then the night hours will serve to perpetuate these faults.

How to Keep the Skin in Condition

But if she will follow the simple night treatment recommended in connection with Pompeian Night Cream she can clear the pores, soften and soothe the skin, relax the facial muscles, subdue the wrinkles, and nourish the underlying tissues.

First, a cleansing with Pompeian Night Cream, then a second application gently smoothed into the pores, and she is ready to let the great restorer, "balmy sleep," repair the ravages of the day.

Restoration by Night, with Pompeian Night Cream

The twin complexion treatment of Pompeian Day Cream and Pompeian Night Cream provides the two essentials of day-time protection and night-time restoration. If faithfully used, these two preparations alone will enable any woman to greatly prolong her hold on a youthful complexion.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM.....50c *per jar* POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER....60c *per box*
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (*vanishing*) 60c *per jar* POMPEIAN BLOOM (*the rouge*) ....60c *per box*

Mary Pickford Panel and Samples

Send the coupon with ten cents for beautiful new 1923 Pompeian Art Panel of Mary Pickford. With this panel we send samples of Pompeian Night Cream, Day Cream, Beauty Powder and Bloom.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2277 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian Creams

(VANISHING)

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.

What a Little Care of the Skin Will Do

By MME. JEANNETTE

Once I asked a friend why she bought so many hats. I couldn't help it, for each time I saw her she wore a new one.

"Because I am tired of my face," she said, "and since I can't change it, I can at least wear something above it that is pretty, and cheers me up to look at."

No wonder she was tired of her face. There were weary lines about her eyes and mouth; her skin was marred by dark patches, where dust had collected in the pores; and her whole face looked uncared for and unwholesome.

"How much time do you spend in a month, buying hats?" I asked. She could not say exactly, but admitted she was constantly shopping for them.

"And how much time do you give to the care of your skin?"

She shook her head in an annoyed way, and said, "Why bother with a face like mine?"

I saw that she was thoroughly discouraged with her appearance, and although I was sorry for her, I was angry too. For her eyes and brows were lovely, and her features, though not beautiful, had the winning charm that irregularity often gives.

It was the tired lines and poor complexion that prevented her from being a very pretty woman.

"If you would spend just a tiny fraction of the time you give to buying hats on caring for your complexion," I told her, "you would save a lot of money, and be a far happier woman."

I told her to bathe her face with warm water (not hot) and then to cover it with Pompeian Night Cream, patting in gently with the tips of the fingers. The pores, made receptive by the warm water, drink in eagerly this good pure cream. Then with absorbent cotton softly remove the cream. All dust particles that may have collected during the day will be taken away and the pores allowed to breathe freely through the night.

I made my friend promise that she would devote a short time every day to the care of her skin and let me know how she liked it.

Yesterday I saw her again—and what a change! The lines were noticeably fewer and fainter, all the dark patches had disappeared, and, best of all, I saw a happy smiling light in her lovely eyes!

"Well," I said, "I think I've seen that hat before. Haven't you bought a new one lately?" "I haven't bought a new hat this month," she laughed. "And I'll tell you what you did for me—you taught me that I had a dirtier face than any little schoolgirl. I would not have believed that my skin could ever be so white and smooth again. I've done just what you told me to do with Pompeian Night Cream, and I'm so interested in my improved looks now that I've forgotten all about new hats."

—::—

If your skin is of the oily type you should not use a greasy cream by day, confining your use of such preparation to retiring time.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is so soft and fine in texture that it goes on evenly and smoothly. You will find that it adheres well, so that you are spared the embarrassment of frequent re-powdering in public.

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND
For Mary Pickford Panel and four samples

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2277 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN BABYCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

WHEN BABY IS FIFTEEN MONTHS OLD

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Your quarterly report about little Paul reached me safely this morning, and I am glad it was such a good one. Here are the answers to your questions, according to number:

1. "Please tell me what the Government gives as the normal weight and height for a boy baby fifteen months of age."

Ans.—The weight of the average boy baby fifteen months of age is 23½ pounds and his height 30¾ inches. Your little Paul comes very nearly up to these figures, so I think you may be satisfied with his development in these respects.

2. "Paul has cut his two other lower incisor teeth and two of his first double teeth in the lower jaw during the last three months, so that he now has ten teeth. Will he be likely to cut any more soon, and if so which ones?"

Ans.—Yes, he should cut the first two double teeth in the upper jaw now at any time, and when he is from eighteen to twenty-four months old he should cut the canine teeth or, as mothers usually call them, "eye- and stomach-teeth."

3. "Paul walks alone very well now, but toes in a little sometimes, especially when he is tired. Do you think he is really pigeon-toed, or will he come out all right without any special treatment for this?"

Ans.—Most babies toe in a little when they are learning to walk. From what you tell me, I do not think Paul is any worse than the average baby. He should wear stiff-soled laced shoes, not slippers nor ankle-ties. If there is any real trouble the shoe may be built up on one side later on, when he is a little older, but I doubt if this will be necessary in his case.

4. "Should Paul use his go-cart now, or may I allow him to walk in the street as the days become warmer? He often gets restless in his carriage while we are out."

Ans.—Paul is still too young to walk in the street. He should use his go-cart until he is at least eighteen months of age, and even then you should always take his go-cart with you and make him take frequent rests in it.

5. "Please describe a little boy's clothing from the time he is fifteen to eighteen months of age. I do not know whether I am making Paul look enough like a boy now."

Ans.—Little boys of this age usually wear a silk-and-wool band, shirt, cotton waist, Canton flannel drawers, flannel skirt, stockings, garters, shoes, and either dresses, cut after some of the baby boy patterns, or else rompers, as the mother prefers. In warm weather the flannel skirt is not needed with rompers; a lighter-weight silk-and-wool band may be used and the shirt omitted on warm days. There are many pretty styles for dresses and rompers that are decidedly boylike, so that you should not have any trouble in dressing Paul like a real boy now.

I am sending you a leaflet on dressing babies and older children which may help you somewhat from the hygienic point of view. For all advice about styles and suitable materials for the different patterns you may select, write to the Pattern Department. I will be glad to send my leaflet to any other mother provided she will enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request.

6. "Paul has a very good appetite, and often seems to want more than I give him now. Is it all right to give a larger quantity of the different foods on your diet-list, or shall I restrict him absolutely to the amounts you mention on the list? Also what else may I add, now that he is fifteen months old?"

Ans.—Children do not know when they have had enough to eat in many cases; you may give from one-half to one level tablespoonful more of the different articles on the daily menu I sent you last time, but not more. I am afraid if you allowed Paul to eat as much as he wants he would be a very restless sleeper. As he gains well and is the average weight now, I think he is getting about all he can stand, but you may give him a little more variety now. Begin with one tablespoonful of well-cooked spinach, strained through a sieve. Add this to his dinner meal at 2 P. M. Carrots, stewed celery, young, tender beets, asparagus-tips, peas, and string-beans may also be gradually added. Try to give him as great a variety as you can obtain. This will be easier as the weather gets a little warmer and more green vegetables are found in the market. Children need green vegetables very much, as they supply iron and valuable vitamins as well as form a residue in the intestines which helps to prevent or overcome constipation. The vegetable soups you have been using for some time should still be continued and they are mentioned on your diet-list; vegetable pulp also is now needed.

When you write to me again, at the time Paul is eighteen months of age, I shall mail you a new diet-list, with rather a different plan, but until that time the list you have, with the above additions, will be enough for him. Mothers are much more apt to overfeed than to underfeed, so do not make this mistake in the case of little Paul.

7. "Now that Paul runs about so much in the house, he often meets with slight accidents, which I do not quite know how to treat. Can you help me here? I want to know what to do for a little cut, a slight burn, and a bump or bruise."

Ans.—For a slight cut apply tincture of iodin to the wound and its surrounding tissues, and carefully wash out with clear, cold boiled water all dirt or other foreign matter. Bring the edges of the cut together as well as you can, and apply a little pad of sterile gauze, then bandage. If you exert a little pressure by means of the pad any bleeding will usually stop. A slight burn where the skin is unbroken may be dusted with a little bicarbonate of soda, then covered with a thin layer of cotton and bandaged to keep out the air. If a blister forms be careful not to remove it, but prick it at one corner with a sterile needle so that the fluid runs out, then apply a wet dressing of one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in one pint of sterile water.

A bump or bruise may be treated by hot applications, or by compresses, wrung out of hot water, for the first five or ten minutes; next apply cold compresses either of very cold water or some evaporating lotion like witch-hazel. If treated quickly, it is sometimes possible to prevent much swelling and discoloration.

8. "What shall I do if Paul swallows a button or something like that?"

Ans.—Examine his throat with your finger, trying to make him vomit. If the object has passed into the stomach give a soft food like oatmeal, potatoes, or bread to coat the object and bring it through the intestines. Do not give an emetic nor a cathartic. Watch all bowel-movements, and if nothing has been passed within a week, or there is any pain, have an X-ray picture taken by an expert.

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our special Correspondence Course in Babycraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. If you want help for older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class, and you will be assisted in their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

No letters will be answered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Refreshment without risk

WHEN you feel worn out and nerves are a-jangle from the daily grind—that is nature's danger signal. Good food, a *wholesome* hot drink and rest are the only safe ways to restore vigor and freshness.

A good hot drink, such as Postum, that contains no treacherous stimulant, is one of the surest, safest helps in relieving fatigue.

The genial warmth of this famous cereal beverage, its delicious flavor and "body" give immediate satisfaction. Tired nerves are soothed—not stirred up at the expense of vital energy.

Postum *tastes* like coffee but it does not contain a particle of coffee. Coffee is likely to let you down; but Postum comforts and satisfies without any disagreeable after-effects.

Postum is the world's household drink that every member of the family—young and old—can enjoy.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared; made by boiling fully 20 minutes.

Postum
FOR HEALTH
"There's a Reason"

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Make This Gown Yourself with Belding's Silks

The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost about $19.90 for Belding's Taffeta or Belding's Chiffon de Chine or $21.20 for Belding's Crêpe de Chine. Use Pictorial Review Pattern No. 1580 requiring in size 36, 6¾ yards of Belding's 36-inch Taffeta or Belding's 36-inch Chiffon de Chine, or 6¾ yards of Belding's 40-inch Crêpe de Chine.

Sixty Years of Enduring Quality

For sixty years, "Belding's has stood for fabrics of *enduring quality* whose beauty conserved all the original strength of the pure silk.

If you really want to be satisfied with your finished garments, look for "Belding's" in the selvage of the silks you buy.

Your gowns, your linings, your lingerie—every garment in your wardrobe will look smarter and wear longer if it is made with Belding's Silks.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City

Belding's

Makers of Enduring Silks—Fabrics—Embroidery—Sewing Silks

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

WEIGHTY ADVICE FOR THE TOO-TOO-THINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

solutely refuses to take more? What are you going to do?

This, my dear would-be plumper. You are going to discipline your stomach to accommodate more foods of the right sort. As surely as you do this you are going to learn to like them also. You know the little verse which ends, "We first endure, then pity, then embrace." It is going to apply to good food even more appropriately than it does to vice.

In my advice to my overweight followers the first thing I have them do is to shrink their stomachs by first going on a three-day liquid diet not totaling over 600 calories a day. When I say stomach I refer to that anatomical part of the intestinal tract which receives the food after it is swallowed and not that frontal prominence variously designated as bay-window, aldermanic front, etc. That is the abdomen, not the stomach.

The advice I am going to give you is just the reverse of what I have given them. Your stomach is already shrunk so that it is difficult for it to hold enough food for your needs. So instead of shrinking your stomach you must stretch it, so that it can accommodate more food. And just as surely as the members of the F. F. F. get results by shrinking their stomachs so will you get results by stretching yours.

The stomach is a muscular organ and its muscles can be trained just as well as can other muscles, and in training its muscles you will also train its digestive glands to pour out more and a better grade of secretion to care for the food you will give it.

THERE are many other things to be considered in this weight-gaining business, and we will come to them later. Now let us get back to your stomach. You tell me that your stomach seems to get filled up very easily and you are sure that when that stage is reached you can not eat another mouthful. But you can, and that is what you are going to do.

When you have eaten all that you think you can, you are going to eat just a little more. Not very much at first, but you are going to make your stomach know that you are wise to its shirking and that you are going to make it do a little extra work each day. And when it realizes that you mean business it will respond nobly.

Perhaps you will take a little more cream, one of the best of the fattening foods. Perhaps you will take 100 calories more of oil (1 tablespoonful) on your salad and add another slice of whole-wheat bread or another potato. If you can't bear oil on your salads take a large tablespoonful, as you would a medicine, three or four times a day, beginning with small amounts and gradually increasing them. If you will eat a little orange-peel before and after, you will not notice the taste. Cod-liver oil is better than olive-oil for this, for it is full of vitamins.

After you have accustomed your stomach to a little more food than formerly, at your meals, then as a little extra measure suppose you break an egg into the juice of one orange and swallow the mixture whole. Do this, let us say, after two meals each day for three days, then the fourth day take it after three meals a day. Taking the three eggs and three oranges will be adding over 400 calories a day to your intake. If this agrees with you, you can add another yolk to the mixture.

Now you will be adding approximately 600 calories a day to your intake. I have known many underweight persons who have gained their needed pounds simply by this one procedure alone. The eggs will contain about 200 calories of protein, and as you need only 250 to 350 calories of protein a day you had better limit your meat to once a day and perhaps take a smaller amount of it.

If you take these eggs down in one swallow in the orange-juice, no matter how much you might detest them ordinarily, you will find that they are not difficult if taken in this manner. They are very easily digested in this form, and most any stomach can care for them.

Egg yolks have a large content of the best possible form of iron, and this will help overcome your anemia. Speaking of iron, remember a serving of spinach or redroot or dock-greens has even more iron than a half dozen eggs. However, it hasn't the fattening value.

Another food for gaining as well as for the maintenance of health, is milk. Milk is the only food that has the correct proportion of the different food elements necessary to sustain animal life in its infancy, so its protein, fats, and sugar are ideal. It is true that cow's milk was intended for calves and goat's milk for goats, but that is no reason why we can't use it. Quite the reverse!

The exclusive milk diet is most excellent for gaining or losing weight, the results depending of course on the amount of milk consumed a day. If you can go to an institution and take the milk diet it will be splendid for you. You can take the diet at your own home by getting a text-book on the subject and following directions.

One glass of milk is equivalent to 160 calories. If you should do nothing in this getting-fat routine but drink a glass of milk between meals and one before going to bed you would add over 600 calories to your diet. Six hundred calories are equivalent to more than one-eighth of a pound a day, or about fifty pounds in a year. Do you want to gain more than that? Of course it has got to be in excess of your maintenance to register as fat.

What other factors besides not eating enough have helped to keep you thin? Have you been nervous and temperamental and constipated? You probably have been constipated because you haven't eaten enough. Have you not slept well? Your nervous system is probably on a hair-trigger tension all of the time, and you are emotionally unstable? Your emotional reactions to the ordinary little disagreeable things that come to us all are away out of proportion to their importance? Isn't it so?

I believe the chief reason for all this is because you have not been eating enough to get the elements that are needed for your system in general and your nerves in particular. In other words, you have been starving yourself. And starvation, in itself is a disease. There are actual changes in the nerve-tissues and in the organs when there has been prolonged undernutrition.

You will find you sleep much better when you are better nourished. I don't have to remind you that it is important to have fresh air in your sleeping-room and to be out-of-doors as much as possible, but I will by inserting this. You should rest at least eight or nine hours at night and take a nap or lie down for a rest-period in the daytime.

There is one other little thing you can do to help you gain. I read a report recently of the effects of thorough massage with leaf-lard once or twice a day on an insane patient who was extremely emaciated and refused to gain while apparently eating well. The physicians reported that not only did the patient gain in weight but that shortly after beginning the treatment he spoke rationally for the first time in years. You might *try* nourishing oil rubs.

There is another bromide that I should have spoken of, and that is just as fallacious as the bromide "He eats so much that it makes him thin to carry it around." It is this: "The food you have no appetite for does you no good," and its corollary, "You should not eat unless you have an appetite."

Do you imagine that the Strassburg geese that are stuffed to make them fat have an appetite for their food or enjoy it? No! But they get fat nevertheless. I speak authoritatively for these. Yes, I see that I have given a good chance to those who have been broadcasting these other ideas for a retort. But I never let little things like that worry me. That is one of the reasons why I don't have to worry about being thin.

THERE is another statement that is made that belongs to the bromidic school and has helped the thin to stay thin: "It isn't what you eat, but what you assimilate." It is true that you must assimilate much, but I maintain that you don't assimilate much for the simple reason that you don't eat enough to assimilate much. However, we will say that it is possible that some of you do eat too much. That is easily determined by counting your calories. (It is also possible that you have had enough calories, but they have not been properly balanced.)

If you find that you have been taking too many, then cut them down and see how it works. But remember that you need a goodly amount to maintain you in your activities. And if you want to gain you have got to have more than you need or else you won't have any to store away.

You have been advised never to eat unless you enjoy your food and to avoid eating as a mere duty. I tell you to discard that advice. *Do* eat whether you enjoy it or not, and *do* eat as a matter of duty.

Once the food is in your system, whether you like it or not, a large part of it will be assimilated. Perhaps not so well nor so readily, for we do find that the enjoyment of food adds to the efficiency of the digestive juices.

There is a small bird, called the ortolan, which is highly esteemed by the Italian gormands. When it is fat it is very delicious, but as it feeds normally only once a day, when the sun rises, it usually has no fat on it. So the Italians confine these birds in a darkened room and succeed in getting them to eat four or five times a day in the following manner:

They put a lantern at the orifice in the room. The ortolans, thinking the sun has risen, hop around and eat. The lantern is withdrawn and they are left in darkness four or five hours. Now the lantern is again put in place. The ortolans, evidently an unsuspicious, guileless type of bird, thinking the sun has risen again to perform its duty of telling them it is time to eat, hop down from their perches and busy themselves very seriously and dutifully with their breakfast.

Apparently they keep no track of time, and do not suspect that only four hours

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

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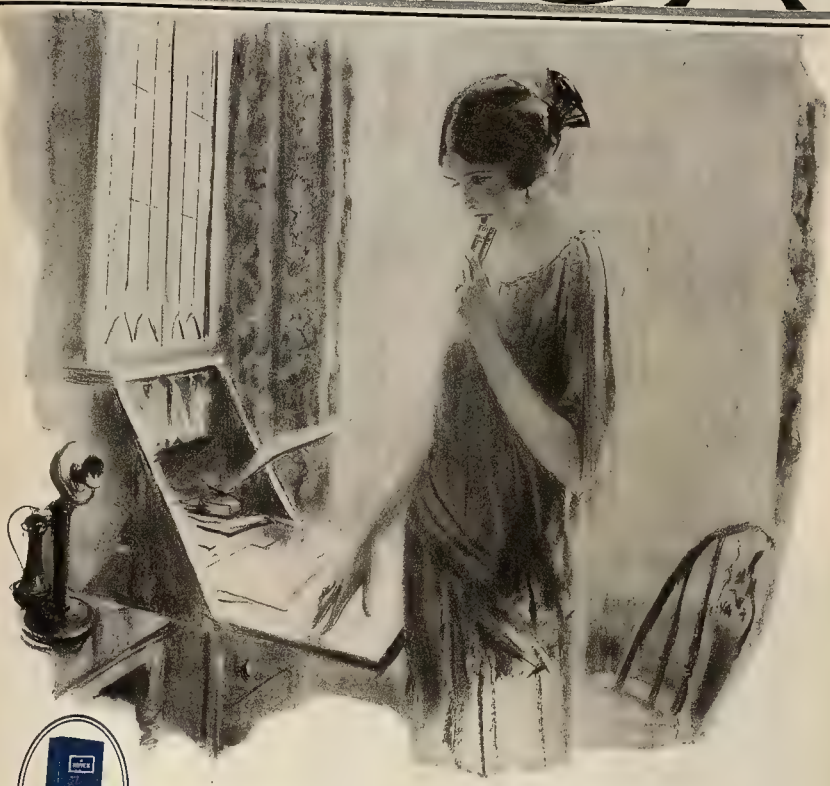
KOTEX



Regular Size, 12 for 65c
Hospital Size, 6 for 45c
(Additional thickness)

Kotex cabinets are now being distributed in women's rest-rooms everywhere—hotels, office buildings, theatres, and other places — from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper, for 10 cents

Telephone—
you can ask by name for Kotex

This is one of the conveniences of Kotex—they are so easy to buy. Anywhere in the United States one can get them from drygoods, drug, and department stores. There is no descriptive printing on the blue box—only the name Kotex.

It is easy to carry a supply in a handbag. They are disposed of without inconvenience by following simple directions found in each box. And they are also inexpensive.

Fine gauze and Cellucotton are used in making these sanitary pads. Cellucotton is such a wonderful absorbent material that Kotex meets the most exacting needs. Insures comfort and poise. Solves a difficult laundry problem.

Whether ordering Kotex at the counter or by telephone, conversation is unnecessary—ask for them by name.

At drug, drygoods and department stores

Copyright, 1923, by Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago — 51 Chambers Street, New York — Factories: Neenah, Wisconsin

Better Baking!

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Baking Utensils make it possible for you to get best results from your baking skill.

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Baking Utensils

are made of hard, thick sheet aluminum and therefore take the heat evenly throughout. It is this even heat conduction that insures better baking.

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of each utensil.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
New Kensington, Pa.

In Canada: Northern Aluminum Co., Limited, Toronto

EVERY PACKAGE OF ALABASTINE HAS THE CROSS AND CIRCLE PRINTED IN RED

For Every Room in the House

DIGNIFIED and in excellent good taste are the parlors or drawing rooms whose walls are decorated with Alabastine, the artistic wall-coating which gives the hostess a back ground becoming to her gowns and personality

The cross and circle always printed in red on every genuine package of Alabastine is an assurance of dainty, delicately tinted rooms in the exact color you want. For more elaborate walls, ask your paint dealer to show you the new ALABASTINE-OPALINE PROCESS color cards. Or write to us.

ALABASTINE COMPANY
721 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FOR PARLOR WALLS

Alabastine
Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

WEIGHTY ADVICE FOR THE TOO-TOO-THINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

of the twenty-four have elapsed. This same sun rises for them four or five times during the day, and each time they obey its summons and gallantly eat. The result is that they are converted into little balls of delicious fat.

You can get a lesson from these birds

Up to this time I have placed particular stress on the importance of increasing your diet. If you do as I advise you and increase your diet by the addition of milk, cream, butter, egg yolks, whole-wheat bread, and you already have been freely imbibing of the green vegetables and fruits, you will have an adequate supply of the essential organic salts—lime, iron, phosphorus, etc.,—and of the "ignition-sparks" —the vitamins.

If you take 250 to 350 calories of protein (the "meat" element in food) you will have sufficient to supply your repair needs—and growth, if under maturity. If you have 20 per cent of your calories in protein, 25 per cent in fats, and the balance, 65 per cent, in the carbohydrates, you will be having what is considered a balanced diet of these.

Carbohydrates are the starches and sugars that you will get in your bread and cereals and vegetables and pastries. Whole-wheat bread has decided advantages over white bread, for it has more of the vitamins and essential salts and roughage which will be good for your constipation.

Many of you suffer from constipation because you have eaten too little of everything. You will find it is relieved under the régime I have outlined

Exercise

I MUST speak of exercise. You will probably be surprised when I tell you that exercise is as important for you as it is for your obese sister. While she should take much more exercise and much more of a strenuous kind than you do, it is fully as important for you to get some exercise as it is for her, because exercise does this:

It stimulates your blood- and lymph-circulations

It tones up the muscular system, both voluntary and involuntary.

It helps regulate your glands to produce a better grade of secretions.

It helps stabilize your nervous system.

It helps digest your food better, and it helps your constipation.

It helps rid you of autointoxication.

This is about enough for anything to do, isn't it?

Ten minutes a day of any good system of setting-up exercises will help you.

Now for a summary and I am finished. You will begin your good work of annexing curves immediately. Perhaps, after you get started, if you don't watch your weight but why worry you? There is plenty of time to think of reducing later.

Summary of How to Gain Weight

1. *Have an examination* by a competent physician to be sure you have no organic trouble.

2. *Calm yourself.* "Learn to accept the trivial annoyances and the small misfits of life as a matter of course. To give them attention beyond their deserts is to wear the web of your life to the warp." (Hubbard)

3. *Exercise.* Take at least ten minutes setting-up exercises every day. Begin a small number of movements and increase gradually.

4. *Sleep.* Resistance is markedly lowered by lack of sufficient sleep. Have a rest-period during the day if possible.

5. *Avoid unnecessary exertion.* Don't talk too much. Delete the details. Never talk about your ailments except to your physician. You pay him to listen (or should).

6. *Avoid* tea, coffee, and nicotin and other stimulants.

7. *Masticate* your food thoroughly and leave your troubles behind when you go to the table.

8. EAT. Count your calories. Gradually work up 500 to 1,000 calories *more than your maintenance.* Masticate well. Stretch your stomach and train it to take care of more food. It may be possible that if you eat two meals a day instead of three you will enjoy your food more. It makes no difference so long as you get the requisite number of calories

9 EAT. Eat whether you enjoy it or not You will enjoy it later. Don't heed the advice that you should not eat as a matter of duty. You should

10. EAT.

DID SHE PAY TOO MUCH FOR HER SUIT?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

low if stores did not grant so many extra privileges. Yet retailers claim that it is not their fault. You, the public, want these service frills. Let a big department store like Prescott's make a charge for delivering goods, and picture all the indignant Mrs. Throckmortons! It would be different perhaps if you agreed not to demand services, and the retailers agreed not to furnish them, without charge. Perhaps prices would come down.

Can you understand now why the difference between $25 and $40, charged for Mrs. Throckmorton's suit, was not real profit, but goes to pay the expenses of retailing? All these store expenses average about 26 per cent of the store's sales, which means that 26 cents out of every dollar's worth of merchandise sold is put aside to pay retailing costs! This is a tremendous amount, but retailers contend that under present conditions they can not reduce it.

There's an additional amount set aside by stores, and charged as a retailing expense, to take care of dangers, hazards, uncertainties, and losses of storekeeping.

Hazards? Uncertainties? They're part of the retailing business.

WE'LL return to Miss Riddell, the suit-buyer. Because she is an expert buyer, Miss Riddell chooses goods carefully and thoughtfully, selecting only those suits that she thinks Mrs. Throckmorton, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Smith will like. But in spite of her skill and expert knowledge, her merchandising ability, Miss Riddell takes a chance in buying—and Prescott's knows it. She, or any buyer, no matter how expert, *can never, in any case, be absolutely sure that the goods she buys will prove popular and will be quickly sold.* Human beings, retailing, and business conditions are too variable. No store buys with absolute certainty of success

Goods become soiled or shop-worn, or they may be damaged; styles change; seasons pass, and goods lose their seasonable value; wholesale or retail prices change; goods arrive too late to meet the initial demand, there may be too many in stock; certain sizes, colors, materials, or styles may be undesirable, garments may fit poorly—these are just a few of the uncertainties of retailing that create risks and hazards.

The public pays for these uncertainties.

The amount you pay depends largely on the character of the goods. The greater the uncertainty that goods may not sell, the more you pay. You will recall that Mrs. Throckmorton's suit was navy blue, elaborately trimmed with gray braid, scroll design, obviously a novelty suit. This suit was purchased to a certain extent on a chance—more of a chance than if it had been a plain, untrimmed, blue tailored suit. Novelties are always a speculation in any store because they may or may not prove popular. On the other hand, staples, represented by an untrimmed, blue tailored suit, involve less risk, because there is greater chance that they will be quickly sold.

NOVELTY merchandise is bought cautiously and sparingly because of the risk that is why stores put a higher price on novelty goods than on staples. There's a big risk in carrying novelties, yet every store is forced to buy a certain amount of novelty goods because the public wants them.

Mrs. Throckmorton's blue suit with its fancy braid scroll-work was a novelty on which Prescott's took a chance in buying. The price of $40 included a percentage which the store charged to cover that risk, because if that suit had not been quickly sold, the store would be forced to reduce the price lower and lower until it finally disposed of it. (This applies to all suits, but more particularly to novelty suits, because if novelties do not "catch on" immediately, they probably won't "catch on" at all)

Mrs. Throckmorton bought her suit early in the season and paid the original price, $40. As the season progressed, and suits remained on hand, Prescott's reduced the prices in an effort to clear them out quickly. (Well managed stores never carry over merchandise from one season to another.) The original $40 price which Mrs. Throckmorton paid brought a large profit to Prescott's, but this profit offset losses caused by the later reduction of prices on suits. So you see, in the end, Prescott's made an even profit, and the seemingly high prices put on goods at the beginning of a season brought an extra amount which was spread over the losses to meet the risk in carrying the merchandise. What a store makes in selling one suit at the original price it loses in selling another at a reduced

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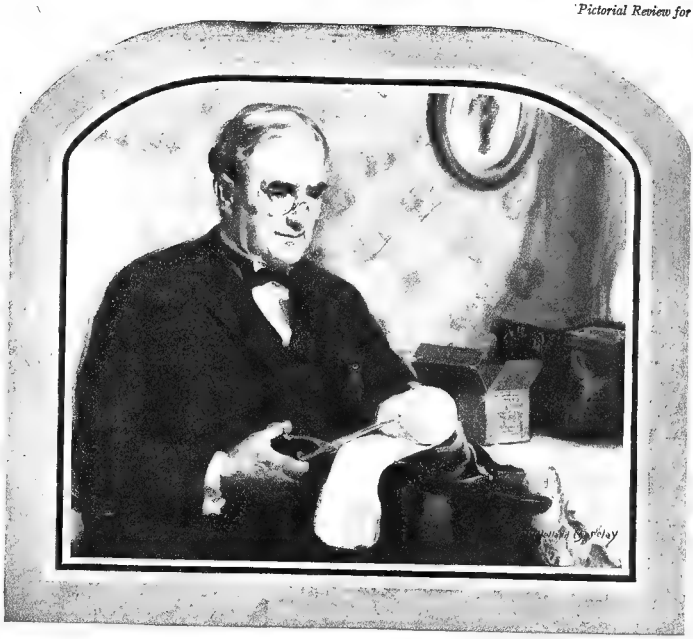

Your Doctor takes no chances

DO you know the extent to which your Doctor goes to prevent infection?

Notice him at work in a surgical case. How he disinfects his hands, uses rubber gloves, and covers his clothes with a sterile gown.

The surgical dressings which he uses must be sterile. That is why, for 29 years, great surgeons, prominent physicians and leading hospitals have been using Bauer & Black sterile dressings. They trust in the name Bauer & Black. They run no risks where lives are at stake.

Home care is of no less importance

Little wounds ought never be neglected. There is danger in a tiny pinprick, for even one infectious germ may breed millions. Protect the wound with a Bauer & Black dressing—not with unsafe home-made bandages.

Look into many of the modern homes and you find present-day mothers prepared for the almost daily accident to the child. They are ready to give intelligent first aid with Bauer & Black sterile gauze, sterile bandages, sterile cotton, and Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster—to do the right thing before the doctor arrives.

Your Druggist is careful

Observe what your Druggist does when the street accident occurs. Note, by the way, what a community benefactor he is. In treating the wounded one, only sterile dressings are used. Safety does not exist in the use of any other kind.

Be as careful as your Doctor

Every home should have these sterile dressings ready at all times. The cost is small. Your druggist is glad to tell you the Bauer & Black first aid needs you should have. Do not wait for the accident to happen. Be certain of safety.

First Aid Book without charge. It tells you what to do. Write Bauer & Black, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., for this valuable 127-page book. Address 96 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont., if you live in Canada.

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Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

CHICAGO NEW YORK TORONTO

Sold Everywhere by Druggists

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At first there was oppressive silence; then the host turned to Europena and asked her what she liked best to eat. A moment of torture ensued for the small lady, during which she nearly twisted her thumb from its socket, then she managed to gasp: 'Green pups!'

"Mr. Bob laughed. 'Why you little cannibal!' he said 'What on earth does she mean?"

'Cream puffs,' explained Mrs. Wiggs airily."

—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Chap. VII.
The Century Company, Publishers

Europena should have said "Dromedary Dates"

OF COURSE little Europena was all at sea when they asked her what she liked best. She had never tasted Dromedary Dates.

Children need sweets as much as they need bread and milk and potatoes. Dates not only satisfy their natural craving for sweets but supply vital food properties that make young babies healthy.

Dates are rich in lime—your doctor will tell you that lime is absolutely necessary for proper bone development. Remember the exquisite teeth of the Arab whose principal food was the Date—your dentist will tell you that if more dates were eaten to satisfy the craving for sweets, premature decay would be far less prevalent.

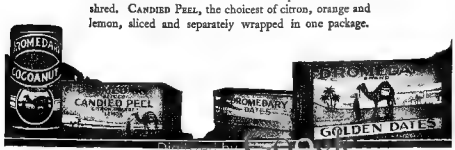
Give your children Dromedary Dates to help their teeth and bones grow strong and sturdy. Eat them yourself to enjoy better health and more vitality. With milk, they constitute a balanced diet for young and old alike.

Send for the new Dromedary book, *"One Hundred Delights."* It contains one hundred unusual recipes for the use of Dromedary Dates, Cocoanut and Candied Peel. Address Dept. 93.

The Hills Brothers Company, Beach and Washington Sts., New York
NEW YORK SAN JUAN LONDON SMYRNA BUSSORAH PARA

Dromedary Dates

DROMEDARY PRODUCTS: Golden Dates from the Garden of Eden. Cocoanut that keeps fresh to the last shred. Candied Peel, the choicest of citron, orange and lemon, sliced and separately wrapped in one package.



DID SHE PAY TOO MUCH FOR HER SUIT?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

price, so in the end, when gains and losses are averaged, the store earns an even profit on all goods.

Stores charge an extra percentage to cover the risks and hazards of merchandising.

The percentage is higher on some merchandise, which involves a greater risk, than on others. Style goods, for example, such as suits or dresses, have a higher percentage put on them than, let us say, furniture or books, because there is greater risk, due to change of style. In the case of style goods, such as suits, Prescott's, representing the average department store, adds 12 per cent. to protect itself against risks, hazards, and losses. Twelve cents out of every dollar's worth of merchandise sold is set aside by the store to meet these merchandising dangers and uncertainties. In other lines this amount is lower.

You can see now why Prescott's charged $40 for the novelty suit bought by Mrs. Throckmorton at the beginning of the Fall season. In that retail price Prescott's set aside

26 per cent. to pay the store's expenses,
12 per cent. to cover risks, hazards, and losses, and enforced price reductions to dispose of the suits.
2 per cent. for real profit.

Thus you see how this 40 per cent. determined the selling price of the suit that cost $25. According to the mathematics of retail-pricing, the store adds 66⅔ per cent. to the cost (that is equivalent to the 40 per cent. which insured itself on the selling price) and there you have $40—and the theory of retail prices in a nutshell.

What looked like rank profiteering to Mrs. Throckmorton was nothing more than careful, efficient merchandising. It's not profits, you see, that make high prices; it is the uncertainties of merchandising and the excessive costs of retailing.

That's all part of the storekeeping game—and any retailer will tell you that it's *some* game!

The second article of this series—as fascinating as it is important—will be entitled "Charge It, Please." This will go thoroughly into the system of charge accounts, a subject of which the majority of buyers should know more. The third article will take up "The Bargain Sale," and tell some vital truths. These articles will appear in early issues.

THE GIANTS' STAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

nor your rec'lection. Your husband may've shot this gun that day. All I want to say is *[holding up the shell]* he never shot *this load!*

MRS. W.: Why?

BANE: If your husband—or any other man—was to've shot this load, he'd've cleaned the gun after him. No man that'd shot his gun would leave it grimed and pittin'-up like this. No, sir! He'd go to work and have his rod and rag out; that's what he'd do. *[His voice lifting.]* He'd give it a thorough cleanin', he would! *[Still higher.]* He'd set up all night cleanin' of it! *[With a vehemence almost of ecstasy.]* Cleanin' of it and cleanin' of it till it shine like the Gates of Heaven, he would!

MRS. W.: *[Abandoning the door to advance upon him.]* Bane, you gi'me that ca'tridge and that gun. They're my prop'ty, not yourn.

BANE: *[Thrusting the shell into a pocket.]* No, sir! Sorry, but I guess I'll want to hang onto these articles a spell. Sorry!

MRS. W.: *[Deliberately.]* Bane, what would you do if I was to tell you *'twas* me shot that gun?

BANE: Shouldn't b'lieve ye.

MRS. W.: Bane, what are you *at?*

BANE: *[Feeling" the weapon thoughtfully.]* H'm. You and John been gettin' on well together these past few months? I don't know's I take much stock in gossip, but they do say John we'n't always the easiest man on earth to get on with—to home. Good man—savin' man—but temp'ry—they say. And of course there's women with tempers too——

MRS. W.: I sha'n't stand here hark'nin' to you——

BANE: Women with tempers too. 'Specially out on lonesome farms—'thout telephones nor gossip nor sociability nor nothin'—tryin' to the temper that is. 'Specially after it's been goin' on some years—draggin' on—always the same—workin' on the mind and temper. 'Specially with a man to do with—a sober man—a savin' man—but——

MRS. W.: Bane, them ain't your words! Them ain't your ideas!

BANE: Grant it. They ain't mine. They're the Pres'cutor's.

MRS. W.: *[Starting forward again.]* *You* gi'me—*that*—*gun!*

BANE: *[Warding her off with his free hand.]* Sha'n't! *[The door to the wood-shed opens. Til enters and stands regarding them stupidly, the candle in one hand, in the other*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

Genuine!

The Heisey (H) is the mark of the genuine and is found on every piece

At the better stores or write A. H. HEISEY & CO. Dept. P.M., Newark, Ohio

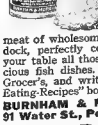
HEISEY'S TRADE (H) MARK GLASSWARE

FOR YOUR TABLE

MODERN recipes call for accurate measurements. But every housewife has some old, favorite recipes which she has used for years—perhaps her grandmother used them before her. These old recipes invariably call for "butter the size of an egg" or "butter the size of a walnut."

In the first case three tablespoonfuls of Wesson Oil, in the latter case one tablespoonful, is the right amount of fat.

Wholesome Sea-Food



FRESH from the ocean's depths, B&M Fish Flakes—the tender, juicy, white meat of wholesome Cod and Haddock, perfectly cooked—bring to your table all those famously delicious fish dishes. Order at your Grocer's, and write us for "Good-Eating-Recipes" booklet—sent free.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
91 Water St., Portland, Maine

B & M FISH FLAKES AT YOUR GROCER'S

GLADIOLUS BULB FREE. Wonderful blue, will bloom in pots or garden. Also, Giant Red, marvelous Colors. Full 16 Named Gladioli for 4c. postage. Marvelous Colors. Full growing instructions. Colonial Gardens, Orlando, Florida

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A dish good to eat is one thing—a dish good for your health another!

When you find these two qualities as perfectly combined as they are in DEL MONTE Spinach you have a double reason for serving it often.

And not only is it healthful and delicious in the highest degree—but it's economical—free from all grit—and cooked ready to serve.

For this rare treat just ask for

Del Monte
CANNED SPINACH

—at all Leading Grocers

How to meet a domestic emergency

Perhaps you are preparing a simple lunch—and an unexpected guest arrives! You can make the meal quite festive if you serve hot STEERO bouillon. This will take only a moment. Drop a STEERO bouillon cube into a cup, add boiling water, and you are all ready.

STEERO
BOUILLON CUBES

Hot STEERO bouillon is an appetizing drink at any and all times. STEERO bouillon cubes add greatly to the flavoring of many other dishes. Send 10 cents for samples, and sixty-four-page cook book.

Schieffelin & Co.
272 William St., New York
Distributors for
American Kitchen
Products Co., New York

"A Cube Makes a Cup"

"Simply Add Boiling Water"

Get Our Price on this Beautiful Combination Coal and Gas Range.

Direct to you from manufacturers — at wholesale factory to you-price. A delight in any kitchen. Imported Isinglass fire-box for bina gas-tools. Cabinet top. Duplex grate. Oven with asbestos lining. Heavy cast iron centers and edges in coal, wood and gas tops. Cooking and oven thermometers. Cooking and delivery guaranteed.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.
417 Rochester Ave. Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

THE GIANTS' STAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

the basket of wood. Bane, with an inspiration.] Look here, don't let's bicker over the gun. Let's leave Til decide. Here, Til, take it! *[As he extends the weapon toward her Til recoils, letting the candle and basket go. A screech of repugnance escapes her lips.]* What's wrong, Til? It's a good gun, ain't it?

TIL.: Don't want it! *[Recoiling another step.]*

BANE: Why?

TIL.: Kills things! Murders things! All manner o' livin' things it murders and kills!

BANE: *Then why'd you shoot it that time?* know. I—I feel like I wanted to—to *horrify* myself! Want to hear it *bang!* To —*horrify* myself!

BANE: And what did you shoot *at*, Til?

TIL.: Nothin'. Leastways nothin' but giants and ghosts and the like.

BANE: In the dark?

TIL.: In the dark. *[Bane, appearing satisfied, returns to his seat, and, propping the weapon beside him, rubs his hand over his face.]*

MRS. W.: Ed Bane, if you pretend to think Til knows what she sayin'——

BANE: *[Blowing his lips.]* I don't pretend to think, one way nor t'other. That's other folks' business. All I say is, don't be s'prized! When John's body comes to be found one of these days, hid in the bushes somewheres or 'nunder somebody's straw-stack—I say—don't be s'prized if his head's found half blow off in the back with a charge of bird-shot. Mark what I say, and don't be s'prized. That's all.

MRS. W.: Set down, Til. *[Til obeys with a kind of bewildered docility. Mrs. W. picks up the wood-basket, deposits it by the stove, takes two or three sticks, and lays them in the fire. All her movements have grown lethargic. She recovers the candle from the floor and restores it to the shelf, and afterward stands staring dully at it. She starts to speak.]* Bane!—*[The telephone rings.]*

TIL.: *[As before.]* Banes'—Tolley' —Jotherses'—Whites' — Us! *Us*, Abbie! Should I—? *[Hall rising.]*

MRS. W.: Set down, Til. *[She crosses the floor, still moving with the same appearance of apathy, and takes the receiver.]* Yes, hullo! Yes, it's Abbie Yes, what's wantin', Marion? *[To Bane.]* It's to your house, Bane; your sister speakin'. Would you want to— *[Back to the phone again, with a queer, new, light note.]* How? How? *[She listens, standing curiously rigid, her face empty, almost stupid. After a space she takes the receiver from her ear, studies the rubber contrivance for a blank moment, replaces it on its hook, and drifts back to the stove. She starts to take up the saucepan, but desists in the act. She turns slowly to face the others.]* It's him.

BANE: Not—*John!*

MRS. W.: John.

TIL.: Not—*ain't!*

MRS. W.: In the flesh.

TIL.: No. *[Shaking her head solemnly.]* No, no, no.

BANE: John! Well, of all things! And me here, then, all for nothin'! But how come? Where's he to? Not to *my* house? Did Marion——

MRS. W.: *[Speaking in a distrait monotone.]* 'Twas your brother, man, Eggar, see him, Marion says. She says Eggar was up to the pasture just now, lookin' to get the gray colt in out o' the storm. He had a lantern with him, lookin' everywheres for the colt. He think he see somethin' movin' along the road, and thinkin' mebby 'twas the colt had got out, he climb the fence there near Tolley's straw-stacks——

BANE: *Where?*

MRS. W.: —by Tolley's turn where his straw-stacks are——

TIL.: Mebby he's been 'nunder Tolley's straw-stacks. Seems I've hear somebody sayin' he might be 'nunder somebody's straw-stacks——

BANE: Nothin'. Go on!

MRS. W.: —where his straw-stacks are, and then he see 'twa'n't the colt after all. 'Twas a man. Walkin' along, Eggar says, matter o' fact, his hat pull down and his shoulders hunched and his hands in his pockets, in the rain. Eggar give him good ev'nin', Marion says, and when the man give him no answer Eggar throw the light in his face, and he couldn't b'lieve his eyes first, when he see 'twas John. Marion says he speak to him again—ast him where he come from, and then ast him if he hadn't best stop in a spell till the rain let up, but John never says a word, 'cordin' to Eggar, but come on up along the road like a -a deaf man——

TIL.: *[Musing.]* —dead man ——

MRS. W.: He look wore out, Eggar says.

TIL.: Wore out. No wonder. Wore out.

BANE: Well, I swear! Of all things!

MRS. W.: *[Glancing around her with a numbed air.]* I s'pose I better put on somethin' hot to eat, if he's comin'.

BANE: I shouldn't worry. He may be *comin'*, all right, but I doubt he'll *reach*, a night like this. It's too much for mortal man, the way the brook's swole, and the wind——

TIL.: *[Absorbed.]* He'll reach. John'll reach. But he won't want for nothin' to eat, John won't.

MRS. W.: I s'pose I better put on somethin' hot. Le'me see, le'me see. *[Wandering to the cupboard by the stove, she prods amongst its contents with aimless*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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THE GIANTS' STAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

fingers. She examines the state of the fire. She takes three places from a shelf and carries them to the table. Depositing them under the pink lamp-shade, she suddenly relapses into a chair. After a moment she drops her arms on the table, buries her face in them, and begins to weep without sound. Til remains oblivious to all this, her head lifted, attentive to the outer gale.]

TIL: Hark to 'em! Hark to 'em come, makin' a moan and a drone and a racket on the stairs o' the mountain! All the things that's dead! The old things that's dead, like the giants! And the new things that's dead! Comin' against the wind! Hark!

BANE: Pester the woman! [*Turning his unconfortable attention.*] Come, come, Mis' Weatherburn!

TIL: Hark to 'em troopin' through the long wet grass. Hark to 'em swishin' through the trees.

BANE: [*Jumping up with an exasperated clutter.*] Pester the crazy—! [*Moving toward Mrs. W., laying a hand on her shoulder.*] Come now, Mis' Weatherburn! Come! I know it's a good deal of a shock to ye—happy it is, of course—but a shock, all the same. But you've had your cry now, ain't ye? Now's the time to smile. Ain't ye glad John's turned out alive, after all? Eh? Ain't ye glad?

MRS. W.: [*Lifting her head and speaking with a curious vehemence.*] Am I glad? If you was to know *how glad!*

BANE: There! That's better! It's but natural a woman should be glad havin' her husband back again, safe and sound.

MRS. W.: 'Tain't that, Bane. [*With a quick glance at* TIL.] Til, I know what I'll put on for supper. You rec'lect that fowl I got hung for Sunday out in the shed? I'll go bring it in for me.

TIL: He won't want it.

MRS. W.: [*Softly.*] Til, you do as I say!

TIL: [*Suddenly, rising.*] Don't like the dark. There's things.

MRS. W.: Don't be a scared cat. Here! [*Getting up and lighting the candle for her.*] Take this, then there won't be there. That's a good girl! [*She stands facing Bane, as Til goes out and the door closes behind her. After a moment he speaks.*]

BANE: What you mean, "'Tain't that!"? Ain't you glad to have John back?

MRS. W.: [*Only a smile or goin'—especially after he's laid *this* on us to bear through—his comin' or goin' ain't apt to affect my happiness one way or t'other. That's what I mean, Bane.*

BANE: You do speak out, don't ye? But you says you was glad he was—

MRS. W.: Alive! To *know* it. More glad and relieved than I can —

BANE: I see now! Then after all 'twas about—

MRS. W.: Yes.

BANE: —about Til! You wa'n't so sure's you made out, about Til. About that gun, and shootin' at ghosts, and all that.

MRS. W.: [*Giving away to the remission of relief; wringing her hands.*] I tell you true I didn't know *what* to think. Oh, if you'd had the bringin' up of that poor creature! If you'd had the worry of her and the shieldin' of her! and knowin' every minute you never know an atom of what was next in her poor wild head! Oh, if you had! And then I was away that night too; most an hour I was away, down to Mis' Jethers's. And then there's the thing. Til's fond of me. She's like a dog. I b'lieve she'd *do anything*—

BANE: Yes, go on. And mebby there was some special reason—mebby you and John'd had words or somethin'—

MRS. W.: We'd had nothin' that day. John was his worst that day. Over my wantin' the phone. John lay a hand on me for the first time.

BANE. And Til see him?

MRS. W.: Til see him. Oh, if you'd had that through your head, week after week! Oh, you'd know why I was glad!

BANE: [*Blowing out his lips, thoughtfully.*] I'm glad you been frank, Mis' Weatherburn. I'm glad you've tell me these things. I shan't forget—and I hope you won't forget—

MRS. W.: Sush! [*The wood-shed door bursts open; Til, over on hearth, glancing nervously over her shoulder, the extinguished candle in her hand.*] What's wrong, Til? Where's the fowl?

TIL: There's things. They blow my candle out.

MRS. W.: *Til!* Where's that fowl?

TIL: [*Sullenly, still peering behind.*] He won't want it. Where's the use o' spollin' earthly victuals— [*The telephone rings. Her facile attention rests in it.*] —Banes'—Tolleys'—Jetherses'—Whites'—*Us!* Abbie! They've see him again! [*She starts sidling toward the instrument, half scared, half furtive, as if hoping the may reach it first. Mrs. W. passes her and takes the receiver.*]

MRS. W.: Yes, it's me, Mattie. How? Speak louder. Yes, I hear now. Yes, I tell you I hear. [*She continues attentive. Til hush in the room grows vast, vast. Yes, I'm list'nin'. He wa'n't himself, you say.*

TIL: Abbie!

BANE: Be quiet, Til!

MRS. W.: Yes, Mattie, yes, I've hear it all. Much obliged, Mattie. [*Replacing the receiver, she half turns and stands staring at the door.*]

TIL: *Abbie!*

MRS. W.: [*As to herself.*] What's ailin' of him? There's something queer.

TIL: Abbie, for *mercy* sake, say somethin'! Where was it—to Tolleys' this time?

MRS. W.: Yes, to Tolleys'. He's been by. 'Twas Tolley himself see him. He was comin' back from havin' a last look at the road-bridge—that's gone and carry out now after all—Tolley was, when he met him. Mis' Tolley says Tolley got home in a sweat, as if he'd see a ghost.

TIL: Yes. See a ghost.

MRS. W.: Seems Tolley speak to him before he see who he was. He says to him: "Best step back, mister; the bridge is gone out above." Then, gettin' no answer, Tolley look closer and see who 'twas he was speakin' to. Tolley was so laid out for a minute he didn't know now which end up. Then he think of the bridge again, and "John," he says, "if you are John Weatherburn, 'n you seem to be, you best come back to my house along with me." But by that John was gone on up the road and disappeared.

BANE: And the bridge out, ahead of him!

MRS. W.: [*With the new thought.*] Mercy Angels! he'll walk straight in——

BANE: No, but he'll see——

MRS. W.: —and be drownded!

TIL: Ha-ha-ha-ha— [*Her laugh rises shrill, immoral, ironic, queer.*]

BANE: Pester you! Quit!

MRS. W.: [*Staring into the pink light.*] What's ailin' of him? Where's his senses gone? Where's he been to? What's he done? What makes him come on, come on, keep comin' on, never sayin' a word to no one, just comin' on, comin' on through the soakin' night? What *is* it—*drivin'*, him?

TIL: Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha—

BANE: [*In a fury.*] Quit-pester you! If you don't quit that! What makes ye keep laughin' that crazy way?

TIL: It's the horror! It's the horror gettin' into my throat!

BANE: Horror? Horror o' what?

MRS. W.: Comin'! Comin' up the wind! Drove! Comin' up the road, comin' up the field, up the cow-yard, up the steps, comin' in the door there, takin' off his hat there, settin' down in his chair there, 'thout a word, with his back to us all, so's we'll have to see the back of his head there, half blow off, and straws stickin' into it—

BANE: [*Shouting.*] Straws? Where from?

TIL: From Tolley's stacks. Didn't you say he come from Tolley's straw-stacks? I hear you say a while back——

BANE: Mis' Weatherburn, mark that! I call on ye to make note of that! I'll ast ye to rec'lect that!

MRS. W.: What on earth you talkin' of—[*The phone rings. Til's voice drones in a note of fascination.*]

TIL: —Banes'— Tolleys' —Jetherses' —Whites'—*Us!*

MRS. W.: [*Who has the receiver with the last signal.*] Yes, me! [*After an instant she puts out a hand to the wall to steady her. She turns to the others, still holding the receiver to her ear.*] They've found his—body.

BANE: *Where?* [*Blanching.*] I—I demand you tell me *where?*

MRS. W.: [*In the phone.*] Where? In the brook? No? [*Turning again.*] No, not in the brook. This side. He's in Jetherses' now. Joe Jethers see the body lyin' on its back in the mist down by their gate. He come back for Ed. [*In a signaling flutter in the receiver.*] Yes, Clara? How? Gone! You didn't say—*gone?* [*She hangs up the receiver and slowly turns.*] When Joe and Ed get back to the gate, 'twas gone. So it couldn't've been his bod—; he couldn't've been *dead*. He must've just swouned there a minute—like's not—

TIL: [*In the same very note.*] Ha-ha-ha-ha—

BANE: [*Choking.*] I'll kill ye, Til Jessup! I'll strangle ye 'f you don't leave off that! Here! Where you goin'? Where you goin', Til? *Answer, or, rather, seems to be pulled toward the door.*] Til, If you open that door, I vow— Quit it! Mis' Weatherburn, make her quit it, the crazy, ravin' thing! [*Til lifts the latch with a trance-like deliberation, pulls open the door, and stands on the sill, framed by the darkness, cringing and hugging her body with her fleshy arms.*] I vow! That's the end!

MRS. W.: What you carryin' on so for, Til?

TIL: [*Peering into the night.*] To *horrify* myself. I got to look. To *horrify* me. I see him! [*Crouching a little.*] Black as pitch it is, and yet I see him. Yonder the trees be its; 'nunder the meadow-rise he is, and yet I see him—comin' on—comin' on up the road toward Whites'. [*She crouches yet a little lower. The backwash of the wind in the house's lee lifts the strings of her unkempt hair.*]

BANE: [*Almost in a whisper.*] That's the end! That's enough!

TIL: Comin', comin', comin' on. He's up the hill to Whites' now. He's under the aspen-trees up by the lower gate to Whites' now. Comin' on under the aspen-trees. In the black dark there, inunder the aspen-trees at the bend; inunder the drippin' aspen-trees. The dead eyes shinin' drippin' aspen-trees. The dead eyes shinin' pale in his head, pale as ashes in his blowed-pale in his head, pale as ashes in the drippin' dark out head—shinin' pale in the drippin' dark inunder the aspen-trees. You'd think he'd drag his feet, but he don't drag his feet. His feet's not on the ground. Inches above His feet's not on the ground. Inches above the ground his feet is, and he comes on floatin' against the wind, sailin' against the black wind and rain. Not against the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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THE GIANTS' STAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

wind! Betwixt the wind! Betwixt the flakes of the wind! Comin' on out—out from inunder the aspen-tree——

BANE: *[Who has been closing on her, step by rigid step.]* That's the end! *[Grasping her arm roughly, he drags her within the room and slams the door. He stands with his right hand spread against it; with his left he shakes an ecstatic finger in her face.]* Just for that, Til Jessup—to learn ye, Til Jessup—for that—I—have—and now—I arrest ye, Til Jessup, in the name of the law—I arrest ye for the murder of John Partley Weatherburn on the night of——

MRS. W.: Edwin *Bane*, you crazy? What you sayin'? And him comin' there in the flesh!

BANE: *[Flinging around on her.]* 'Tain't so! All a trick! What'd ye *think* the Pros'cutor'd been by to every house in the valley to-day for? All a trick o' Cantpole's doin'! Pre'ranged, every mite of it! Re-hearsed, every word of it! The whole livin' thing's a big gold-danged *trick!* There! Don't ye b'lieve me? Me? That was with him when he 'ranged it? *[Still receiving no answer of word or gesture from the suddenly quiet woman, he returns his attention to his prisoner, whose wrist he shakes.]* You hear me, Til? I arrest ye for the murder. Moreover, I arrest ye for goin' to work and concealin' the corpse—by your own confession, mind ye—in some one or 'nother of Tolley's straw-stacks—where I and the Pros'cutor'll have a look in the mornin'——

MRS. W.: *[Bewildered, appealing.]* Bane, that ain't right! 'Tain't true! You're just—just twistin' the poor child's words about—that's what you're doin'—to your own ends.

BANE: *[Wheeling.]* Own ends? Own ends, ye say? I'll ask ye to weigh your words, Mis' Weatherburn. I vow! Next thing you'll be accusin' *me* of—of—most anything! Accusin' *me*, the Sheriff o' Twinskill County! Of—most anything! *[Til stands as sho untouched by all this, inert, entranced, staring at the door as if its panels were no barrier to her occult vision.]*

TIL: Comin' on swifter now, he is. Comin' on, comin' on. He's been by Whites' now, and they've see him. Mis' White's see him; in the light from the porch she see him. Now she's goin' back through the hall, white's a sheet. Now she's goin' across the dinin'-room. Now she's to the telephone—*[Til's head swings irresistibly in the direction of the phone. As irresistibly the others' gazes follow.—The bell begins to ring.]* Banes'— *[She glances at Mrs. W., who does not move.]* Tolleys'—Setherses'—*[Throwing off the Sheriff's hand, she runs to the instrument and puts the receiver to her ear.]* Yes? Yes? Quick, Mis' White! Yes? Quick— *[Bane is upon her. Wresting the receiver from her hand, he thrusts her aside.]*

BANE: *[To the phone.]* Who's there? Hullo! Hullo! Who's there? It's me, Bane —Sheriff Bane—me speakin'. What? Yes, I hear! What? Hullo! Hullo! Dang it, they're gone again! *[Rattling the hook.]* Hullo! Goll-dang the thing! *[With a sudden malignant fury he strikes the instrument from the wall, so that it hangs swaying from one screw, the wires broken.]* There now, dang ye! Ring, will ye! Go on and ring! Ring! *[Turning around with a hand to his head, his eyes fall on Til, back at the door again, holding it wide, staring out.]* Goll-dang ye, Til!

TIL: He's on the farm now. I hear the gate just now. In the roar and moan of the wind I hear the gate. *[Lifting her voice to a nerve-struck scream.]* John! John!

MRS. W.: Oh, Til!

BANE: *[Advancing.]* Oh, Til? I'll "Til" her! I'll "Til" the crime! *[Dragging her back, he casts her violently on the floor. He slams the door with a force sufficient to carry away the latch, which falls in a clatter of bits about his feet.]*

MRS. W.: You broke the latch!

TIL: *[From the floor.]* You broke the latch. Now you *can't* keep it shut.

BANE: *[Deep in his throat.]* I guess I can! I guess I can! *[He stands facing it, his two hands spread against it, his feet propped out solidly behind. Silence follows, the clock-tick silence of the room enclosed in the outer shell of storm. Bane remains propped and motionless, breathing heavily. Mrs. W. sinks into a chair and holds her hands crossed on her breast. Til, still on the floor to one side of the door, holds her head erect and attentive.]*

TIL: *[After a time.]* That's the other gate. The near one.

BANE: *[His breath rasping.]* I never hear a thing! *[The hush runs on again for seconds.]*

TIL: You hear that, then? On the gravel? He's come out of the wind now. He's got his feet on the ground now. Hear that?

BANE: No! No! No! *[Another moment.]* TIL: On the step. There. Standin'. Standin' still. *[The hush returns. After a space of it a voice becomes audible, racked, thin, almost falsetto. It is the voice of Bane, to the door.]*

BANE: Go 'way! Go 'way, I tell ye! *[Beating the panel.]* Go 'way!

TIL: He ain't gone. Still standin'.

BANE: *[After a moment, putting his lips nearer the wood.]* I'll tell ye somethin' there! Ye listenin'? I'll tell ye somethin'. I got a gun here. It's your own gun, John, and it's loaded with birdshot. Right here to my hand I got it. *[Removing one hand cautiously from the door, he gropes out blindly to the right, where the shotgun rests against the wall beside the chair.]* Right here I got it, John! *[Finding he can not reach it, he takes his other hand from the door, and is about to take the furtive, necessary step, when the door begins to swing inward, slowly. A cockle emerges from Til's open mouth; a kind of high, tight, tittering of the palate. Bane flings himself against the door again, slamming it tight.]* No, ye don't! No, ye don't! *[A commons sounds on the panels, a muffled knock as of a soft glove.]*

BANE: *[Screeching in his throat.]* No, ye won't! Ye can't! Ye can't touch me, John Weatherburn! No, sir! 'Twa'n't my fault! 'Twa'n't! Ye oughtn't've called me a liar, there by the gate! No, with a gun in my hand! Ye oughtn't've dare strike me! Not when I had a gun in my hand! Ye ought've know me better'n that, John! Your own fault, John! 'Twa'n't! 'Twa'n't!

VOICE FROM WITHOUT: Open the door, Bane! Open, I tell you!

MRS. W.: *[Wondering.]* That's never the voice of John. *[Bane, wilting and leaning to the door, relapses into the chair and claps both his hands over his eyes.]*

BANE: It's Cantpole. Thank God! it's only Cantpole, after all.

TIL: *[From the floor.]* John's went and bring the Pros'cutor along. *[The door swings open. Mr. Cantpole enters, removing his soft hat and shaking out the wet. He looks at Mrs. W., still seated in her chair.]*

CANTPOLE: Good evening, Mrs. Weatherburn. I just dropped up from Mr. White's place—as by arrangement with Mr. Bane. *[He peers around the door at the figure huddled in the chair there.]* So, Sheriff? Just as well I came, eh? Eh? What's all this I hear? Good *Lord!* What's *that? [As from the tail of his eye he perceives something scuttling past him on the floor and out of the door.]*

MRS. W.: That's only Til. Til, where you goin' to?

TIL: *[Loon in the darkness without.]* To—*horrify* myself! *[And fainter, still further off.]* John! John!

CURTAIN

THE NEW ORDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

with its large rooms, big fireplaces, and its freshly white calcimined walls was no longer a part of his home; something had happened, and all had been or was being taken away from him. He, himself, would no longer be the first to break the ground in the Spring. No more would he hear the hurrahs and good-luck wishes at the first furrow sliced off the ground, as one slices well-baked, solid bread. He squinted a look at his father's face and saw therein so much sadness, as the something had been broken within the man.

The following morning was Sunday, the last day to dance in the open; for tho the snow might be six inches on the ground, the first Sunday in November was the last open-air dance in that part of the country. And even if the fingers of the fiddlers freeze on the strings, the feet of the men be numb with cold, and the arms of the maidens blue, the youth danced in the open that day—the last day of Fall.

As usual, George and his brother, Alcee, were the first to be outside, busily helping the servants prepare the ground for the dance by sweeping the snow away, when their mother called them into the house. They must no longer help the servants in anything!

Bundles and packages and parcels of new clothes were unpacked; and George found himself tortured into a shirt, the collar of which allowed no freedom to his swelling neck and the protruding Adam's apple. The trousers allowed no freedom to his large gait, nor was the coat made for the violent and broad movements of a peasant lad.

Instead of the warm bobnailed boots, his feet were shod in thin-soled shoes which pinched his toes and tortured the back of his heels. His younger brother was similarly dressed. And when his father came into the room in a long black coat reaching below his knees and the stiff hat on his head, the boys did not know whether to laugh or cry.

The shock to the boys was not half as great as when they saw their mother amble into the room stiffly laced in a gown of many shimmering colors, the ends of which swept the floor. She seemed to be walking on stilts in those knife-pointed shoes with the highest heels obtainable in town. Her hair too was done up as never before, and they were ashamed of the chalk whiteness of her face and the redness of her lips. As for their sister, it seemed to them

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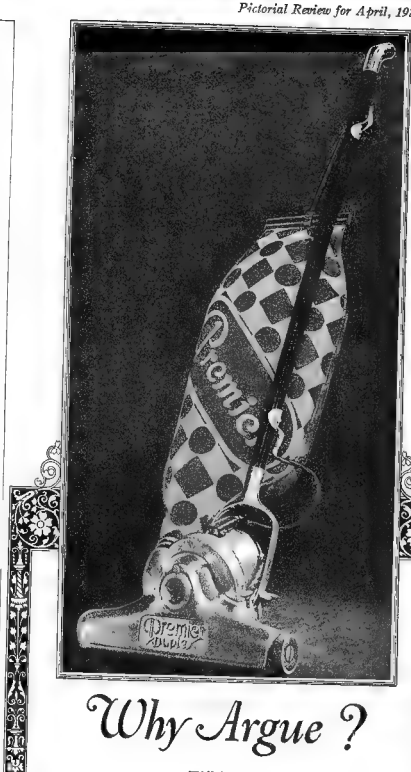

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Price of range illustrated - -	$80.45
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NEW PERFECTION
Oil Range with SUPERFEX *Burners*

THE NEW ORDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

the hugest joke to see her waddle in her starched dress.

And in that garb, the Stanescu family went out upon the porch to see their folks dance, not, however, before the mother had enjoined the boys from miking with the servants. It seemed to George so useless to be warned, certain as he was that the girls would refuse to dance with him because of the garb he wore. He had no idea whether or not it was really a great joke or a great punishment.

There was a long "whus" of astonishment when the landowner and his family were seen by the assembled people. One of the older men called out aloud: "That you should have dressed yourself and your wife and children in German garb so as to amuse us, because the harvest has been so rich and because it is an old custom to disguise oneself at the last outdoor dance of the year, was very kind of you, Jopin Stanescu; for it is an old custom we had almost forgotten. But that you should have shorn your locks and cut your beard to amuse us was an ungodly thing to do. But we appreciate the intention to amuse us."

Forthwith they all made a circle around the landowner's family and began to dance in spite of the loud protests and angry remarks from Jopin Stanescu. The protests were taken as part of the joke by the two boys, who laughed and were merry. George was happy. He had discovered in the words of the old servant the secret of what had happened—the reason for his father's disguise and that of the rest of the family. But Stanescu grew red with anger. Driving his fist into the chest of the nearest man, he broke the circle and called out angrily: "I will not be spoken to in that way by my servants." The anger of Cucuoana Stanescu was beyond imagination.

The dance broke up immediately, and George could see, from his window the people, with heads bowed, scatter all over the place. It was quite a lonely meal the Stanescus had that evening sitting around a table covered with a white cloth and eating from shallow blue-flowered porcelain dishes with silver spoons and forks. They watched Mlle. Duchamps as she handled the fork and knife delicately, tenderly, as tho she were touching the most sensitive thing on earth. And the way she broke her bread with the tip of her fingers made George whisper to his brother that she did not put her heart into her fingers at all. Because of lack of familiarity with the new eating manners they were unable to get half of the meat from the bones, and left the table failing to complete their meal.

From time to time Mlle. Duchamps had admonished the daughter of the house in French, but speaking loud and slowly as tho all who did not understand her language were deaf. She accompanied her words with gestures to illustrate what she said. Tho she taught the little girl how to hold her fork in her hand, they all knew that when she spoke to the child she really meant the whole family. After she had shown Vera how to place her napkin, every one else arranged his and her napkin likewise. And there was no crunching of cutlet-bones at that meal.

It had been customary for Stanescu to sit at the table every Sunday longer than usual and sing old folk-songs with his men, or listen to some tale of a story-teller who had wandered over from the *Haiduci* of former days, brigands and patriots who stole from the rich to give to the poor, and who had helped drive the Greeks and the Turks who had taken possession of the wealth of the country. If a Gipsy or two strolled in during the day, they were welcomed to play and sing and drink the wine and eat the meat at the table.

BUT that night Stanescu did not go into the servants' dining-hall. After passing up and down his room nervously, he sat down before the oil-lamp to read the newspaper which he had brought from town. The children sat stiffly on the chairs around the stove, their ears trying to catch the sound of merriment they presumed was soon to begin at the other end of the house.

But no songs were sung and no Gipsies played that night, and if stories were being told they were told in low voices or they were too far off for laughter. No broad exclamations reached the children. And when George finally managed to get out of the room in which his parents and the rest of the family were sitting, and had stolen into the large dining-room, he found it dark and empty. The lights in the servants' quarters over the barn had been put out and the folks gone to sleep, angry, humiliated, broken-hearted; for they loved their master and could not understand what had happened.

The morning after, George and his brother, having thrown themselves again into their simple dress, were outside long before their father appeared. The children had presumed that the *Nemtesca* dress was only for Sunday. But they were disappointed. They were called into the house as soon as their father saw them, and ordered to put on their other clothing. The barn and the servants' quarters were forbidden them. They were to sit part of the day with Mlle. Duchamps, who was to teach them the Frank tongue. And Stanescu himself, in clothing different from that worn the previous day, but still town-fashioned, called several of his men to whom he gave the direction of his barns and his people. Then he again took the train to town.

He returned later in the afternoon, followed by wagons carrying all kinds of polished furniture to replace the simple sort that they had until then been using in the house. That same evening a piano was brought from town and installed in one of the rooms. The old familiar tables, cupboards, trunks, and painted cedar boxes, the *Brasovanus*, were thrown out to make room for the shiny, varnished-smelling, fragile-looking things, to which the packing straw still clung here and there. George was afraid to sit on the spindle-legged chairs lest they break beneath him. They were so uncomfortable and ugly. He watched with great pain the removal of the old familiar things to the barn.

The following night a man came to cover the white calcimined walls with blue-and-gold-figured paper that had red fringes on top and bottom. The homespun curtains with their embroidered margins were torn down and replaced with bought cretonnes and chintzes. The rugs, which hitherto had hung upon the walls of the main room, were put into the hallway, while upon the floors of the rooms red-and-blue-patterned carpets were spread.

The bustle and hustle of this change lasted a few days, and distracted the children, giving them some measure of happiness, as all changes do. Still, when all was completed, George had a feeling that his home had been stolen from him; that a terrible misfortune had overtaken the house, a misfortune indeed almost as great as had visited the Cornel house. When it was reported a few days later that one of the horses had died in the barn, George was not even allowed to go to see the carting away of his favorite animal. Tho he whistled and whistled his loudest, the dogs no longer rushed to surround him, nor his kinder lifted their heads eagerly to lick his face. When they did come they would remain at a respectful distance, as tho an invisible wall was between them and their master.

DUE to some order given by one of the supervisors, the servants no longer played with him, tossing him around, wrestling with him; nor did they call him their "little brother." They addressed him as "Domnu George," and kept at a distance from him. Since he no longer ate with them at their table and since he no longer sang or worked with them from early morning until sundown he was no longer one of their kind. He was the son of a boyar and was treated accordingly.

George looked at the little girl encased in her stiff, starched skirts, her blond hair curled in little paper rings, as she sat near mademoiselle, who tried to teach her the first rudiments of plays, and wondered whether this little thing, mumbling in a foreign tongue, was his own sister. And when he addressed her as Vera, the French governess explained that he was to call her mademoiselle. He doubted that he himself was the same George as he sat near the French girl and listened absentmindedly to what she said to him, pointing to words in a book that she kept before his eyes. He looked at his mother dressed in gowns. Her red cheeks were now white under three layers of rice powder. Her hair painted, her hair fussed up instead of hanging down her back in long thick braids, and he was sure that she was the same woman with whom he used to play so cheerfully and who had taken part good-naturedly in a good many of his pranks.

And that sad man in a long black coat, the man who had trimmed his beard, who sat reading a paper or a book—who spoke so haltingly to his wife and to the other woman and to his children, because he tried to speak the Frank tongue—was that his father? Was that the same man who had stood on the table surrounded by the servants and farm-hands, waving his arms as he conducted the singing of some old folk-song on a gay Sunday night? He himself, George, dared not look into the mirror. He was a stranger there. Nothing and no one belonged to him.

It was strange, but there were more accidents happening that Winter on the Stanescu property than in any other Winter. There was plenty of fodder, plenty of hay for the animals, and the water was as good as ever. But the beasts did not thrive. Their coats were dull and their eyes moist. The tail of even the proudest stallion hung limp between his hind quarters, and every once in a while a horse would just lie down and die. And they had still worse luck with the oxen and cows. Calves died one after the other, as tho some witch destroyed them with unseen hand. Foxes raided the chicken-coops, and all the efforts of the men to catch the marauders were in vain.

And the men and the women too did not thrive. Some who had worked for years suddenly demanded payment for their services so that they could leave for some other part of the country where they longed to go. And there was sickness among them. The oldest of the servants, who had been made supervisor, once reported in sad voice: "Jupin John, I slaughtered only one ox last week, and half the meat has remained. I do not know what has happened, but our people do not eat as well as they used to, and they are silent and sad and dispirited."

Stanescu thought for a few moments.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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Your sweaters, your blankets—all your woolens come out softer, fluffier, cleaner when washed with 20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips. The mild *solvent* and water-softening actions of the 20 Mule Team Borax in the soap cleans and *protects* woolens perfectly and prevents shrinking.

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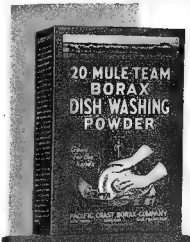

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Try it in your machine this week. Put in the machine direct—it's ready to use.

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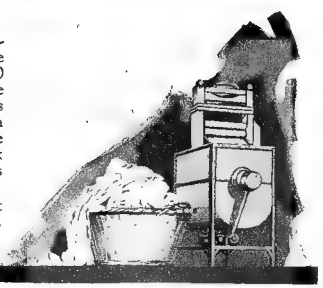

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THE NEW ORDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

looked at his wife, and then said: "Get thee to town, Marcu, and ask that some Gipsies come here and stay with us while the snow is falling and it is so cold the men can not work outside. And let us have one of the barrels of old red wine, and let the Gipsies play and the men drink, that they be merry, Marcu. Such is my wish."

But when the Gipsies came and began to play merry tunes, the men and women asked for sad songs, for long, wailing melodies resembling dirges and death-songs. When Marcu insisted that his orders were that the Gipsies play only lively tunes, they all left the dining-room to return to their quarters and brood in silence, leaving the Gipsies alone to eat and drink to their hearts' content.

THAT Winter was a long and bad one. The snow had settled fully three feet high and a gale from one direction only ceased blowing when another gale came to meet it from another direction. Mountains of snow were lifted into the air and heaped first in one place and then another. The length of the forest on the other side of the Danube was like a wide, long range of white mountains upon which a blue tinge played with sharpness when the short sunbeams fell upon it. The brief calms were broken by the lugubrious howling of the hungry wolves that prowled and flocked the white surroundings with their brown furs and red stains of blood.

Springtime came at last, and after a few calm, warm days a heavy rain began to pour down and melt the snow. Two days later the trees began to appear from underneath the thick white layer of snow. The last layers began to show gray and dirty, disappearing in small patches because of the continual downpour of the warm rain. The fields were like an immense lake of mud. Deep-seeped trenches formed themselves all the way down the fields, digging whirling pools where the ground was soft and inundating, carrying along with it all that was found not firmly and deeply fastened to the ground.

The sudden arrival of Spring forced the men into feverish activity. Again George was ready to help and again he was restrained by Marcu, who supervised the work. He was told to go to his room and learn the Frank tongue with the Frenchwoman. His father, who had always been in the thick of the work at the arrival of Spring, was now directing it from his room through the *vichil* (supervisor).

The rain lasted a few days. A sudden cold wind swept over the lowlands and dried up the soaked ground until the land stretched in seams and rifts like the parched face of an old woman. The sap, which had mounted up the trees, burst through at the ends of the twigs and branches into little buds already hinting at various colors. But they were now encased in little pockets of ice, glittering and clanking as they shook and beat to the wind. A light flurry of snow followed after the dry wind, but it only moistened the earth, a sign that it was the last snow, and that the plowing could soon begin.

The smithy became lively. The whole day the clanking of hammers accompanied the shrill, piercing shrieks of the grindstones upon which the plowshares were being sharpened. Nothing that followed was the day set aside for the customary animal parade. All Saturday night the men had been busy grooming the horses and the oxen, decorating them with bits of colored ribbons, and plaiting their manes. Stanescu sat with his family inside and watched the horses file by; the mares followed by their colts as they passed slowly in front of him for approval. To him their coats were dull, their croups thin, their necks scraggy. Their hoofs were unsure on the ground, and they seemed unfit for the long Summer work about to begin.

The owner looked reproachfully at Marcu, who had superintended the wintering of the animals, but his eyes lost their reproach after meeting the gaze of the old man. Stanescu felt two sharp points piercing his back. He turned around to meet the eyes of his older son, and those eyes said things for which the boy had no words and which the man could not clearly explain to himself. Then passed the oxen and the cows. They were a pitiful lot, as tho they had been watered in a year of famine, on straw and old bran, and not in a place where there was too much of the best fodder for even those the number of animals living on the Stanescu farm.

The parade over, and after the glasses brimming with wine had been lifted high and loud hopes were expressed for the following harvest, the men restabled the horses and made an attempt at being merry again. But it was unsuccessful, for Marcu, the leader, was broken-hearted. Never before had his master's eyes looked at him that way.

Stanescu and his wife left the very afternoon for a wedding that was to take place at some distance in the neighboring village. They took their little daughter with them. The boys were left at home to study with Mlle. Duchamps. No sooner had they gone than George dressed himself in his peasant clothes, and after he had succeeded in making his brother do likewise, he went in search of Marcu. He found the old man sitting sadly in front of his fire.

"Marcu," George said. "Listen to me."

The old man stood up and addressed the young master politely. "What is it, Domnu George?"

"Don't call me 'Domnu' any more!" yelled George with choked voice and tears in his eyes. "I am George. Marcu, I shall break ground to-morrow. Do please put four of the biggest oxen to my plow. I shall sharpen the plowshares myself. The ground is hard. I have just tested it and I shall plow deeper than ever, for the heavy rain has taken off the top layer of the earth."

"Your father told me that you will not do that any more," Marcu explained.

"Oh," answered George, "I won't? Since when does the oldest son no longer break the ground on his father's farm?"

"But you are no longer a peasant. Your father is becoming a boyar. You are learning to speak the Frank tongue even as the sons of Cornel spoke it."

"My father is not a boyar."

"Yes, he is, or will be," answered Marcu, "and because of that many men have left us and many horses have died. A great change has come over this place. A spell has been thrown over it."

The young boy sat down near the old peasant and looked into the burning logs for a moment.

"Marcu," he said passionately as he turned around. "You do not know what I have suffered all this Winter not to be with you or the others every day! You don't know how lonesome the evening meals were sitting around that flimsy table on chairs that seemed to crack underneath me! I am hungry, Marcu. You don't know how I hate the tinkling of the piano when that Frenchwoman plays! Her napkins on the table and the paper on the wall and the clothes I wear, with the collars choking me!

"Marcu, another thing I will tell you—father too suffers because of that. I have seen him tug at his collar, and I have seen him walk sad-eyed and angry around in his room, not knowing what to do with himself. And when he hears voices in that big room where the two white pine tables are he longs to go there and sing with the band and sing together with you, all we used to sing. But something holds him back, Marcu. Something holds him back. I don't know what it is."

Marcu shook his head in silence.

Suddenly George said, "Marcu, you keep Alecu here. And wait for me until I come back. I shall not be long."

RUNNING as fast as he could, George rushed into the tool-house and took a heavy ax. It seemed to him as he entered the house that he was about to do the holiest deed. He began by smashing the piano. Mlle. Duchamps thought the boy had gone crazy and tried to restrain him. But George pushed her away, and his ax smashed tables and chairs and looking-glasses. With a savage yell he launched into the cupboard where the porcelain-ware was piled high. He brought it all down to the floor and danced wildly with his heavy boots on top of the crockery. Everything crackled underneath his feet.

Crotchets and paintings were torn from the windows; napkins and table-covers were taken from the shelves and thrown into the fire. The paper on the walls he smeared with charcoal, and his mother's and father's clothes, his own and his brother's and his sister's, whatever was there, he tore into bits. It lay in shreds all about him. He threw the heap out of the window into the mud and then danced fiercely upon it all. Mlle. Duchamps was shrieking at the top of her voice. But no servant would help her to restrain the boy. They watched, but allowed him to do as he pleased. At last she succeeded in getting one of the servants to take her to the master at the wedding he was attending.

"It is done, Marcu! *It* is done!" George shouted as he returned to the old man's quarters. "I shall break ground to-morrow and ever afterward."

Stanescu returned shortly afterward. Accompanied by the crying servant, he rushed into the house. Everything was wrecked. Everything that had been bought in town was destroyed. Not a single thing had remained unharmed.

"It is the work of a madman!" the mother cried. "Where is he? Where is he?"

Stanescu was beyond himself with rage when he saw the destruction. He rushed out to look for the boy to punish him. George was coming out of Marcu's house dressed in his peasant garb, the long white shirt reaching to his ankles. As he looked at his son it seemed to the father that an aureole like that surrounding the figure of St. John the Baptist was playing about the head of his son, who, with measured, slow steps, now approached the house.

Then everything became clear to the father. He kneeled in the mud before his son and kissed the hem of his garment, as he cried, "Forgive me, son, forgive me."

And on the morning after, George held the handles of the iron plow that broke the ground on his father's farm. A carriage took away Mlle. Duchamps to the train, and to her home and her country. The servants were busy carrying back into the house the old furniture which had been stored away old furniture which had been stored away in the stables. White lime was being prepared to calcimine the rooms again. And there was great merriment that night in the dining-hall. They sang old songs—songs of praise to the Only One Who had shown His way to a child.

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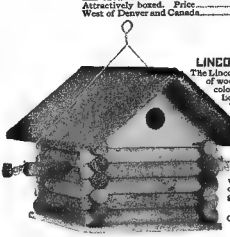

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THE STORY OF CHRIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

hand, but the diligent workman paid no attention to it and continued to hammer away vigorously until his work was properly done. Then he came down the ladder and did the same to the other hand.

All the spectators had fallen silent, hoping to hear screams from the condemned Man. But Jesus was silent before His executioners as He had been silent before His judges.

Now it was the turn of the feet. This was work which could be done standing on the ground, for the Roman crosses were set so low that, if the bodies of the executed criminals were left on them too long, dogs and jackals could tear out their bowels and eat them.

The soldier who was nailing Christ on the cross now lifted up His knees so that the soles of His feet should be flat against the wood, and, taking the measure so that the iron nail should be long enough to go through the instep, he pierced the first foot and drove the nail home. He did the same to the other foot, and at the end glanced up, still with his hammer in his hand, to see if he had finished his work, and if anything was lacking. He remembered the scroll which they had taken from Jesus's neck and flung down on the ground. He picked it up, climbed again up the ladder, and with two nails fastened it on the upright of the cross, above the thorn-crowned head.

All was finished; the drops of blood fell slowly from His hands on the ground and the blood from His feet reddened the cross. From now on He was to flee no more. His blaspheming mouth was soon to be opened in agony, but it was to teach no more forever. The assassins could be satisfied with themselves and with the foreign executioners. The corrupter of the people, the enemy of the Temple and of business, was fastened with four solid nails on the tree of ignominy. The lords of Jerusalem could from that night on sleep more peacefully.

And some of the priests, shaking their heads, said, "Ah, Thou that destroyest the Temple, and buildest it in three days, save Thyself and come down from the cross. If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross."

He saved others; Himself He can not save. If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross and we will believe Him. He trusted in God; let God deliver Him now if He will have Him; for He said, "I am the Son of God."

It seems that Nature itself wished to hide the horror of that sight: the sky, which all the morning had been clear, suddenly grew dark. A thick cloud, dark as tho it came from the marshes of hell, rose above the hills, and little by little spread to every corner of the horizon. Black clouds gathered about the sun—that sweet, clear April sun which had warmed the hands of the murderers—encircled it, laid siege to it, and finally covered it with a thick curtain of darkness. "And there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour."

Many, alarmed by the falling of that mysterious darkness, fled away from the Hill of the Skull, and went home silenced But not all. The air was calm; it did not rain as yet, and in the shadow the three pallid bodies alone cut sharply; they wished to sate themselves to the very last of His agony. Why go away from the theater until the tragedy is finished to the last scream?

ONLY the women had not abandoned Him. On one side, far from the cross, through fear of the howling men, Mary, His mother; Mary Magdalene, Mary of Cleofa, Salome, mother of James and John —and perhaps also Joanna of Cusa and Martha—were present, terrified witnesses of His death. He still had the strength to confide to John, the dearest and most sacred inheritance which He left on earth—the Virgin of Sorrows. But after this, through the veil of His suffering, He saw no one, and believed Himself alone with death as He had been alone at the most solemn moments of His life. Even the Father seemed suddenly remote, inexplicably absent. Where was that loving Father to whom He was wont to speak with the certainty of a helpful answer? Why did He not help Him, giving some sign of His presence, or at least showing Him the mercy of calling Him to Himself without cruel delay?

And then there was heard in the thick air, in the silence of the darkness, these words, "Eli, Eli Lama Sabachthani?" that is to say, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" This was the first verse of a psalm which He had repeated to Himself many times because He had found there so many presages of His life and of His death. He no longer had the strength to cry it all as He had in the desert, but in His troubled spirit there came back one by one those sorrowing invocations.

The supplications of this prophetic psalm which recall so closely the Man of Sorrows of Isaiah, rose from the wounded heart of the crucified Man as the last expression of His dying humanity. But certain of the brutes nearest to the cross thought that He was calling Elias, the immortal prophet, who in the popular imagination was to appear with Christ "Behold He calleth Elias."

At the moment one of the soldiers took a sponge, soaked it in vinegar, put it on a reed, and held it to the lips of Christ. But the Jews said, "Let alone; let us see whether Elias will come to take Him down."

The legionary, not wishing to make trouble, laid down the reed. But after a little—and the time seemed infinitely long in that darkness, in that suspense, that painful tension—Christ's voice came down as if from a great distance, "I thirst."

The soldier took up the sponge again, dipped it once more in the vessel full of the mixture of water and vinegar, and once more held it to the parched mouth which had prayed for his forgiveness. And Jesus when He had taken the vinegar said, "It is finished."

If a stranger who had never seen Him before that day had done this, altho so small a thing, through compassion for Him, it was a sign that the Father had not abandoned Him. The cup was finished, all the bitterness was drunk. Eternity began. With His last strength He cried with a loud voice in the darkness: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit!"

I called Thee because it seemed to Me in the darkness of My suffering that Thou hadst left Me. But now Thou hast answered. Thou hast answered by means of this poor soldier; Thou hast answered with the peace which dulls the last pangs of My death, the death which brings Me to My awakening with Thee. It is not true that Thou hast abandoned Me. When I called Thee it was not I who spoke, but that human blood burning in My veins, and dropping from the nails. I know that Thou art present with Me, one with Me to all eternity: Thou art My Father and I Thy Son. Into what firmer and surer hands could I commend My soul!

And Jesus, after He had cried out with a loud voice, bowed His head and gave up the spirit. That loud cry, so powerful that it freed the soul from the flesh, rang out in the darkness and lost itself in the furthermost ends of the earth. Matthew tells us that "The veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and appeared unto many."

THE sun had not yet risen on the day which for us is Sunday, when the women once more drew near to the garden, but over the eastern hills a white hope, light as the distant reflection of an earth clothed with lilies and silver, rose slowly in the midst of the throbbing constellations, vanquishing little by little the sparkling brilliance of the night. It was one of those calm dawns suggesting innocents asleep; and the clear, benign air seemed stirred as by a recent flight of angels. It seemed one of the virginal days, ushered in with transparent pallor, shy and cheerful with cool breezes.

In the breezy dawn the women advanced, lost in their sadness, under the spell of a hope they could not justify. Were they returning to weep upon the rock? Or to see Him once more, He who had captured their hearts without laying them waste? Or to put about the body of the Immaculate One spices stronger than those of Nicodemus? And speaking among themselves, they said, "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulcher?"

There were four of them, since to Mary of Magdala and to Mary of Bethany, Joanna of Cusa and Salome had joined themselves, but they were women and weakened by their sorrow.

But when they came to the rock they stood still, astounded. The black opening into the sepulcher showed itself against the darkness. Not believing her eyes, the boldest of them touched the slit with her trembling hands. In the daylight, brightening with every moment, they saw the stone there beside them, leaning against the rocks.

The women, struck into silence by their fright, turned around as if expecting some one to come to tell them what had happened in those two nights which had passed. Mary of Magdala feared that the Jews, not satisfied with what they had made Him suffer when He was alive, had stolen away the body of Christ; or perhaps, unwilling to have the honorable sepulcher used by a heretic, they had thrown Him into the shameful common grave for men stoned and crucified.

But this was no more than a presentiment. Perhaps Jesus was still lying inside in His perfumed wrappings. Enter they dared not, and yet they could not bear to go away without any certainty of what had happened; and as soon as the sun, risen at last above the summit of the hills, shone into the opening of the sepulcher, they took courage and entered.

At first they saw nothing, but they were shaken by a new fear. At their right, seated, was a young man clothed in a long white garment, showing in that darkness like snow. He seemed to be awaiting them.

"Be not affrighted: He is not here. He is risen. Why seek ye the living among the dead? Remember how He spake unto you when He was yet in Galilee, saying the Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

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THE STORY OF CHRIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

sinful men and be crucified, and the third day rise again!"

The women listened, terrified and trembling, without being able to answer, but the youth went on, "Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead; and behold He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him."

All four of them, trembling with terror and joy, left the grotto to run at once where they had been sent. But after a few steps, when they were almost outside the garden, Mary of Magdala stopped, and the others went along the road toward the city without waiting for her. She herself did not know why she had remained behind. Perhaps the words of the unknown youth had not convinced her, and she remembered that they had not even made sure that the sepulcher was really empty; perhaps the youth in white was an accomplice of the priests who wished to deceive them.

She turned suddenly and saw a man near her, outlined against the green of the garden and the sunlight; but she did not recognize Him even when He spoke. "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"

Mary thought that it might be Joseph's gardener come early to his work. "Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him. Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him and I will take Him away."

The unknown man, touched by this impassioned candor, by this childlike simplicity, answered by one word only, one name only, her name, pronounced longingly, wistfully, but by the touching and unforgetable voice which had called her so many times: "Mary."

Then coming to herself with a start, the despairing woman found her lost Master. "Rabboni, Master!" And she fell at His feet in the new grass and clasped in her hands those bare feet still showing the two red marks of the nails.

But Jesus said to her, "Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father; but go to My brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father, and to My God, and to your God."

And at once He withdrew from the kneeling woman, and moved away among the plants crowned with sunshine.

MARY watched Him until He had disappeared; then she lifted herself up from the grass, her face convulsed, wild, blind with joy, and ran after her companions.

They had just arrived in the house where the disciples had been hiding and they had told hastily and breathlessly the incredible news: the sepulcher opened, the youth clad in white, the things which he had said, the Master risen, the message to His brothers.

But the men, still stunned by the catastrophe, and by these dangerous days had shown themselves more torpid and passive than the weaker women, were not willing to believe this wildly improbable news. Hallucinations, women's dreams, they said. How could He be risen from the dead after only two days? He had said that He would return, but not at once: so many terrible things were to be seen before that day of His return!

They believed in the resurrection of the Master, but not before the day when all the dead would rise again, and He would come in glory to rule His kingdom. But not now; it was too soon; it could not be true; waking up of hysteric women!

But in the meantime Mary of Magdala came in breathless with running and with agitation. What the others had said was all true. But there was more: she herself had seen Him with her own eyes, and He had spoken to her, and she had not known Him at once, but had recognized Him as soon as He had called her by name: she had touched His feet with her hands, had seen the wounds on His feet; it was He, really alive, and He had told her, as had the unknown youth, to go to His brothers so that they should know that He had risen from the dead as He had promised.

Simon and John, fully aroused, rushed out of the house and began to run toward Joseph's garden. John, who was younger, outran Peter and came first to the sepulcher. He looked through the door, saw the linen cloths lying on the ground, but did not go in.

Simon came up breathless, and rushed into the grotto. The linen cloths were lying on the ground, but the napkin which had been about the head of the corpse was folded and wrapped together in a place by itself. John also went in, saw, and believed. And without another word they returned in all haste toward the house, still running as if they expected to find the Risen One in the midst of others whom they had left.

But it was later, forty days after the Resurrection, that He was to rise into the Glory of Heaven from the same place where He had gone down to the city amid the triumphant shouts of men, in the shade of blossoming branches. He remained in the midst of men for forty days after the Resurrection, for as long a time as He had remained in the desert after His symbolic death by water. Altho His body seemed human, His life was transfigured into the ultimate sublimation of humanity, and He was ready to enter, as pure spirit, into the spirit of the Father from whom He had been separated thirty years before, that He might cast upon the shadow-darkened world a gleam of heavenly light.

He did not, as before, lead a life in common with the disciples, because He was separated now from the life of living men: but He reappeared to them more than once to confirm His great promises. The last time they saw Him was on the Mount of Olives, where before His death He had prophesied the ruin of the Temple and of the city and the signs of His return, and where in the darkness of night and of anguish Satan, before his final defeat, had left Him wet with sweat and blood. It was one of the last evenings of May, and the clouds in that golden hour, like golden celestial islands in the gold of the setting sun, seemed to rise from the warm earth toward Heaven like incense from great fragrant offerings. In the newly sown fields the birds began to call back the fledglings to the nests, and the cool breeze lightly shook the branches and their drooping, unripened fruit. From the distant city, still intact, from the pinnacles, the towers, and the white square of the Temple, rose a smoky dust.

AND the disciples asked Jesus once again the question which they had put to Him in the same place on the evening of the two prophecies. Now that He had come back as He had promised what else were they to await?

"Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the Kingdom to Israel?"

Perhaps they wished to speak of the Kingdom of God, which in their minds, as in the minds of the Prophets, was one with the Kingdom of Israel because the divine restoration of the earth was to begin with Judea.

Christ answered: "*It is not for you to* know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost shall come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

And having said this, He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And while they beheld, He was taken up from the earth and suddenly a shining cloud wrapped Him about and hid Him from their sight. But they could not look away from the sky, and continued to gaze stedfastly up in their astonishment, when two men in white apparel spoke to them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven."

Then having prayed in silence, they returned to Jerusalem, glowing with a melancholy joy, thinking of the day just begun: the first day of an undertaking which after two thousand years is not yet accomplished. They were alone now, alone against that innumerable enemy called the World. But Heaven is not so cut off from the earth: never before the coming of Christ: the mystic ladder of Jacob is no longer a lonely man's dream, but is set up on the earth, on the earth which we tread, and above there is an intercessor who does not forget the ephemeral beings destined to eternal life with Him and with His brothers. "I.o, I am with you always even unto the end of the world," had been one of His last promises and the greatest. He had ascended into Heaven, but Heaven was no longer merely the barren dome where clouds appear and disappear and disappear; where the stars shine out silently, like the souls of saints.

He is still there, the Son of Man, who was light made manifest, who died, raised above the earth toward the blackness of Heaven, as if to show the road He would into Heaven in the peacefulness of evening, and who will return again on the clouds of Heaven. He is still there in the world which He meant to free, attentive to our words if they come really from the depths of our hearts, if they are not the expression of blood in our hearts before being salt drops in our eyes. He is with us as invisible, benignant guests, more present than ever because by His wish our earthly life is an anticipation of the Kingdom of Heaven and is a part of Heaven from this day on. Christ has taken to Himself as His eternal possession that rough foster-mother of us all, that sphere which is but a point in the infinite and yet contains hope for the infinite; and to-day He is closer to us than when He ate the bread of our fields. His divine promise can be blotted out: that May cloud which hid Him still hovers near the earth, and every day we raise our weary and mortal eyes to that same cloud from which He will descend in the terrible splendor of His glory.

THIS is the last of five chapters from Giovanni Papini's celebrated "Story of Christ," translated from the Italian by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. The other four chapters have appeared in our December, January, February, and March issues. For the privilege of reproducing the beautiful paintings by Tissot, with which this series is illustrated, Pictorial Review is indebted to the courtesy and hearty co-operation of the Brooklyn Museum.

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THEY STAGE THE MODERN WOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

desperation and temporary insanity, the drab little wife strangled her husband in his sleep.

And those two women—one of them the wife of the District Attorney—between them destroy the evidence that would have convicted the other woman. A jury of her peers had pronounced her "not guilty."

Now, had a man written that play he quite likely would have condoned the offense of that drab little woman, the party of the first part. He-authors have often done that for their heroines. But, by the shades of our maligned Mother Eve herself, no man born of woman would have made that jury one of women, would have allowed them such a verdict! Susan Glaspell in this play pays her respects to the inherent justice of the women of America.

LET us go on to Zoe Akins and her play "Déclassée." If we would learn further how our women dramatists are championing us; "Déclassée," which is familiar to those who have seen Ethel Barrymore in the part of *Lady Helen*, "whose godmother was a queen," the last of the mad, gay Varicks of old England. "Déclassée" begins its action in London. It is robed in the glamour of titles, of strings of pearls, and of Gainsborough portraits. But it might as well be laid in St. Louis. Zoe Akins's girlhood home, from the human nature of it. Those Varicks painted by Gainsborough and Romney and Sargent, scattered over the capitals of Europe and in the private collections of New York millionaires, might be a "family album" as far as the universal woman theme is concerned.

For in "Déclassée" Zoe Akins takes the woman's part in one of the oldest of woman's tragedies—the fate of the woman who has been gossiped about, whether justly or unjustly; who has been reckless with her name and her reputation until she has been dropped from her old circle of acquaintances, sick for home, yet forced by circumstances to continue her life of drifting adventures—*déclassée*.

What then of the playwright herself? What emotional experiences have been hers to create this passionate sympathy for the rash deeds of her sisters?

Well, she herself sums it up: "You need not have had the same experiences, but you must have experienced the same emotions. For, no matter what you imagine, your imaginings need to be verified. Life is such a heady wine. You are always dying and being born over again, and when you are back at your writing, each agony becomes the memory by which you match the shade and color of the emotions of your imaginings."

Eighteen years ago there was a young girl in St. Louis who died and was born again, because she had not used wisely. The cup of life was raised to her young red lips. But, unlike those fair frail women of her imaginings, unlike *Lady Helen* in "Déclassée," unlike the woman fated for disaster in her latest play, "Varying Shores"; unlike the women in "The Magical City," she merely sipped of the heavy wine of life, and put down the cup undrunk. She had escaped their experiences and the cup's dregs. The love-affair was terminated. And then it was that "each agony became the memory" to test her imaginings.

That year Zoe Akins wrote her first play, which she dispatched to Julia Marlowe. And Julia Marlowe sent for the young girl. It reads like a fairy-tale. Invited for her and entertained her in her own home on Long Island. She had recognized the spark of genius, even tho the play was immature. Young Zoe had wanted to be an actress as well as a playwright. But in this Julia Marlowe discouraged her, telling her that her features had not the beauty that great success on the stage requires.

"Instead write," the famous actress told her. And Zoe wrote. She poured out her young soul in poems. A published book of those poems brought her first success in letters. She revealed her heart in short stories that were published in the magazines. Indeed half of her fame to-day comes from her success in the magazine field. And finally she has created those rash and glorious creatures of her plays to whom Ethel Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, and Marjorie Rambeau have given flesh and blood.

She might even have created herself as the heroine of one of her own plays as she reclines back in the soft, rich cushions of her New York apartment surrounded by the luxury that the success of her plays have brought her. She is like those bright, reckless creatures battered about in their careers by the inexorable law of consequences—save that in the face of a poet, who loves and sings and suffers, are set the serene eyes of a thinker!

As luxurious a creature as any of her characters she seems. Glowing with health; not beautiful, but vivid with the joy of living; thirty-four years old and at the prime of her success and glorying in her achievements, she revels as no man revels in the success which he had wrested from the world. A rose-colored negligée was thrown about a somewhat voluptuous figure.

Italian Renaissance treasures surrounded her; had made her apartment on a fashionable New York street a veritable art museum. The walls were paneled with ancient woods taken from the walls of some Florentine palace. Great wrought-iron dogs from the hall of a Venetian Doge held up the blazing fire-logs. Ancient carved chests whispered messages of fabrics hidden there unseen; but she confided in me the secret that one of those chests contained the rejected manuscripts of her girlhood's scribbling!

At a refectory-table luncheon was served us. Soft-stepping servants revealed the luxury of her life.

"Every week I read a play of Shakespeare. Every week I steep my senses in the music of the opera," Zoe Akins muses. "Not long ago my royalties from 'Déclassée's' run of a week in Pittsburg were twenty-five hundred dollars." Laughing joyously, she showed me the statement from her literary agent. "I call that play my Man-of-War.

"For ten months after 'Déclassée's' first success three years ago I gave myself up to an orgy of buying beauty until it surrounded me—until beauty swept over my senses like waves. Every chair that you see is an art treasure. I spent—and I am the better writer for it."

With the loving fingers of a connoisseur she caressed the luster of an ancient majolica platter. "I love beauty, beauty I can touch. I do not consider it an advantage to be poor. America is not a poor country. For the writer to be poorer than the women of whom she writes is as for the preacher to receive less hire than the farmers and merchants of his congregation. How can such a preacher, or such a writer, understand the joys, and the temptations, of the rich? Too often the writer understands only the heart of the embittered genteel poor, and not the heart of the well-to-do."

Her rich contralto voice, her keen and thoughtful eyes, her luxury-loving form yielding itself to the soft silk cushions, the rich fifteenth-century atmosphere of the room! Suddenly the centuries seemed asleep like a mist when the sun breaks through. She seemed a grand lady of the high Renaissance—that era when beauty was a religion, when pleasure was a duty, when men and women went about reciting verses, when the exercise of the mind was held the greatest joy of them all. That was not the century that was going in for asceticism!

"Therefore I am glad that I have never been poor," the contralto voice flows on. "Just as I am glad that I am worldly. Worldliness is such a good, common-sense sort of vice!"

Likewise is she glad that her forebears come from two widely differentiated social worlds; that she has, so to speak, a foot of understanding in both camps. Her father was a self-made politician, his relatives unpretentious Missouri farmers. Her mother, on the other hand, came of an Eastern family of generations of culture.

"I have figured out," she meditates, "that every hour I spend trying to save money means wasting the much greater sum of money that I could make in that same hour writing. And so I pay my servants more than other housekeepers pay theirs, and I let them do my housekeeping for me—extravagantly or not, according to their natures.

"When I engage a cook I ask her two questions, 'Can you make a good omelet? Can you percolate good coffee?' If she has those two achievements that is a pretty safe barometer. And of my household I make another requirement. When I am sleeping in the morning or when the passion for work is on me, no one must be allowed to disturb me by telephone or in person. Usually I instruct them to say that I have a broken leg. My friends understand the code; my acquaintances think that my leg is broken. My secretary then takes entire charge of my correspondence. For weeks the outside material world ceases utterly to exist for me. Everything palls in the end by work."

Thus every emotion of Zoe Akins finally comes to an end in an orgy of passionate work. This is what the psychologist Freud means by "sublimation." Every experience in the end is thrust down the hungry throat of her talent. Every love-affair in her vivid life ends in work—instead of marriage. Zoe Akins is still unmarried.

For according to this woman playwright, the demands which art makes of its devotees leave few hours of the twenty-four for the mechanical details of matrimony. The first choice of the day's hours must be given to the business of writing.

And it is because of this inexorable requirement of the fates that in many a woman's heart to-day there lie plays which, were they written, might lay bare at last the age-old enigma of woman.

OF RACHEL CROTHERS the fates demanded that she choose between career and marriage.

Did she do well to choose career? Let's "listen in." She does not know we are watching her. In a commonplace, landscaped, well built, and dignified with a youthful figure, an alert carriage, and the air of a sophisticated woman of the world, she stands in the wing of the stage in the darkened theater. High above her looms the dusky machinery for shifting scenery, like the mysterious mechanisms of some ancient torture-chamber. Brick walls enclose the great space behind the curtain, in the region of disillusionment where the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

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THEY STAGE THE MODERN WOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

eye of the audience never penetrates. The actors are reading their parts from typewritten sheets. Chalk-marks indicate a fantom room just behind the unlit footlights. And through it all moves Rachel Crothers, one of the few women playwright-directors in the world, organizing, planning, bringing order out of chaos. These are the raw materials of which plays are made.

A tactful suggestion in her quiet voice to still the temperament of an excited actor. A meaningless gesture by the villain Rachel Crothers herself demonstrates to him how the gesture can be made significant. A patient explanation to a petulant young beauty. A quick, competent order to an electrician. Serenity yet dynamic energy is here.

No wonder the list of her successful plays in the last thirteen years reads like a roster of Broadway: "Nice People," "Old Lady Thirty-one," "Thirty-nine East," "Mother Carey's Chickens," "The Three of Us," "A Man's World," "He and She." She has even played the lead in one of her own plays when she could not find the actress who could interpret the character as his creator has conceived it. She is a member of the two most exclusive clubs for women in New York; wealth and prestige are hers!

And yet—and yet—do you recall how Maeterlinck describes the life of the virgin bees, who have turned all their energies, all their emotions into the channel of work until their brains grow in actual size—until they become superbees? The impression that Rachel Crothers gives is of a mighty executive mind that controls her destiny. But this great mind of hers, like the mind of the bee, has been fed, nurtured on her personal life. In entering man's world, the world where careers are made, it would seem that a woman must sacrifice certain human experiences. These same sacrifices are not exacted of man.

Has Rachel Crothers resented this decree of our social order that woman must enter the business and professional world thus handicapped? So her plays bear witness. Round me, as I write, gather the clear-eyed, brave women of her dramas. Each of them has tried to play the game of life by man's code of honor: to tell the truth to keep her own self-respect, to accomplish certain work in the world of men, unfettered by the panicky fear of how things look; considering instead how things "are." And each is worsted. Their very lovers fail to trust them. They have broken the world's code that it is more important that a woman should be "careful" of appearances than that she should be blameless of wrong-doing and that her work should be done well.

YET darkest of all flows the strain of woman's fatality through "He and She." This is the play in which Miss Crothers herself played the part of the woman sculptor, until for those who have seen the play it is well-nigh impossible to separate the author from the character which she has created. For in this play the woman wrecks the happiness of her married life because she forsooth wins from her husband the great prize in sculpture for which they both competed. She has broken the sacred law of biology. Her career has exacted love as its price. Did young Rachel Crothers herself once see this vision?

Is it merely imagination that discovers the autobiographical strain in the plays of Rachel Crothers as she explains why her choice had to be career rather than marriage?

"I have never found a man who was big enough, strong enough, and intellectual enough who did not also have the vices of those great qualities. Such a man has been taught by millenniums of generously providing for his women-folks that his woman should depend upon him economically and mentally. The superior man will not have the superior woman—not on the superior woman's terms."

Impersonally, without vanity—indeed never have I talked with a woman so cleansed of personal vanity—she refers to herself as a superior woman as she explains why, because of this choice which the superior woman must make between love and developing her own mentality, we can not yet hope to breed a superrace. We'll have to keep on breeding the superior with the mediocre, as the strong man goes on mating with the mental clinging vine.

"And yet the average woman is so unfair to the above-average man," Miss Crothers continued. "She demands that love be his whole existence because hers is barren of other interests. We, the above-average women, alone recognize that his love is the more worth possessing for the very reason that he has only the half of himself to give to any woman; because he keeps his mental life of accomplishment inviolate from the soft encroachments of his love life. We above-average women understand because our own reasoning and mental side is so developed that we, too, have only a half of us that we can give to any man. We are the only ones who feel no jealousy of his other interests.

"We are the only ones who understand"—a flash of the ironic humor that permeates her plays—"that a man can not be in love twenty-four hours a day—not with one woman. The average woman sacrifices his bigness to her pettiness, where we could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

You wouldn't drink from your saucer

It's NO CRIME to pour tea into the saucer to cool. It doesn't harm anyone. Quite likely George Washington did it in the privacy of Mount Vernon. And yet today a girl might be pretty, sweet, rich and good—and be socially counted a total loss if she did that just once.

It just isn't done. It's one of those things that "place" its perpetrator instantly. It's not good breeding. It's one of those all-important trivialities that mark the ranks of society. No girl can afford to overlook them. No girl can afford to defy them. Society is much too strong and much too merciless for any individual to go contrary to its dictates.

* * *

It's just as bad form to write carelessly on slovenly paper as it is to drink tea from a saucer. Only you don't have an opportunity to see the effect of your "break" mirrored in surrounding eyes. You never know the impression your untidy note makes on the mother of your school friend, or the leader of your club, or the well-set-up young chap you met at Gwen's dance.

Many a girl has cut herself out of a circle of delightful people whom she would have enjoyed, by just being clumsy or careless—once. It's so easy to leave a name *off* an invitation list. It's so easy *not* to call. She doesn't know why. And perhaps she goes on making the same careless writing mistakes for quite a long time.

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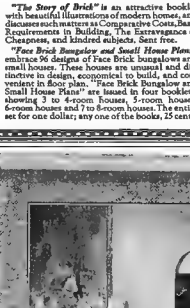

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THEY STAGE THE MODERN WOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

free him. And yet it can not be otherwise, not until a few more milleniums have passed, until centuries of social evolution have brought men and women into a more equal relationship.

Nor is marriage the only sacrifice that must be made to the god of careers. Rachel Crothers's happiest hours are spent on her farm in upper New York State, raising chickens and calves and growing green vegetables. Indeed she has the habit of letting life on the farm straighten out many a weighty problem that has come into the lives of her people of dreams. She loves her country life, but the main part of her existence must be lived in New York city, which is the nation's play market. Our four women dramatists are bred at the four points of the compass, but business holds them to Broadway, where plays are in the making—and to stern business hours.

"My moods are my stock in trade," is the way Miss Crothers puts it. "I can no more afford to allow the general public to destroy them by interruptions than the merchant can allow the public to maul over his fine perishable laces and shimmering white satins. My moods would soon resemble the goods on a Monday morning bargain-counter which fifteen women are pulling and soiling, if I let them be interrupted by telephone conversations, neighborly visitors, bridge hands, and relatives."

Therefore Rachel Crothers lives alone and no more has a guest-chamber than a business man would keep a guest-chamber in his office. She has solved her housekeeping problems in such way as to set free her hours. There is a housekeeper-cook with whom each day a consultation is held.

The executive mind that is able to direct her own plays as well as to write them makes her able to run her home in the time which she can afford to attend to, as if key under her hands like the keys of her typewriter.

The very setting of her home is laid out for efficiency instead of for soft feminine luxury. She lives in a small apartment in convenient walking distance of the theatrical district on Broadway. Hers is not a luxurious jewel-casket like the apartment of Zoe Akins, but pleasant rooms of no particular period; books and more books, a grand piano, a few comfortable old pieces from her old home in Illinois, painted modern furniture. Not a flick of dust mars the efficient serenity of Rachel Crothers's background.

This home is her castle where her moods and her hours are protected against interruption. Therefore when her secretary is out and she herself answers the telephone, she announces, "This is Miss Crothers's secretary. I will take the message.

"There again men have the advantage of women," comments Rachel Crothers with a half-humorous smile—with that ever-recurring feminist strain. "The world recognizes that a man's business life must be uninterrupted, because the world recognizes that it is necessary for him to make his living." The world has become necessary for this woman to earn her living. From her earliest young womanhood she has handled a man's responsibilities.

Rachel Crothers, with an equally matter-of-fact casualness, adds a couple of young persons to her repertoire of responsibilities—a relative or just some ambitious young thing whom she chances to encounter, whose way in the world she begins to foster. Chance has thrown two of these young women in my path. One of them who had been a student in the New York school where fifteen years ago Rachel Crothers was the teacher of diction, before her plays had brought her fame and fortune, expresses herself enthusiastically:

"People say that Miss Crothers wrote 'Nice People' because flappers were being written up by the newspapers. But we who went to school with her know that Miss Crothers was the one teacher who understood us girls and never criticised us."

The other girl was even warmer in her appreciation of the aid that Miss Crothers had given her, of the helping hand that had started her on her own career.

AND, anent this subject of a champion for the ladies, no record would be complete without blithe Clare Kummer, the prettiest, gladdest piece of femininity that ever brought down royalties. But don't think for a moment that her championing of women has appeared in the guise of propaganda for suffrage or for equal wage. Clare Kummer started out in life as Clare Beecher. She comes from a long line of propagandists. She belongs to the branch of the family famous for its interest in abolition.

But the service that this later-day Beecher renders to other women is to show in her plays that gaiety and light-heartedness in a woman are not frivolity. To save his life a good he-writer can't keep from patronizingly treating such a heroine. It took genius to create clever, lilting comedies to turn the trick—those comedies of hers which trip off her pencil onto odd scraps of paper as she writes, propped up in bed. Her favorite working hour is before she gets up in the morning.

Out of those odd little scraps of paper, that she tucks under her pillows when the idea is jotted down, come those light-hearted chatty heroines of hers in "Good Gracious Annabelle," "Be Calm, Camilla," "Rollo's Wild Oat," and "The Mountain Man." Wherever you turn in the bright-colored world of her fancy you feel the charm of those ladies, who simply will not take the world as seriously as the male prophets have taught us is the function of the heroine.

Clare Kummer herself has that intangible quality of charm which slips into her characters and into the repartee of her plays. Moreover, she is distractingly pretty and young—young with the soft curves of youth. Until, to be perfectly frank, I've a strong suspicion that the pretty young actress, Marjorie Kummer, whom the playwright calls her daughter, is really one of her own brain children, like *Camille* and *Annabelle* and *Del*, the heroine of her latest play, "The Mountain Man." For brain children of twenty do not require twenty real years to become twenty, which age the mother claims her married daughter has become. And, indeed, the way Clare Kummer mixes up her children in her conversation you can hardly differentiate between the dream and the fact.

After a new play has been written its people are real. Her favorite characters in the play become a part of her household. The very actors come under the spell of her magic. When William Gillette played in "A Successful Calamity," he owned to my that he did not feel that he was playing a part, but that he was going down to the Booth Theater to spend a very delightful evening with his family.

"My characters just come to me," she announces. "And you'd no one would be more astonished than I am at the things they my and do. Sometimes they take my plots almost too lightly.

It is thus, too, that she writes her songs, without technical knowledge of the rules of harmony. Did you know, by the way, that this same Clare Kummer was responsible for the words and the infectious music of "Egypt," of "Dearie, My Dearie," and of "The Shadow Waltz." It was through the royalties from her songs that she first found the means to support herself, a mere child of twenty, and her two-year-old baby, Marjorie.

YET Clare Kummer's gaiety is not the unthinking frivolity that comes from lack of experience. It is the deeper and sweeter joyousness of the woman who has experienced life and found that life is good. But she wasn't any Pollyanna child. A retiring, imaginative, little girl, frightened by the boisterous games of the other children—that was Clare Beecher. Her own Marjorie was never sent to school, was always trained by private tutors in memory of that misplaced little girl.

And yet the great old brownstone house in Brooklyn, native heath of the Beecher clan, sometimes would light up giddily. There was Clare Kummer's pretty young mother in that home, who used to organize amateur theatricals in Brooklyn's conservative old social world, fashioning a stage in the sober old double parlors.

And little Clare, who was supposed by the guests and by the Beecher men-folk to be in bed where good children belonged, was smuggled in behind the scenes. Big-eyed, breathless, the little girl watched the pretty ladies with their ruffled trains and the fashionable gentlemen with their long mustaches, acting the gentle society dramas of the early nineties.

The years slid on—a young girl of seventeen—married too young for wisdom to enter in it—a divorce at twenty—Clare Kummer faced the world alone. Only her undeveloped art stood between her and want. She had to make a living by her art or two mouths would not be filled. "Life washed over me. It inundated me. And I struggled out through work." The work of a woman, not the work of a man.

In a large apartment overlooking the south end of Central Park in New York city Clare Kummer lives with her second husband, the actor Marjorie, and Marjorie's actor husband. And one would not expect the playwright—whose heroines decide what they want to say themselves and then say it—to have one of those efficiency-run, electric punch-button apartments.

But one would expect her home to be the livable place that it is, with bright-colored chintzes and the grand piano beaming before the broad windows. Yet not even that piano of hers belongs to the leisure class, that's the place where she works for its living when she is composing the haunting airs that you find tucked into each of her plays.

The life of the woman playwright in the final analysis is a life of work, not only a life of enjoying its fruits, for success in work brings an opportunity to do more work.

Therefore, unless the work itself be the greatest joy that life has to offer, the business of being a woman playwright is a disappointing game. So many hours of the year are spent in sheer labor, so few are left to spend on the business of spending and on the business of being made over. Clare Kummer has time for just one diversion. Her hobby is riding and driving her horses at her country place in Rhode Island. She is just the kind of a high-spirited woman to find joy in a fine horse.

Playwrights with careers must give up the usual pleasures that are woman's natural right. Life is a choice. We can't have everything.

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A MESSAGE FROM MAHALEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

pricked hot and cold. What had come over Puddin'-pie? Splitting and growling, she traced a large circle around the floor once—twice—three times, then with a leap landed right in the middle of Peter's bed!

He rose, a sick pallor washing his cheeks. "Aw right," he whimpered under his breath. "You imp of de debbil! I was goin', anyhow!"

Puddin'-pie, having coughed up the offending fish-bone, sat by his chair, licking her face. "Dat mus' be a sign too," he gasped. "I'a afurryla——"

Recklessly he pulled on his clothes. He groped in his pocket—the rabbit-foot charm was gone! He had dimly heard something drop, when he pulled out his bandanna to mop his face, after splitting that funeral. Well, it was too late now. A grim look upon his face, he plowed beneath the shirts in the top drawer, and slipped something into his rear breeches pocket. He was ready for any devilment now!

"Good-by, Melindy." His voice quavered pathetically. "I won' be back soon—"

"So long, ole man."

Peter started. Down to the town, and through it; over the bridge to Northport, with no stars visible, and the waning moon not yet up—while the chill wind breathed a mournful "Sshi Sshi" no matter how softly he stepped. He was in Northport now. He remembered too late that he had meant to cross the second bridge to avoid the cemetery. No use. The graveyard gate, leering outdoors wide, waiting, beckoning. Close at hand, from the tall black cedars within, hooted an ominous "Who? Who? You!" from a screech-owl.

"Yas, me!" he growled back, clutching the object within his hip-pocket. "Yas, me! I ain' hidin'! Step far, an' I'll stay hyah. But ef any sperrit comes out——"

There was no further disturbance. A few steps lamps scattered beyond perked up some thin remnant of courage. Above the last one the meeting-rooms of the Sons and Daughters loomed out of the foggy grayness. A black figure at the bottom of the stairs moved toward him. He jumped at the voice. "Howdy, Peter. Dey's waitin' for you." It was only Lawyer Gunn, Peter recognized with relief.

"I'y hyah!"

The cheerful street-lamp was the last familiar sight before he left the world of material things. The lawyer led the steep way up the stairs, unlighted but for a sputtering bracket-lamp at the top. Peter pulled his mind off of what lay ahead; he noted each movement of the lawyer's legs as they settled on each step; he noticed each faint smoke of dust, "reinin' lak a sperrit," he thought involuntarily. The acrid insistence of the kerosene smell came to his nose, until he was sure the walls had been bathed in it.

Now the landing. Peter stood in the center of the circular shadow of the lamp.

"Ready?"

"Jes' a moment." Out came the red bandanna. He wiped off his brow; he drew his coat closer. "I'e's move."

THE door slid open. In a cloudy daze he found himself inside a room thronged with a shadowy army of muffled figures. One by one they detached themselves from the background and nodded: Pheenie, Magnolia, Miss' Gunn, Annalouellouisa, Nehemiah, and beyond him a slim light-skinned girl in dark blue, who looked at him strangely out of burning eyes. Behind all, his back turned, stood a tall figure, as still as a new-dressed scarecrow with no wind stirring.

"Dis is Peter Bibb, Brudder Mejum," his guide introduced apologetically.

"It is well. Collect the usual fee. Seat him." The lofty figure, whose head did not quite touch the ceiling, had not turned.

Peter found himself relieved of seventy-five cents, and deftly steered by the fire-eyed girl into the seat at one end of a heavy kitchen table centering the room. The other filled its sides: the head chair remained unoccupied. Peter's worried eye rolled around, looking for the way out. He located the windows; curtains drawn. Between them stood a tiny table holding a tiny lamp, whose charred wick glowed rather than flamed. Behind, an empty chair; across, half hidden by the impressive figure, the yawning black closet where the spirits slept. A groan commenced; he had a hard task to turn it into a respectable cough. "Mah misery," he whispered. No one heard him; they were too intent on the living mystery whose face had not yet turned to them.

The silence grew. Peter restrained an almost irresistible itch to scratch his tingling ear. At length the tomb-like tones rang softly: "Luna, you may leave us. Lock the door that no one may enter. The power is working."

The key clicked like the death-rattle of strangled hope. Peter squirmed lower into his chair. Oh, Lord, if he ever got out of this alive!

His eyes popped suddenly open. The tall being, with no sign of motion, now faced them. He was a well-shaped man, his skin as light as the girl's; his gloomy eyes burned out of cave-like sockets with the fire that Luna's had shown. A vague cloak shrouded him; a hood peaked over the head. One by one he took the watchers within his gaze; to Peter the eyes saw only him; he felt scorched.

"I am Ingomar," the syllables trod solemnly, "master of death and life, through whose power the dead speak again. Two of you are new to our circle. Know that the spirits of the dead speak two ways: by rapping upon this table, and with their own lips. Three raps signify 'Yes'; one, 'No.' Join hands that the chain of living energy may summon to life the dead."

Peter felt in his right hand the pudgy paw of Magnolia; in the other, the lawyer's dry palm. The circle waited breathlessly.

"Sit close. Place your hands lightly upon the table. Concentrate your wills. I feel the power—I feel the power——"

PETER felt something, too. He identified it as the bulky widow's hunky knee, pressed painfully against his own. A bit embarrassed, for Magnolia's sake, he moved his leg; the other pursued him, nesting cozily against his. He gave up.

Then his heart thumped as the table shivered under his touch. Back and forth, up and down it teetered; it patted a barbaric juba upon the mat-covered floor. One leg landed suddenly on Peter's bunion.

"Ouch!"

A somber frown from the medium. Then, jazzing free from the air, it began to beat up, up, as high as Peter's ankles, his knees. He stood up with the others as it levitated to the height of his waist.

Peter pressed down for dear life; there wasn't any sense in a table against the ceiling. Not if he could help it. Slowly its struggles ceased; it eased to the floor.

Leastwise, Peter reflected, a table couldn't turn him in the air. If this was all——

"Is there a spirit present?"

Out of the graveyard pause sounded three distinct raps; the table trembled again. Peter desperately licked dry lips.

"Is it the spirit of Hop Lee?"

Again three portentous raps.

"This is the spirit of a murdered Chinese laundryman buried nine feet deep beneath the cellar under your feet. He is a new control. Hop Lee, have you anything to say to Nehemiah Jenkins or Peter Bibb?"

Peter grew within the air-fighting shoes. "I don' know no Chinese laundrymens, Brudder Mejum—" he began. "I washes mahse'f but Melindy doesn'——"

One loud stroke.

"The spirit is silent. I feel another spirit present. Is this Laughing Lark?"

Again a single sound.

"She is a Cherokee maiden, an ancient spirit, wise with the wisdom of the ninth plane. Is this the spirit of Dolly Washington?"

One decisive rap.

"She is a regular control, but Friday is a bad night for her."

"Thursday's Melindy's night off," Peter remarked.

"Silence! She is the spirit of the wife of the father of her country."

"I been thinkin'," Lawyer Gunn whispered respectfully. "Ain' dat *Martha* Washington you means?"

"Martha Washington was the devoted old black mammy of Mrs. Dolly Washington, who was noted as a candy-maker. Is this the spirit of the Emperor Nero?"

Three solid taps.

"This is the spirit of the son of Julius Cæsar, who ruled imperial Rome when Troy fell. His wife, Cleopatra, is sometimes with us. As he grew old, cares of state drove him mad; it was then his Queen played the fiddle before him, in the light of the palace fire, and calmed his madness. His dying words were 'Wayknee, Weadee, Squeakee' (or so Peter heard it), "meaning, 'I have been weighed in the balance and found wanting; all roads lead to Rome; my only regret is that I have but one life to give to my country, 'tis of thee.'"

"Dat mean all dat?"

"Roughly translated, that is the spirit of the words. Let me introduce the new sitters to this reborn aura. Nero, these are Reverend Nehemiah Jenkins and Peter Bibb."

"De pleasure is yo's," muttered Peter to himself.

"Nero, have you any message for Nehemiah Jenkins?"

The answer was affirmative. "Question him," ordered Ingomar.

"Is—Is I ebber seed you, Mistuh Nero?"

"No," spelled the raps.

"Is—is you ebber seed me?"

"Yes."

"I will question him for you. Is it about that five dollars you wish to speak to Reverend Jenkins?"

Three raps.

"Shall he keep the money for his own uses?"

One hefty pound.

"Shall he turn it over to me for my use?"

A quiet tap.

"For your use in the spirit world?"

Three joyful bangs.

"You have heard, Reverend Jenkins. The spirit is departing."

"'Bout time; cost me fi' dollars," groaned Nehemiah.

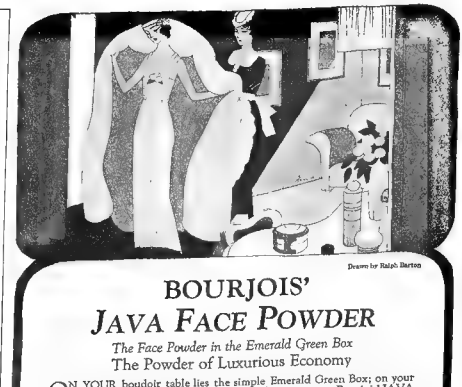
"Sshi!" cautioned the medium.

And now from all sides commenced a rushing sound, as of a wind in a storm-lashed thicket. The curtain bulged wide, until it brushed Pheenie and the lawyer. Peter felt a sharp blow on his cheek.

"Ouch!"

"Sshi!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



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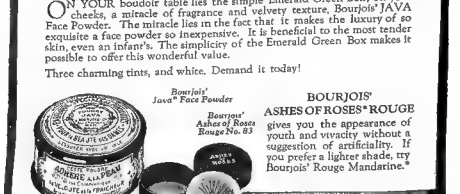
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A MESSAGE FROM MAHALEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

"Make dat sperrit behave! He fotch me one."

"Ouch!" from Aunt Pheenie this time. "It's spinchin' my side— Wow!"

"Leggo!" Peter squawked, in squirming terror. "He's bitin' mah neck!"

"Sah!" The curtain magically quieted. "You feels it?"

"Rubbin' mah laig," a whisper as quiet as the question.

"W'ut's loose in dis room?" Peter tried to pull a hand free; Magnolia held on for dear life and said dearh. "Some animule's diggin' mah shin."

"Sah! The spirit of evil has materialized. I will exorcise it. Vurgo! Purgo! Abednego! Avaunt!"

Floating balls of light danced through the air across the table. "Spirits of the unhappy dead," chanted Ingomar, and the one vacant chair in the room rose in the air and whirled over and over in an intoxicated performance of the shimmy.

A moan came from the closet; out swayed a figure in white, making a slow circuit. "Sister!" It sobbed toward Pheenie. Peter had gotten his leg away from Magnolia at last; it stuck awkwardly across the dark floor.

"Mah Dinah!" breathed the preacher's wife.

The spirit of Dinah struck Peter's leg, lurched, stumbled heavily, exploding with a "D——." The spirit recovered, with a wild swirl of draperies.

"Mah bunion!" Peter squealed. "Git off'n mah——"

"Sah!" The spirit glided hurriedly into the cabinet.

"We will now evoke the aura of Mahaley."

"Horror, eh? Dey calls her dat hyah?"

"The word is aura, or spirit. Have you any object this woman came in contact with? Any piece of apparel she used?"

"Any w'ut?"

"Brudder Mejum mean, is you got any duds of Sis' Mahaley handy."

"Nary a dud."

"Anything she touched in life?"

"Dat all depen's. I got mah haid on. She an' her skillet useter tetch dat considerable."

"That will suffice." The master of death and life unloosed a hand to touch the rumpled forehead. "I feel the power—I feel the power—"

The breath of violets filled the room; violets that brushed Peter's nose in passing.

"The spirit of Mahaley," chanted the medium

"Mahaley couldn' stan' vi'lets! She favor lily-of-de-valley, she did."

"In the spirit world she has chosen the violet as her flower. Look—her hand approaches you, bearing a message."

A white hand, gleaming uncannily, sailed across the table, a letter in its grasp.

"Mahaley writ dat letter?"

"It is her writing."

"But she cain' scratch er line—no more'n I kin read."

"Spirits have all knowledge. Receive it."

"I wouldn' tetch no spook letter wid a bean-pole!" It dropped at his feet; Peter let it lie there.

"Question her."

"Brudder Mejum! Not me. She tole me a lot befo' she die. Let sleepin' dogs lay, I says. Go 'way f'um hyah!" he howled as the ghostly hard padded against his cheek.

As the hand disappeared the medium's voice, slightly vexed, questioned on. "Is there any spirit you wish to speak to?"

Peter wriggled one hand clear, and stuck it in his hip-pocket, where he got a firm grip of what was hidden there. "Vassuh, I wants partic'lar to speak to de sperrit of Mose Pickett."

"Perhaps he will come. Who was this Mose Pickett?"

"Drownded in de ribber—cramps. Owed me ten dollahs. He sim to gimme a solid diamon' ring security. By mistake he lef' me a solid glass one. I wants to ax him whar dat solid diamon' is."

AFTER a fitting pause the question came forth: "Mose Pickett, is your spirit here?" Three hearty raps.

Peter saw a horrifying sight approaching, a gaunt white figure, its head glowing weirdly. It draped across the table, confronting him.

"Dat ain' Mose! He wuz a black nigger—black as coal-tar."

"All spirits are white."

"W'ut's dat, a beard? Mose couldn' raise a hair."

"He has grown older in the next plane."

Peter's courage rose with his inner anger. He had felt equal to the séance so far; now he hoped to be superior. This was what he had come for. To lash up his determination he started mumbling to himself; the medium had to lean closer to catch the words. It was hardly a whisper. "You's Mose Pickett, is you? Play me a dirty trick, is you? Whar dat solid diamon' ring? Whar dem ten dollahs? You answer me, you ugly ghos'! Don' wag dat mule's tail at me—I'd know you anywhar. Whar's mah solid diamon'?"

"He will answer you. Mose Pickett, do you owe Peter Bibb ten dollars?"

Three melancholy sounds.

"Yas, you better not lie—or I'll spile you!" Peter's mumble grew in restrained

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

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A MESSAGE FROM MAHALEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

intensity. "Gimme dat ten dolluhs, or I'll yank dat mule's tail off'n yo' chin. You won' know yo' white face when I gits th'ough wid it. Does I git mah solid diamon'? Does I git mah ten dolluhs?"

"Is it your will that Peter Bibb pay that ten dollars to me for your use in the spirit world?"

But Peter never heard whether the answer was three raps or one. Shaking his other hand free, while the first one cautiously slid up his thigh, higher, higher, he crouched toward the spirit, mumbling incessantly. "You lie to me, an' den git cramps! You spen' mah ten dolluhs, den gimme a piece er glass! Keep yo' ghos' money—dis'll fix yer—dar!" The last word was a screech.

This was too much for the nerves of the other sitters; they shot to their feet in sudden tumult.

"I'll cyarve you! Take dat—an' dat!"

Pop-p-p! A sudden blow-up, like exploding powder! A tingling lash on his face, a sudden rush of air! The spirit flopped down on the table, and Peter Bibb, aghast at his daring, went hog-wild. "Ooch, mah Lawd! I's killed a ghos'! Oooh! Git away, git away!" His frantic arms flailed out, hooking Lawyer Gunn in one direction, hurling amazed Magnolia plumb into the arms of Phoenie, shrieking like a lunatic. "Oooh! Lemme go! Dancher tetch me! Gimme air! Gimme air!"

A mighty heave, and his knees hit the table, which turned on end, spreading panic. The outraged furniture screeched and squawked above the medley of human sounds and voices. Ingomar sprang to his feet, posing, his back arched like a cat's.

PETER lurched across the room. Smack! Over went the tiny table; he had just missed the nearer window. The dying lamp rolled along the wall. Flat first he hit the nearest window-curtain, which coiled to the ceiling with an awesome crack. Crash-h-h! The window-glass shattered as his clawing arm plunged through. The street light flared startlingly into the room.

"Beat it, Lou!" a whisper cut the confusion. The frenzied sound of coins scraped cringingly together reached them, as if the spirits were shaking a newsboy's pocket. The stairs roared with the scamper of clattering feet, that rapped out upon the pavement and died in the stillness of the road. Then the silence of a ghostless tomb.

"Fer de Lawd's sake!"

"Dis do's still locked! Whar's Brudder Mejum gawn?"

"Look a-hyah," Lawyer Gunn shouted; "snudder do', leadin' th'ough de closet! Da's whar dem sperrits wuz 'a' come in."

"Specially de one w'ut swar at Peter's laig," sniffed Magnolia.

The excited preacher brought in the hall lamp and turned up the wick; the street light from two windows published every object. "Hyah's de table-ruinated—look, you hits dis board wid yo' feets, an' dar you is!" Sure enough, the ghostly voice ran-dat-tatted and stuttered, in answer to Pheenie's foot.

"Look at dem ropes hangin' t'um de ceilin'! No wonder de table 'n' cheer hop up——"

"An', mi Lawdy!" Lawyer Gunn's accenta boomed out of the cabinet. "Hyah de whole business! A pair er bellowses—an' a walkin'-stick—an'—wow!—hyah dem sperrits all blowed up' dey shines in de dark!"

"Jes—hot jubilee! Dis mus' be dat cat w'ut dig yo' leg," Magnolia snickered, rubbing the friendly animal until it purred. "Sperrits, huh!"

"Dey took all us six-bitses," sighed Annaiouellouisa. Not a sound out of Peter during all of this. He stood, back to the window, facing them with his head extended. The other sitters approached him curiously.

"W'ut you got in yo' han', mun?"

The woman's paw slowly lowered, brandishing a wicked naked blade. "Mah razor. Didjer see me cyarve dat sperrit?"

"Sperrit nuthin'! Syah it is an de flo'; a mess of cheese-cloth, a horsehair beard, an'—baboo—a ripped balloon fer a face! Look a yo' sperrit!"

"Da's aw right," the last convert vagged confidently. "I come hyah to fix dat nigger's ghos', an' I done it. He won' grin at me no mo' 'bout dat ten dolluhs——"

Nehemiah addressed him unheedingly. "Look hyah—de letter f'um Mahaley!"

"I cain' read." The preacher picked it up, cleared his throat, and read haltingly:

DEAR DUD:

Yes, P. B. works for Judge Stringfellow. Thirty a month. Mahaley died four years ago—promises painoning, devited hain left in can. Hit bim for ten.

Your little Kitty,

Lou.

"'Dear Ing!' 'Kitty! Lou?' Dat mus' be dis Miss' Loony. She die of main-toe poisonin', aw right." Peter mooned on to himself. "I fix' dat sperrit anyhow."

"Wa'n't no sperrits, man! Look at dem rags 'n' balloons 'n' things!"

"So you says. You cain' fool me—I seed 'em. Good ole razor! I know I wuz safe wid it in mah han'! An' when I gits to hebb'n dar's one sperrit'll sneak out de back do', de one wid de cyarved jawbone! Don't tell me!" He slid his fingers lovingly down the blade, and slipped it back into its handle. "Le's go home, folks," he concluded, leading the way.

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1917	"	"	8,968
1918	"	"	17,108
1919	"	"	45,288
1920	"	"	94,528
1921	"	"	136,046

Total enrolment now over 170,000

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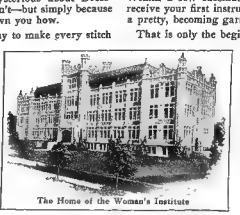

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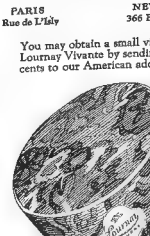

1767

SOPHIE AND HER GOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

mobile to report my failure to Sophie. Instead of the despair I had anticipated, Sophie, putting her hand in mine with her usual smile, said, "Don't you worry. Don't you know that the Turks can't hurt my father? Why, God is bigger than all of the Turks! They can't hurt him." And so, ashamed before her faith, I was quiet.

When the military governor arrived I made another unsuccessful attempt. Finally Nour-ed-din, the most powerful man of his country next to Mustapha Kemal, arrived in Smyrna. I prayed an audience and was received by this great man. I asked him for the prisoner. "Is he an American? A naturalized citizen? Has he any claim upon you?" I could only answer in the negative. "He is a Greek, the father of a little child who has a God, a real God, your excellency, not Allah, nor your God, nor is He my God, but He has promised this child that her father shall be saved. Can you arrange for me?"

Then Nour-ed-din, by skilfully questioning, brought out the whole story. With his hand on his heart he said: "You break my heart. There is no other thing I would refuse you. But this is not an affair of the heart. This is *war*. I have many thousands of Turkish children who will never again see their fathers. It is with a breaking heart that I must refuse you. Sentence of death has been passed on this man, who will be executed to-morrow morning."

"Is that final, your excellency?"

"I regret that it must be so."

"I can not blame you. I have seen the records of the case. You may have executed 10,000 Greeks, and will probably kill another 50,000 before this is over. This one Greek will mean little to you, but it is everything in the faith of this child. Powerful as you are, your excellency, and humble as I am, the time might come when you would need a friend in America. If you can find clemency, possible, I can assure you of my appreciation, little as it may mean."

"I must tell you no, tho my heart breaks."

SO I left him, attempting to comfort Sophie. It was a chance; it was playing dramatics if you will. But I had nothing to lose, and I was desperate. He said he would see what could be done.

The next morning a captain of Turkish infantry with half a dozen soldiers brought John Serafim down to the American refugee house where we were living. At the suggestion of this officer, six sailors of the United States destroyer *Edsall*, under command of Captain Haley Powell, formed a hollow square around Sophie, her mother and father and the baby sister, and escorted them to the quay. Here Turks and Americans stood at full salute as the naval launch carried the party out to the boat which was to take them away. The story had spread among our group, and as the boat left shore we were caught up in the rush of a good American cheer from the ship for Sophie, and the proving of her faith.

I THOUGHT, naturally, that I had seen the last of Sophie, but coincidence had one more trick up its sleeve. I stayed there about three weeks, then went to Constantinople, and thence to Athens, where we had settled thousands of refugees. The Greek officials there wanted to show some appreciation to America for what had been done. Accordingly they singled me out for a little ceremony. We went out to one of the camps where there were some 30,000 or 40,000 refugees. When I got out of the automobile, who should run up to me out of the crowd but Sophie! She came up, stood on her tiptoes, and threw her arms around my neck.

I confess I cried. Out of all those weeks of horror it was the first time, but I blubbered. As her arms went round my neck she said, "I knew you'd come to-day—God said you would!"

"Sophie, what did you say?"

"Why, last night I prayed to God because we haven't had much to eat for three or four days and the people were getting very hungry and unhappy. They all know about you and asked me to pray to God to send you back, so last night I asked Him and He said you'd be here to-day."

Isn't it a paradox that a man must go from a Christian country to Turkey to find a real God—one that functions?

Fortunately, or providentially, American supplies had arrived and I could once more fulfil Sophie's idea and ideal of God's messenger. As she said good-by she added, "I'll see you in America. I've told God how much I want to go. People are so much happier in America. They think about doing nice things for other people and that makes them happy, too."

May God grant her prayer!

THE FIGHT FOR RACE BETTERMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

place some men higher and some lower than the Army tests did and, if so, it would not be surprising at all if the general mental averages would remain pretty much the same. True, no method has yet been devised for measuring either the *whole man* or the *whole of intelligence*. Yet, the results are so highly satisfactory that large business houses are using them in selecting employees, and they are being found of great assistance in selecting students from kindergarten to university, for elimination or promotion, or for fitting them into other lines of work. Moreover, they are being brought to greater and greater perfection every day by students all over the world.

AS a net result of this wide-spread difference of opinion over the validity of the Army tests as measures of the intelligence of the American people the present writer believes there is no greater, more urgent, undertaking that could be undertaken by the American women than the raising of a fund of from $100,000 to $250,000 to be placed once in the hands of our leading psychologists, biologists, anthropologists, sociologists, educators, and statisticians to extend the Army tests and determine as nearly as they can to-day determine both the present mental proficiency, the general intelligence, and the probable educability of all sections of the American people.

The benefit of such a measure to all social, political, and educational reforms would be beyond all calculation. It would, indeed, be the most gigantic attempt in the world's history to apply human intelligence instead of opinion, sentiment, passion, and prejudice to government and social problems. If this is not done I predict that a very large portion of the enormous values of the Army mental tests will be forever lost. They will remain, instead of a great scientific contribution as they undoubtedly are, a matter of controversy and subjective judgment.

But a supplementary survey of the intelligence, mental capacity, moral reactions, and present proficiency—whatever we may be pleased to call the spiritual makeup of human beings, would furnish sociologist, educator, and statesman with a fairly accurate working chart of the biology, psychology, and anthropology of his own people. It would enable them to undertake measures for social, educational, political, and even religious progress with many times more intelligence and many times greater certainty of securing beneficial results than has ever before been possible in the history of the world. I feel deeply that this should be the first great signal of the new woman's entry into political life, the first plank in her political platform, and the first great dynamic outlet for her passion for uplifting our humanity. Such a measure would easily extend itself by its own momentum to a more complete physical and mental—in other words, eugenical—survey of the whole American people, and the recording of these magnificent results in the archives of the nation as a basis for intelligent democracy for all time to come.

With these provisos, therefore, and assuming for the moment that the Army mental tests were fairly representative of the present mental proficiency of the American people, they do raise some portentous questions.

DO YOU know, for instance, that these tests indicate that there are probably over 20,000,000 people in America who can never learn to read a book of any importance in an understanding way?

That nearly 10,000,000 can probably never learn to write an intelligent letter home?

That about 40,000,000 can probably never go much beyond the eighth grade of our present school system by present educational methods?

That about 50,000,000 or 60,000,000 can probably never graduate from our present-day college system or ever fully comprehend the principles of free government—at least, aid in their development?

That probably not much over 15,000,000 of the American people have any real ability to think independently upon social and political problems, and that creative ability and capacity for constructive leadership are possible only to the very few?

Do you know that these tests seem to indicate that about one-fourth of the American people are pretty bright, and about three-fourths are pretty dull, and that the destiny of the nation depends solely upon whether the bright one-fourth or the dull three-fourths produce the larger families of citizens for the future?

Do you know that in many States from one-fourth to one-third of all State tax money goes to support defectives and those who are socially inadequate? That this measure only a small part of their real burden upon society, and that they are mainly the children and grandchildren of the very same defectives, paupers, imbeciles, neurotics, and incompetents which our grandfathers took care of, only they are growing more numerous while those who care for them are growing relatively less numerous?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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THE FIGHT FOR RACE BETTERMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

Do you know that there is *no survey of the human stock?* That scarcely one person in a hundred knows even the names of his eight great-grandparents, let alone their achievements, character, diseases, defects, and virtues—in short, the quality of the blood now coursing in his own veins, which largely makes him what he is, determines mainly his health, character, length of life, and happiness, and will enormously influence the health, character, happiness, and length of life of his future children?

Do you know that children inherit their minds and dispositions in the *same way* and to the same degree as they inherit their bodies?

Do you know that good and bad character, good and bad citizenship, bright and dull minds, good and bad health, happiness and unhappiness are largely due to the sort of ancestors a man had, and that such things can be attained to only a limited extent by any economic "system" or scheme of education?

Do you know that good and bad housekeeping, the desire for clean or dirty streets, clean or dirty towns are largely inherited—that is, passed in the blood from parent to child?

Do you know that education can add nothing to anybody's inborn, natural mental powers, that education can wonderfully train what a man is born with, but can add nothing to natural inborn capacity, either mental or physical, which he can transmit to his children?

Do you know that if parents educate themselves it does not cause their children to be born any brighter or more moral, but if bright and good people marry only bright and good people, their children are born with strong tendencies toward goodness, intelligence, and virtue; in short, that we can no more hope in humaniculture than in agriculture to gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles? Stupidity begets stupidity and intelligence begets brains.

Do you know that two feeble-minded parents have never been known in all history to produce a single normal child?

Do you know that crime, pauperism, insanity, and human worthlessness are rapidly increasing, while skilled workmen and leaders of all kinds are rapidly decreasing, notwithstanding our desperate efforts to produce them by education?

Do you know that industrial and economic conditions to-day are pushing our best families to the wall, making it a hardship instead of a privilege to raise good sound families; that social ideals and customs are running strongly toward a standard family of but two children among our abler stocks?

Do you know that unless practically four children are born to every married couple who have any children at all, the race is going backward in actual numbers and probably decreasing in quality? That college graduates, professors, foremen, managers, salesmen, accountants, lawyers, doctors, and teachers have scarcely two children, while the thoughtless and stupid have from four to six children per family?

Do you know that the United States Government knows exactly how many pedigreed pigs were born in America in the last twelve months, but does not know how many babies were born; that the Government knows officially the quality of its best hogs, mules, horses, sheep, cattle, and goats, but does not know officially the quality or ancestry of its best or worst human beings?

Do you know that of our State legislators fifty per cent have never even had a high school education, and only one out of seven has ever been through college; that, with notable and numerous personal exceptions, the chief reason why a man during the past generation in America has not gone through high school or college has been because he did not have enough brains, energy, and idealism to do so?

Do you know that these men are largely responsible for the laws of your State? Are you women going to let them determine those social, educational, political, and economic policies which will largely determine who can and who can not survive and raise children to people this country when you are gone?

Do you know that science has been applied to nearly everything under the sun except human government, and that *everything* to which science has been applied has progressed, while *nothing* to which science has not been applied has progressed, and that, therefore, *the application of science to government and social organization*, to the end of a better, healthier, saner human breed, is the last great task in the mighty processes of human evolution?

I HAVE hardly got started asking eugenical questions. I could fill this entire issue of the Pictorial Review with them. But the prime point is that they are *all burning political questions.* Their answer will to an enormous degree determine the very kind of clay out of which America's future citizens will be made, the character of her leadership and the course of her destiny; indeed her very existence is wrapped up in their intelligent answer. I think the most important thing that H. G. Wells said while he was in America was that "We are in a race between education and catastrophe."

There is not a moment to lose. They are running neck and neck, and have already rounded the turn for the home-stretch. The stakes are tremendous. The call to throw all our applause and encouragement to education is here, to-day and now. Every woman's club should therefore at once install a course in eugenics for voters.

The literature of heredity and eugenics is enormous. Several thousand volumes and pamphlets have been published, but the following books, of which I give the name, author, and publisher, and which are all simply, indeed fascinatingly, written and easy to read, will give a survey of the whole:

"Applied Eugenics," by Poponoe and Johnson. Macmillan, New York.

"Heredity and Environment," by Conklin. Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey.

"Heredity in Relation to Eugenics," by Davenport. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Heredity in Royalty," by Woods. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Being Well-Born," by Guyer. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

"Heredity," by Thompson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Is America Safe for Democracy?" MacDougal. Scribner's, New York

"The Psychology of Social Reconstruction," by Patrick. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

"The Measurement of Intelligence," by Terman. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

"The Passing of the Great Race," by Grant. Scribner's, New York.

"The Journal of Heredity" (including Eugenics), Monthly. Homer Building, Washington, D. C.

"Studies in the Theory of Human Society," by Giddings (for advanced students). Macmillan, New York.

THESE books can all be secured through your local bookstore. "Applied Eugenics" and "Heredity and Environment" would make a splendid course for a Winter's study, but *all* the others should be placed *at once* in your city and school libraries. They do not deal in the least with "secrets of life", or sex matters. Every child can read them.

In addition, every college now has one or a dozen professors who will come for a very small fee and lecture on heredity and eugenics. These lectures should be open to men, women, and children. Eugenics is no "secret" and can be talked about to everybody. I have delivered hundreds of lectures on eugenics, and have never had occasion to mention sex problems. Eugenics is simply the sociologic, the new social psychology, and the new political economy as these affect race progress.

Personally I urge every reader of this magazine to write to the Eugenics Record Office of the Carnegie Institution at Cold Spring Harbor, New York, and secure their Family Record Booklets and begin at once under their instruction to make a study of his or her family history. Find out what you are made of, and especially *what you are going to transmit to your children.* It is the most important knowledge in the world.

Find out whom it is safe for you or your children to marry and whom not to marry. Many persons, unknown to themselves, are *carrying* insanity, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, or some hidden defect in their blood. Most of these persons can marry provided they do not marry into families carrying the same taints in their blood.

I know of many cousins, for instance, who have fallen in love with each other, but who have refrained from marriage because of the popular belief that "cousins should never marry." This is too extreme a view. Some cousins can safely marry and some can not. The Eugenics Record Office will greatly aid you in answering some of these immense questions. What saner, more practical, common-sense, immediate political measure could women undertake than to induce, indeed ultimately *compel*, every family in America to place on record in county and State archives its own blood history? This is already done with hogs. Why not with human beings?

Besides carrying out a mental survey of the American people as already suggested for her first great forward step in eugenics, the second plank in woman's political eugenics program should be a campaign to establish in every commonwealth a State Board of Heredity and Eugenics. This board would work in conjunction with the State Board of Health, charity agencies, universities, hospitals, schools, and churches. It should locate, as some States are beginning to do, every defective child in the State, especially those with criminalistic tendencies. Many potential criminals—probably half of them—can now be discovered in an examination of an hour or two by an expert psychologist while they are children in school.

Such a board would also watch every piece of economic and social legislation and advise legislators as to its probable eugenical racial effects. Such a board of scientists would at once study every defective family in the State. Present studies indicate that in one large State nearly all the crime committed within the past thirty years by its native-born citizens has been committed by about one hundred families!

Eugenics thus, under woman's guidance, must become the next great goal of the world's desire. It is woman's supreme hour, her God-given privilege, to make these laws effective in building a better race.

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For in its shimmering, silvery cylinder—so different from any other—and its all-aluminum wringer of special design is found the secret that engineers have sought for years. The problem of removing grime from wash clothes without friction and of wringing them without pulling off buttons is solved!

The two padded rolls of the ROTAREX Home Ironer completes this wonderful rejuvenating process in less time than was required merely to wash them by old, drudgery methods. Write for descriptive folders and our free home trial offer.

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—and keeps new cars from looking old

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O-Cedar Wax is quickly and easily applied producing an enduring lustre. For floors, furniture, linoleum, and all wood finishes use O-Cedar Polish. Buy O-Cedar Products.

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THE NATION WELCOMES MARRIAGE REFORM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

"The bill for a Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law drawn up by Mrs. Edward Franklin White seems to be excellent in many respects. It makes marriage difficult for the unfit. It gives treatment to the unfortunate illegitimate children who have for years received scant attention, and provides that they shall be legitimated by the intermarriage of their parents. It lays down sensible rules for the granting of marriage licenses and prescribes penalties for the ignoring of these wise regulations.

"As regards the grounds for divorce, it seems to me that a very important one has been omitted. This is habitual drunkenness from which much misery has resulted and will for some years to come, even if prohibition is better enforced than at present. Men or women who can not control their drinking habit should be prevented from making members of their families suffer and should not be allowed to be parents of defenseless children. With habitual drunkenness added to the reasons for divorce, the subject will be well covered.

"It is an encouraging thing to see the women of the country rally to the support of a just, comprehensive, and effective marriage and divorce law. Probably no subject more vitally concerns women and in no subject will they take a deeper interest. I am sure their enthusiasm will carry them far, and they will be able to impress Congress with the need for legislation that will make for the happiness of our citizens and for the stability of family life."

Miss Hay voices the opinion of hundreds of men and women who have written us regarding the movement. It may be said about habitual drunkenness that it has also been generally suggested as another justifiable ground of divorce. It was thought that in the committees of the Senate and the House the ground of "mental cruelty" could be cited to cover it, but if not it will no doubt be added to the bill before it is brought up in Congress.

Some Interesting Opinions

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, a foremost author, social scientist, and feminist, writes us: "The draft of a uniform marriage and divorce law seems to me a good one as far as it goes. I should like to add to the causes for divorce, dipsomania and hereditary disease. It is wrong to bear children from an alcoholized parent or one suffering from hereditary insanity or venereal disease."

Mrs. Parker Maddux, president of the San Francisco Center, an organization which functions with the National League of Women Voters, and whose membership includes women of high intellectual and social endeavor—women who have helped to bring about much of the splendid social legislation of California—is in complete sympathy with the project. She says: "I am inclined to believe that the proposed draft is on the whole admirably suited to its purpose, but I must offer two criticisms. Upon careful reading and rereading, the difference between the application for a license and the issuance of the marriage license itself should be made adequately clear, as well as the certificate for fitness. These should be outlined step by step, with a definite statement as to usual procedure and to the documents required and also as to alternatives in the process of obtaining and filing of same.

"Also, we must not make marriage too difficult. I distinctly object to the use of color terms to define ethnological groups. If race prejudice must be crystallized by legal restrictions, and I suppose this is at present inevitable, it would seem more legal and inviolable to use the scientific terms for the different races of mankind rather than the archaic "red and yellow and black." For example, regardless of the recent Supreme Court decision, there are scholars of some eminence who can prove to their own satisfaction that the Japanese are 'white.' Again, I have in mind some very remarkable young women of rare poise and superior education, who represent the finest ideals of America and who are indeed the truest Americans, for they are full-blooded American Indians. They are by no means to be considered unassimilable, proof of which can be found in the genealogy of some of the proudest families of the Atlantic Seaboard who trace their ancestry back to just such an inter-racial alliance, preferably of course with Pocahontas. I feel assured that this racial clause should be revised as to choice of words, if not more carefully considered as to content."

The clause forbidding the intermarriage of the Indians and the white people has already been eliminated. As the bill will be widely discussed in committee and Congress, the section which relates to the marriage of different races will no doubt be properly worded.

MRS. CORRA HARRIS, eminent as a writer with social vision, does not entirely agree with Mrs. Maddux on the subject of the intermarriage of races. Hers is entirely a conservative view.

"Permit me to congratulate you," her letter says, "upon the strength of your presentation of this problem. The article 'Forty-nine Marriage Laws' reads like a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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(For Everlasting Economy)

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Today, as years ago in chateau and manor house, Oak is still king. His triple crown of beauty, cleanliness and strength has never been wrested from him.

No flooring, of wood or any other material, can surpass the quiet elegance, the rich simplicity of fine Oak Floors. They give a home more distinction than ten times their cost spent in ornamentation.

Now modern methods place Oak Floors within the reach of all—make them an economy, even. And in the absence of any great price advantage it is hard to see why anyone should forego the pleasure and satisfaction of having dustless floors of Oak.

Three free booklets, in colors, on the uses and advantages of Oak Floors, mailed to you free, upon request.

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See the Bran
in every flake

In Pettijohn's each luscious flake hides 25% of bran. In eating these delicious morsels, one forgets the bran.

Pettijohn's is soft rolled wheat—a special wheat, the most flavory wheat that grows. It supplies whole wheat, plus bran—two essentials in a diet. And they come in a luxury dish which everybody welcomes. It will delight you. Try it.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

EGGS fried in Wesson Oil are a revelation! Just pour enough Wesson Oil into the pan to barely cover the bottom, carefully break in the eggs, dust them with salt and pepper and cook them gently until they are solidified.

They will look almost like poached eggs and will be so much more digestible than the ordinary fried egg.

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THE difference between a narrow-necked bottle and a wide-mouthed is the difference between danger to baby's health and safety.

The Hygeia is safe and sanitary—a safeguard to baby's health. Its wide mouth and *no* angles makes it easy to clean perfectly.

The broad, flexible breast of Hygeia is so like mother's that weaning is an easy matter.

Identify bottle, breast and box by the name Hygeia. Sold in red and black cartons at drug stores everywhere.

A most comprehensive illustrated booklet, "Healthy Babies," by Wm. More Decker, M.D., *will be sent free on request.* It contains valuable information that every mother should know. *Write for a copy.*

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
1206 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't Use

this dangerous narrow-necked bottle. The opening is too small to permit of thorough cleaning. So every time you use it—over 2000 times a year—you put baby's health and life in danger.

Mends, Wraps, Insulates

Tirro, the new waterproofed mending tape, mends nearly anything, from a broken vase to a cracked axe handle. Sticks to metal, china, glass. Insulates electric wires. Nothing just like it. 15c 25c 50c. Ask your druggist.

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THE NATION WELCOMES MARRIAGE REFORM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

page from a history of the dark ages. The focusing of attention upon the facts, the suffering and abuse resulting from the inequality of these laws must awaken the conscience of the nation, which is the best service that can be rendered. Once we are aroused a remedy will be demanded and will be had, whatever the opposition.

"But we do not know how difficult it is to wipe out a vicious condition until we try to do it. So many men and women have taken advantage of these varying laws to get the divorce they want that now divorce has become a habit of the American mind. And we have developed a class in this country who, under some pretense or other, will oppose the changing of these laws.

"Personally I do not think divorce should be made easy even in a uniform law. And marriage should not be made difficult; only impossible for physical reasons in case of disease or defective mentality and to preserve the integrity of the races. *Mixed races produce mongrel offsprings. A uniform marriage law should prohibit marriages between Indians, Mongolians, negroes, and whites.*

"Eventually wisdom and experience will overcome sentimentality and license. It is more a matter of moral and religious education than of law. Marriage is a miracle and a science and it is monstrous to break it. Your campaign will not be really effective unless you keep up the rehabilitation of marriage as an idea. We seem to be forgetting what a serious, lovely thing it is."

DIRECTLY opposed to Corra Harris is Mary Austin, who has made a profound study of the characteristics of the races and who is one of our most advanced thinkers. Her submitted opinion of the bill and its provisions reads:

"In general I am in favor of a Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law, as being just and convenient to all citizens. The provisions of the specific law under discussion seem to me adequate and just, with two exceptions.

"I am opposed to the provision of the law forbidding marriage between races of different skin pigmentation. There is to begin with, no biological reason why the color of the skin should *necessarily* prove that the racial combination is a bad one. There are white races whose temperamental and intellectual incompatibility is even greater than that, for instance, between the modern American and the aboriginal American; and the only scientific and, therefore, the only Christian reason for forbidding marriage between representatives of different races, is such a proved incompatibility as would invariably result in racial degeneration. I have examined all the real and supposed evidence on this point, and I fail to find any good reason for forbidding marriage between the white, the red, the yellow, and the brown races. The case between the white and the black races is somewhat different. Here the range of racial capacity and temperament is so diverse that a great many people are sincerely convinced that the result is undesirable on grounds other than social prejudice.

"The right to honorable marriage and lawful parenthood is an inalienable prerogative of citizenship, and it is not possible to have one class of women citizens with whom all sex-relations are unlawful, without exposing those women to sexual exploitation. This is a situation which inevitably reacts with profound moral deterioration on the legally superior as well as the legally inferior class. Making marriage illegal between associated races never prevents their intermixture; it does however degrade both of them.

"I should also be in favor of adding to the grounds upon which divorce may be decreed, 'Mutual agreement of incompatibility.' Such a consideration should, of course, be surrounded with proper safeguards against fraud committed by one person against another, and for adequate provision for the children, if any. It has always seemed to me an offense against the dignity of marriage that one party must be required to prove an offense against the other. Many people are coerced into marriages that serve neither God nor society because they are each unwilling to put the stigma of legal offense upon the other. If two adults are capable of intelligent agreement to go into marriage together, they should be fairly able to reach an intelligent agreement about divorce. If marriage is admitted to unfit people for making such intelligent decisions, why be so particular about marriage in the first place?

"The fact of the business is that we are beginning it at the wrong end, and this law, like every other marriage law, is an attempt *to mend* a matter that we have refused to *make* intelligently. We have no provision for scientific study of marriage, no provision for educating the young as to the meaning and requirements of marriage, and no way of offering competent help to honest people who wish with all their hearts to make marriage a success, but do not quite know how. For a people who insist on remaining as uninformed about one of the most important issues of life as Americans are, the proposed law,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

No–Not Clean

Not beautiful—not safe—those teeth with film left on them

"Stop using the words 'brush teeth'" writes a famous authority. "Urge people to 'clean teeth'—that's something far different."

Most people know that. They always brushed teeth twice daily. Yet often they never had clean teeth or pretty teeth. They did not avoid tooth troubles.

Now millions of people really *clean their teeth*, using this new-day method. The whiter teeth now seen everywhere show one of the results.

They combat film

A viscous film constantly forms on your teeth. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Old brushing methods could not effectively combat it. So much film remained to cloud the teeth and threaten serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Under old methods, those troubles constantly increased. Very few people escaped them. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

New methods now

Dental science, after long research, found ways to fight that film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved those methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. And those two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Now leading dentists the world over advise it. And careful people of some fifty nations employ it every day.

Two things more

Two other effects are quite as important. Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Pepsodent thus gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents, while old methods reduced that power.

It will delight

The Pepsodent effects are quick and apparent. A few-day test will surprise and delight you. It will bring to your home, as it has to millions, a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge by what you see and feel how much your people need it. Cut out the coupon now.

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A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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Only one tube to a family.

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When the gums bleed, be on guard

All too few are immune to Pyorrhea. The odds are overwhelmingly in its favor.

Dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, contract it.

Tender, bleeding gums are the danger signal. When Nature's kindly warning is unheeded, the gums recede, the loosened teeth drop out or must be extracted, pus-pockets form at their roots, and the poison in them floods the system to breed neuritis, rheumatism and other diseases.

After you have gone to your dentist for tooth and mouth inspection, brush your teeth, twice daily at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. It is an efficacious, healing dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your teeth white and clean, your gums firm and healthy.

Buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums today. Brush your teeth regularly with it. The foremost dentists use and recommend it. It is time-tested, beneficial, and pleasant to the taste. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

THE NATION WELCOMES MARRIAGE REFORM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

except in the indicated clauses, seems to me an improvement on what we have.

"One question occurs to me in regard to the provision forbidding marriage to persons afflicted with tuberculosis. This is a misfortune, and, I am under the impression, not inheritable. Few people so afflicted will wish to marry, but it occurs to me that if tuberculosis is a bar to contracting marriage, it would logically constitute an excuse for dissolving marriage. Shall a man abandon the mother of his children because she has unhappily contracted sickness? I should think this clause needs more consideration than has been given it."

Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which has indorsed the campaign, is "immensely in favor of a blanket amendment giving Congress power to make general welfare legislation, and opposed to reading all kinds of special legislation into the Constitution, thus making it exceedingly difficult to change or modify such special legislation, altho it may be quite an obstacle in another generation." She expresses herself as not surprized at the very efficient bill which Mrs. White, the legislative chairman of the Federation, has prepared. "I think her," Mrs. Winter comments," a very safe and sane person with regard to legislative matters and a very human person with regard to all public affairs, and a very experienced person so far as the psychology of the public, and particularly her great constituency of women, is concerned."

The social legislation amendment mentioned by Mrs. Winter was given consideration, and in time it may be brought to pass, but the advice of many senators and congressmen whom I interviewed advised that it would be better, just at present, to limit this particular amendment to the subject of marriage and divorce.

EX-GOVERNOR ALLEN, of Kansas, an executive whose sturdy upholding of national and State institutions has made him a leading American figure, states that he is in "full sympathy with the movement." "I recognize," he declares, "that the main points to be considered in such legislation, so far as marriage is concerned, are safeguarding the matter of licenses to marry, and the performance of the ceremony. The law submitted seems well calculated to accomplish these purposes. As to the matter of divorce, one of the main things to provide for is to guarantee that a divorce which is legal in one State shall be legal in all States. It is practically impossible to get the different States to agree on causes for divorce, and the cause set out in this bill seem to cover the ground sufficiently."

Margaret Deland, the novelist, says: "I am very glad that Pictorial Review is going to urge a Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law. There are few things (except, indeed, the registration of venereal disease and a clean bill of health as the condition of marriage) which would make more for morality in this country than a Federal divorce law."

William Allen White sends us word from Emporia, Kansas, that he believes very strongly we should have national laws covering this situation and offers his service in helping the cause. The law drawn by Mrs. White he thinks a wise one.

Rev. Walter Gwynne, an eminent clergyman of the Episcopal faith and general secretary of the Sanctity of Marriage Association, with authority to speak for his association, whose board of directors includes a number of high church men, prepared a statement which space does not permit running in its entirety, so I will quote: "The Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law, prepared by the deputy attorney-general of Indiana for the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is excellent as regards marriage. The law for divorce, with a few amendments, seems to be nearly as good as any attainable for the present distress. From the Christian point of view it is of course defective. But talk as we may about this being a Christian nation we must remember that not more than one-half of our population confess the Christian faith. We must therefore face the stern fact that, as in other things besides marriage, such as statesmanship, trade, industry, as well as social life, we are still a long way from the standard of Christ."

Dr. Gwynne then points out a few causes in the marriage sections of the bill which he thinks should be more clearly defined.

In the divorce sections he takes strong exception to the omission of provisions for judicial separation. No less an authority than Judge Robert Grant, of Boston, for thirty years a judge of the Massachusetts courts and a man of high intellectual and moral integrity, has stated that the "divorce *a mensa et thoro*" (what is commonly known as the judicial separation) contributes toward increased immorality.

Dr. Gwynne is also opposed to the granting of divorce on several of the grounds specified in our proposed law. He considers that the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment "opens up a wide door," and that the ground of abandonment or failure to provide for a year or more is "wholly inadequate and vicious, as actually putting a premium on evil doing." He feels, too, that incurable insanity and the conviction of an infamous crime are not justifiable grounds for absolute divorce.

I think that the thousands of women, and men, and children in this country who have suffered untold agonies through abandonment by their wives and husbands and parents deserve some chance for happiness, and that no definite happiness can come either to a man or woman when they are forced to remain tied to those who have shown so little love and sense of responsibility as to desert them.

As for incurable insanity, it is only exercising an unassailable human right to grant, after a period of time when the incurability of such mental diseases as paresis and dementia precox has been established, the other party to the marriage a divorce and a chance to future happiness, instead of a life of loneliness and anguish. Commission of an infamous crime as a cause for divorce needs no justification. Marriage, in the main, is for the purpose of reproduction and of companionship. Truly a criminal is not fit to father or mother a child, neither to be companion to a self-respecting person.

IN MY files I have over 2,300 clippings from newspapers, representing every nook and corner of the country. Let me reiterate, the majority of them are in favor both of the agreement for a National Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law and of the particular law formulated by Mrs. White. Many of these were sent out, unsolicited, by syndicates and were printed because they were in accord with the editorial policy of the papers which printed them and of the subscribers to them. One of these, which appeared in forty-five papers in such widely distant cities as Meriden, Conn., Marysville, Cal., Asbury Park, N. J., Dublin, Ga., and La Salle, Ill., sets forth the general details of the law and concludes: "There is the greatest need either for Federal law of this type or for the complete unification of State statutes. The provisions of the proposed measure as outlined are simple, cover the ground effectively, and would go far to establish wholesome restraint upon ill-judged or secret marriage and abolish present divorce evils."

Dean C. J. Hilke, of the Drake University Law College, writes as follows for another syndicate which placed his editorial in twenty-two papers that I know of: "A national law entirely repealing the common law and providing for the ages of consent, and the publication of bans a reasonable period before the marriage takes place, together with requirements of health certificates given by a reputable physician, would do much to solve our matrimonial and divorce tangle. It is possible to be single in one State and married in another. How such national slipshodness can be expected to induce in the young any honor for the institution of marriage is more than I can see. This question of Federal control of marriage and divorce has been before the American people for many years; the forty-eight States have practically forty-eight different views of the subject.

Under our present system, without an unwarranted extension of the powers of Congress by construction, the Federal government does not have jurisdiction over marriage and divorce within the States. Therefore a constitutional amendment giving Congress such power will have to be adopted, and the sooner this is done the better it will be for our national welfare."

ANOTHER short editorial which appeared in papers in Maryland, New York, Kentucky, Florida, Montana, Iowa, Ohio, Texas, Michigan, and Pennsylvania, said: "A national law regulating marriage and divorce will be advocated and backed in Congress by the General Federation of Women's Clubs. On the average, marriage is beyond control, as any one knows who has ever tried to dissuade an infatuated couple. But divorce can be regulated and should be. In round figures, one out of each nine marriages in America ends in the divorce court. Tackle that national problem and we're getting to fundamentals."

The reply to this is that we do not get down to fundamentals until we make marriage more tenable. Infatuated couples may not listen to those who try to dissuade them from marrying, but if they come up against a law which insists that they have to think about it for a while before going into it and which forbids the unfit to marry, they will have to take cognizance of that law.

Two-column clippings to the number of 127, also, evidently from a syndicate, set forth in papers scattered over a wide area the entire purpose of the campaign and the conditions which started it, and end with the following: "There is only one solution for this jumble—a National Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law."

The press associations, in addition, have sent the story broadcast throughout the nation. I talked recently with about forty-odd United States senators and about double that number of representatives, and I found only three who were set against the idea of a national law regulating marriage and divorce. These three were from backward States which, in many ways, still recognize the old common law under which women and children are the chattels of men.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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MARION DAVIES
as *Princess Mary* in "*When Knighthood Was in Flower*"

MINERALAVA as an *Aid to Beauty*

by Hector Fuller

WHEN on the "silver screen" in a picturization of Charles Major's wonderful story: "When Knighthood Was in Flower," hundreds of thousands of people are made aware of the rare beauty of Marion Davies, who so beautifully plays the role of Princess Mary, it is only natural that they should seek eagerly to discover by what means Miss Davies retains the fine qualities of the beauty which appeals.

It is not by home remedies, massage, cosmetics or paints that a woman may hope to retain the complexion of Youth. Science has shown the perfect way through Mineralava.

Miss Marion Davies herself says:

"I have found Mineralava Beauty Clay a most successful invigorator and stimulant for the skin; the perfect way to a perfect complexion. I have tried many clays for the complexion and Mineralava surpasses others so far that I now use it and it only."

"Skin-Malnutrition," the prime cause of the evils that mar the beauty of the human skin, must have been much more rife in those ancient days, "When Knighthood Was in Flower;" days when soap and water were regarded not as daily necessities, but as luxuries. Today, through science and Mineralava the very root of the trouble is reached—and corrected.

Discovered 23 years ago as a product of the laboratories of Nature, Mineralava has been refined by the most noted chemists of Europe and America who have added to it medical ingredients which have given it healing and cleansing properties never equalled.

Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted English Skin Specialist, showed that of the two layers of the human skin, the Epidermis and the Dermis, the outer one was constantly flaking and falling away. This made it clear that only a product of Nature like Mineralava that aided in the process of building up, nourishing and making pure the under skin, would result in the perfect complexion.

MINERALAVA makes the skin well nourished, and a well nourished skin never ages. Lines, and wrinkles, sagging muscles, oily and dry skin, sallowness, enlarged pores, coarse texture, blackheads—all are due to "Skin-Malnutrition."

Mineralava is the one perfect specific for "Skin-Malnutrition!" It not only corrects the facial blemishes you can see, it works constantly and invisibly on the tender under skin, nourishing it to a ripe and lovely texture so that it is ready, as the old skin flakes away, to take its place—new born and beautiful. Every face that is subject to premature wrinkles, blackheads, eruptions, or any disorder of the skin is suffering from "Skin-Malnutrition."

Mineralava is ideal for home use. It should be on hand regularly. It is the great, speedy and safe renovator of tired faces.

And remember: Mineralava, the guaranteed product can not be successfully imitated.

SUCH noted beauties of the Stage and Screen as Marion Davies, Billie Burke, Marjorie Rambeau, Julia Sanderson, Zitelka Dolores, and others, as well as thousands of happy American home women have gladly testified to the permanent qualities of Mineralava.

But it is not alone professional women who have found the habitual use of Mineralava a boon. Thousands of letters have been received from grateful home-women, such as this: "It was not until I reached my thirty-fifth year that my complexion began to fade, the skin to be less firm, so that lines and tiny wrinkles appeared. The very first application of Mineralava showed a wonderful improvement. Using it over a period of five weeks has amply demonstrated that Mineralava does all and more than you claim for it. My skin feels young once more; in appearance it is fresh as a child's, free from blemishes. I have a strong and healthy skin again. —Mrs. George Bonney, Lake Westcolang, Pennsylvania."

ORIGINALLY Mineralava was sold only in Beauty Parlors at as high as $15 a treatment. Today it is within the reach of every woman at $2.00 a bottle, each bottle containing eighteen treatments, or a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. Full directions for treatments and a soft brush for applying with every bottle.

For men, after a hard day at the office, Mineralava is ideal. A few minutes before dinner suffices. Rest while the Mineralava mask is drying and when the Beauty Clay is washed off in cold water you will note how the signs of fatigue and worry have disappeared. It brings back the spirit of youth.

Mineralava is always sold under our positive money-back guarantee.

There is also an Introductory Trial Tube of Mineralava at 50 cents.

Try this and you are sure to be so pleased by its remarkable effects that you will become a permanent user. Try Mineralava Today!

MINERALAVA—makes Blemished Skin Perfect!

MINERALAVA—corrects all forms of "Skin-Malnutrition!"

MINERALAVA—keeps Young Faces Healthful and Rosy!

MINERALAVA—moulds Old Faces to the Contour of Youth!

Mineralava has 22 years successful use behind it in the best homes of America. Don't experiment with new and untried Beauty Clays. The original is your only protection.

Mineralava is a superior article for discriminating people.

Go to your dependable Druggist or Department Store. Ask for Mineralava Beauty Clay. If the Store does not happen to have it write direct to the manufacturers, Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West 19th St., New York, and they will see that your dealer is supplied to fill your requirements.

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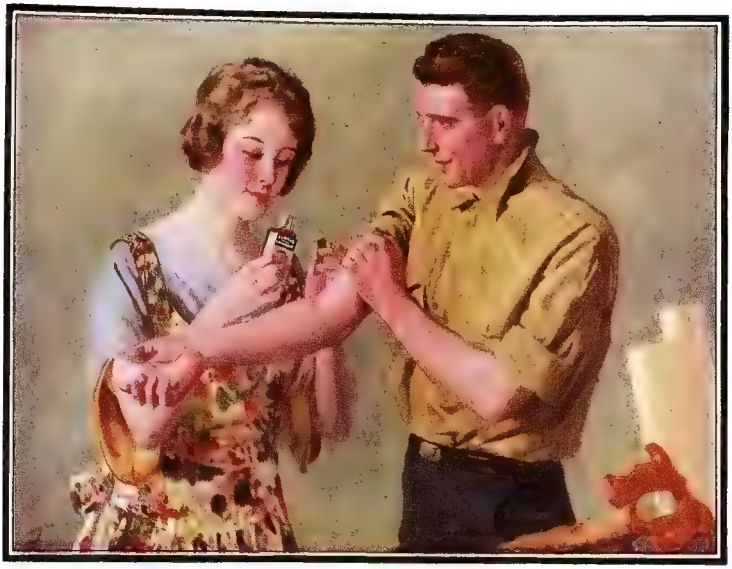

As widespread as the telephone itself

So effective at easing pain, Sloan's has become "The World's Liniment"

To-day Sloan's is used in 1 out of every 3 American homes

WHAT is responsible for this remarkable growth—the widespread use of Sloan's not only in this country but throughout the world?

It has been due to one outstanding fact—the amazing effectiveness of the liniment itself.

No one who has ever tried Sloan's for a tired, aching back, a strained shoulder or ankle, a bruised or sore muscle anywhere, is ever again without it.

How Sloan's brings relief

Most muscular or nerve pain is due to congestion. Congestion is the condition that results when blood collects in a tissue and does not circulate freely.

Sloan's Liniment counteracts congestion. It draws the blood away from the tight inflamed area and restores normal circulation.

Its effect is almost immediate

At first a warm, tingling glow—a drawing, healing sensation. Then suddenly you notice that the pain itself is gone!

That is the thing which will surprise you most, perhaps, if you have never used Sloan's before—the quickness with which it brings relief.

Keep Sloan's always handy

If you occasionally stand on your feet all day and have a tired, aching back at night—if damp weather is apt to mean stiff or sore muscles—if you have a young athlete in the family who comes in with sprained elbows or bruised knees—you will particularly want to keep Sloan's Liniment constantly at hand. There is nothing that is "just as good"

Sloan's will not stain the skin. It should be applied thoroughly. No need of rubbing—it penetrates.

Don't wait for the time when you are badly in need of Sloan's. Get a bottle today. Thirty-five cents at all drug stores.

Sloan's Liniment

Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's

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THE NATION WELCOMES MARRIAGE REFORM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

I do not need to indicate further that the country is in accord with what we are doing. By the time this digest goes to press the law will be in committee in both houses of Congress. The leading women's organizations of the country are working actively for it. And the good work shall be kept up until at last, out of the confusion and turmoil of past futility, we, as a nation, shall have a law which will go far toward putting marriage on a stable basis and holding in check the alarming rapidity of our divorce ratio.

For years Federal cognizance has been taken of the proper breeding of mules and cows and chickens. For many years careful study and attention have been given to improving the quality of production of fruit-trees, grain-fields, and vegetable crops of all kinds.

Let us now think a little bit about the quality of production of the human stock. It has an economic value far greater than animals or vegetables.

Our Bill in Congress

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S Better Marriage bill, as drawn by Mrs. Edward Franklin White, and the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution making such legislation legal, were introduced in the Senate by the Honorable Arthur Capper of Kansas and in the House of Representatives by the Honorable L. W. Fairfield of Indiana.

"MASTERS OF OURSELVES AND OURS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

penetrating eye. "I don't keep books—maybe a thousand or so."

"Count it up. Don't forget a dollar." She thrust a pen into his soft, pink hand.

"Three thousand, almost even," he moaned, after a moment. "Gracious! That much! Say, what can we do about it?"

"We must come to an understanding, Dud." The woman sat on his lap and stroked his damp hair. "We——"

"You love me. I love you—madly." Dud murmured in passion. "What more is needed for an understanding?"

"You—you'd marry me if you were free, wouldn't you?" Sue held his chin and searched his soul.

"The very day I'm free!" Dud grew grave. "But God knows when that'll be. Poor Mitty may live on five years, ten years."

"And she may—her suffering may be over to-morrow." Sue muttered absently.

"Eh? Why, yes. You never can tell. Weak hearts do go that way."

"They do. They do. It's the most natural thing in the wor.d." Sue was inspecting her favorite black-walnut panel. "Dud, will you write me a sweet little letter, right now, telling me that you will marry me when you are free?"

"Why—what's the use? It's rather queer," Dud stammered.

"Oh," she laughed. "Just to protect myself against Lem in case he finds what I'm going to do."

"Well, what are you going to do?" Dud trembled.

"Pay all your debts off to-morrow, as soon as the bank opens, if you'll give me that letter." She struck out across the room fiercely and paced the floor, a white fist clenched against her pale cheek and a ferocious gleam in her hungry eyes. "Oh, Dud! I'm sick of the cannery crowd—I'm Can Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler and Lem and all the rest of them. They're so coarse, so vulgar! There's no class to them. They eat and drink like pigs. They spit tobacco-juice around the house. They invite awful people to dinner. Lem had the big, smelly Hungarian foreman of the cannery up last night, and I had to be nice to him because the fellow's worked out a new soldering-machine that Lem says will save us a lot of money."

"THAT'S the price of devoting one's life to the pursuit of money," Dud observed. "It's tragic, your having to put up with it. You were born for finer things, Sue."

"I love to hear you say that." Sue kissed him hotly. "I am! I am! I love dainty things—beauty—dignity—repose—quality! I love to talk with refined people! How I'd like to receive the Governor and his staff in this wonderful, wonderful room! I'd spend my entire ghastly restoring the glories of this mansion! And dearest, I'll wait years for you! I'll be so patient! And I'll help in so many ways while I'm waiting. I can help you, can't I?"

"Well, rather!" Dud laughed harshly, while he hunted pen and paper. "Wouldn't you shine here, tho! We'd amount to something, you and I. What couldn't we do, you with your money and your knack of managing things, I with my social connections!"

"What a pity we didn't meet ten years ago!" Sue sighed. "I'd have brought you something besides pretty eyes and long hair. You'd have risen in the world, too. Ah, well! No use crying over spilled milk! Come, dear. That letter, please. It's late. Lem may get suspicious. He spies on me terribly; even follows me around sometimes in his car."

Thoughtfully Dud composed the momentous letter. "I hope things'll turn out right before many years, Sue. I don't wish the poor woman any harm; you know I don't. But—well, she's ruined my life, and she's no use to herself or anybody else. If she lives on, the House of Cathaway is doomed."

"Doomed?" Sue started uneasily.

"There'll be no children; the line will die out." Dud touched her hand lightly, while she avoided his hungry gaze. "It'll go the way so many of the oldest families go. The best blood is dying out. America'll go under if that doesn't stop."

"Yes, indeed!" The woman drew her hand away and nervously studied her wristwatch. "I must run! Oh, you're such a dear!"

She blotted his written promise, read it minutely, tucked it into her bosom, and fled into the night exultant.

AWHIRL with wild visions and lusts, Dud stalked up-stairs into his wife's bedroom and glared at her. There she lay, the erstwhile beauty of Bristow and unsuccessful mother, as she had lain for three years, the greater part of every day. The reeking kerosene-lamp on her bedside table yellowed her bloodless face to a loathsome tint. Propped up with pillows tho she was, her every bone and muscle sagged in dumb sabotage against an ebbing heart that fed them short rations. Her hair, once the fairest in all Bristow, hung lax in drab strings. Her clayey fingers, which aforetime had bewitched many a suitor, sprawled on the newspaper which they had dropped. She shaped a frail and flavorless smile as her husband glowered at the ampulla of strychnin and the hypodermic syringe on the table.

"Tired, dear? Did Wheeler work you too hard to-night?" Her airless voice, blurred between inert lips, came forth uncannily like the soft sob of rain in the leaky eave-gutters.

"He always does, and you know it." Dud hurled his well-worn lie about slaving over the cannery ledgers after dark. "A hellish grind! And where does it get me? Nowhere! Nowhere! Work, work, work—and every dollar goes to that dirty hound, Shives, and to Hubbell for drugs, drugs, drugs! God, it'd be better off dead! And to think the Cathaways have come to this! We who used to be the richest, the leaders of society!"

Fists clenched, he raged back and forth, while ineffectual tears flooded Mitty's light-blue eyes.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I'm a terrible millstone about your neck. I wish I——"

"Oh, cut it out!" Dud foamed. "You've been bleating that stuff five years, and a h——of a lot of good it does!"

"I only want you to know how sorry—sincerely sorry, I am," the sick woman panted thinly. "I—shouldn't have married you, Dudley dear. But—I did love you so—I love you still—I——"

"Oh, drop that talk!" Dud clapped his hands to his ears and stalked up and down the bedroom. "Slush! Slush! Slush! And I'm the one who has to face the facts. All my money goes for doctors and nurses. No social life. House as good as closed. And the Cathaways clean out of everything!"

"Mrs. Snyder told me they'd voted you into Green Acres. You won't be out of things now."

"Think I've any money for dues at Green Acres?" Dud sneered and turned a pocket inside out with a gesture of infinite anguish. "H——l I'm hundreds of dollars behind on bills now I stay out of that club."

"Oh, you mustn't, Dud," the wife pleaded, and her eyes filled. "You must keep in touch—get around with nice people. Sell my old diamond brooch; it'll pay dues—please——"

But Dud had moved over to the window. It was awkward to explain that the diamond brooch had been sold a month before to meet certain sporting obligations. It was pleasanter to dream of the three thousand dollars that would be his on the morrow. His eye on the rain-shrouded street-lamp, he sank into delicious reverie.

THE deep spell of his ruminations was shattered by a thin wheeze. Dud wheeled swiftly toward the bed. The clock on the table marked half past one, the hour at which he had administered Mitty's hypodermic almost every night for the past year. But he scarcely noticed the time. Mitty commanded him utterly. She was the merest shadow against the pillows

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Boncilla

There Is a Definite Need for Boncilla Beautifier the *Clasmic* Pack

Present day methods of living have a most disastrous effect on complexions. Smoke laden air, crowded cars or automobiles, busy days with their accompanying mental strain, late hours and artificial recreation—these are a few of our modern habits which quickly cause complexions to fade.

Obviously, ordinary cosmetics cannot meet this new demand. A new facial treatment—a complexion treatment of unusual remolding and revitalizing qualities, is necessary.

This Is Why Boncilla Beautifier Accomplishes Complexion Beauty That Is Deeper Than Skin Deep

Boncilla Beautifier is a blue-gray clasmic clay. It contains certain medicinal qualities that act upon the skin just as definitely and just as efficiently as famous mineral baths correct physical ailments. Both in its origin and in its preparation, Boncilla Beautifier is different from any other clay.

This fragrant clay is simply spread on the face and allowed to dry. You can relax while it dries—while the pores of your skin are drinking in the healing balsams from the pack, while they are being really cleansed and stimulated, while the clay is remolding facial muscles and tissues.

When Boncilla is removed, behold the transformation. Boncilla Beautifier is guaranteed to do these definite things for the face, or your money will be refunded:

1. Clears the complexion and gives it color.
2. Cleanses and closes enlarged pores, removing excess oiliness.
3. Removes blackheads and pimples.
4. Lifts out the lines.
5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues.
6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.

The Pack O' Beauty Suggests An Inexpensive Way to Try Boncilla

The Boncilla Pack O' Beauty as pictured below costs only 50c, and contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream, and Boncilla Face Powder for three to four complete facial packs. Department stores and drug stores can supply you with it, or if you cannot secure it immediately you can mail the coupon below with 50c, and we will mail it to you direct, postpaid.

R. 4-23

Boncilla Laboratories
Boncilla Building
Indianapolis, Indiana

Enclosed find 50c. Please send Pack O' Beauty to

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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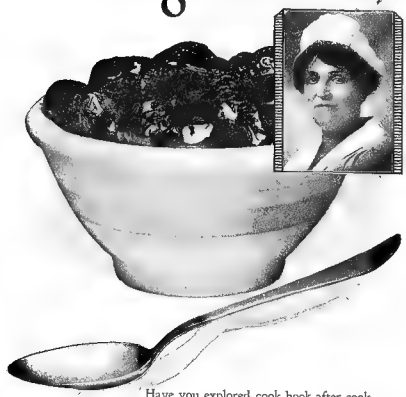
What I have learned about stewing prunes



Have you explored cook book after cook book for the *right* way to stew prunes only to find a way that was half-right and disappointing? Or, have you given up in sheer desperation and shrugged, "Well, stewed prunes are stewed prunes—what can one expect?"

In either case, let me tell you what I have learned about stewing prunes—*right* here in the Sunsweet kitchen: First, I wash the prunes, then soak in warm water to cover—over night if possible. In the morning I cook them *slowly* [in the same water in which they were soaked] until the fruit is tender and plump *but not broken*. I have found, too, that slow cooking develops the natural fruit sugar in Sunsweet Prunes so that little, if any, sugar is needed. However, if you do use sugar, add it *after* the prunes are cooked but while still hot so the sugar will dissolve. Or, better still, remove the prunes, add sugar to the juice and cook slowly to a rich syrup.

Try this method next time and notice the big flavor-difference! And the sudden popularity of prunes at the table! Also, send for the new Sunsweet Recipe Packet—60 unusual fruit-dishes tested by me in the Sunsweet kitchen. Write today—it's free!

Domestic Science Director,
California Prune & Apricot Growers Ass'n,
445 Market Street, San Jose, Cal.

Have you discovered the pantry-handy possibilities of the new 2-lb. carton of Sunsweet Prunes? It is the new way to buy prunes. Clean; compact; convenient. Packed in three sizes of fruit—large, medium, small. Ask your grocer!

SUNSWEET
CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED
Prunes

"MASTERS OF OURSELVES AND OURS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

Her eyes were closed, but her chalk lips twitched.

"Shives—quick—attack!"

It was the merest breath, not true speech. But Dud knew. Hadn't he been through it a dozen times? It was another critical attack, such as comes two or three times a year. It meant instant treatment, a double injection strong enough to kill ten healthy men. Delay would prove fatal, Shives had warned. It meant a quick call for the accursed Shives, a trained nurse for a week. Bills, bills, bills! And all to what end?

"D—— Shives and his committee!" Dud hissed. "He'll never set foot in my house again. I'll go get Doctor Bennett; I'll—h'm—I'll——"

His words perished. It was Mitty's hand that stifled them. Mitty's hand and a wild, wild thought! Over the coverlet the hand inched feebly, a little animal fighting for its life after all other members of the commonwealth of cells had forsaken it! One finger at a time reached out, for all the world like the crippled claw of a spiritless crab, braced its tip against the coverlet, then, contracting, drew the rest of the hand up to it. The fingers did this in turn, to relieve one another of the crushing effort.

"Injection! In-ject! In—" came from somewhere in the stricken wraith of a body.

WITH mathematical precision Dud measured the distance from the struggling hand to the hypodermic, and computed velocities. She would never, never reach the syringe. Even if she did, that hand could not inject. And then?

It would be the most natural thing in the world. Weak hearts flutter out with no warning. Everybody knew she must go that way sooner or later. To-night, maybe! Well, why not to-night? No human would ever suspect. Not even Shives would wonder at it. The most natural thing in the world! The wisest physician, the cunningest detective could note nothing out of the way in it.

And then?

Freedom! Money! Sue!

In a lightning flash of foresight the years unrolled, a gorgeous panorama. The lordly dining-room shone again. Beneath the crystal chandelier the Governor smiled at his hostess, and the hostess lifted her champagne-glass to the toast of the Governor's glittering staff around the table. The rustle of silks cut the low murmur of intimate whispers. Liveried servants bore silver trays to the dusky nooks within the noble hedges, where damsels sipped rare vintages and made love. Statesmen asked the head of the house what he thought about the tariff, the Mexican imbroglio. Knots of great men gathered in the billiard-room and settled the fate of nations. The glory of the Cathaways was once more established!

And the glory would endure. Children playing on the lawns, a whimper from a crib up-stairs, a boy in college joining the most fashionable fraternity, a lovely girl riding her mare through the streets and setting young hearts on fire! Cathaway blood running hot and strong once more, after years of backwater and doldrums! Ha!

Thus did desire paint the scene. And, more swiftly than a bomb bursts, did reason, the ever faithful servant of desire, endow every detail with logic.

"You've no right to wreck the House of Cathaway!" Dud snarled at the bed. "The family must go on and on forever! We must be masters of ourselves and ours. Cathaway women must bear Cathaway children, or forfeit all claims! Poor creature! Childless and in misery, useless to herself and everybody else. It's all for the best. For her best, too!"

Peering into the blank hall, he clenched his fists in a tremendous effort, then slunk back to the bedside and babbled: "Yes, yes. Too bad! I'll telephone the doctor at once, my dear——"

"Inject! Quick!" In a supreme rally, his wife's eyes opened and her gaunt arm leaped. "Dud dear, you mustn't wait—doctor says so—must't. Don't forget—you'll never forget? Never! Oh!"

She lashed out at the table like a wounded snake. Like a striking snake, Dud lunged and lifted table, lamp, and medicine well beyond her reach. "Careful, dear!" he soothed. "You may break things!"

"Quick! Quick!" The arm extended itself ravenously for the life-bringing needle. "Two syringes. Two—two——"

"I must call the doctor first!" Dud headed for down-stairs. "Just a minute, dear!"

"You mustn't forget, Dud—never forget!"

But Dud was already on his way, licking dry lips in a nauseous fervence. He marched directly into his unkempt parlor, and there he sat, listening, listening, listening, until a clock boomed three. One—Freedom! Two—Sue! Three—Money!

It was quiet up-stairs.

HE WAS in a pallor of tears when Doc Shives and the undertaker arrived. "Well, I'm glad the poor soul has gone." The physician addressed the undertaker in a voice calculated to carry to the ears of the bereaved husband. "Life here held nothing for her sweet spirit. She was the finest girl in town in her day. If she could only have married into a worth-while family!"

"Yeh, she's better off with God than with Dud," assented the undertaker. "These bum aristocrats aren't worth a pint of embalming-fluid. I cud never figger out how Mitty's pa ever let her hook up with this here turkey-proud old fake."

"Ha!" sneered Shives, while Dud chewed his lip in the next room. "You don't know these fool women, Tippitt. Every tart in the new-rich bunch is wild over Dud and his house. Minute a female gets hold of a bunch of money she spends it horning into a fancier class."

"I've seen it," Tippitt chuckled evilly. "A female ain't happy unless there's a bunch of other females below her she can make faces at. Loves to look down on 'em."

"I'm sorry for 'em," Shives whipped in. "No interest in things. Nothing to do but spend the dividends of their fathers' factories. All flabby for lack of head-work and sweat. They need all the flattery and high-and-mighty bunk they can get to help them forget their own worthlessness."

Dud smiled. As the visitors headed for the door, he stepped out genially.

"It was all for the best, wasn't it?" he demanded.

"Rather!" Shives glowered.

"I'm glad you ain't taking it too hard." Tippitt delivered his professional line unctuously.

"We Cathaways are masters of ourselves—and ours," Dud replied coolly. "We do not give way to our feelings, sir. Good day!"

He showed his teeth at their back as they descended the long walk. Then he tried to sleep, but could not keep his eyes shut. It was as if the muscles which drew the lids together had died. There was nothing painful about it; it was simply odd. But not so odd as the quietude of his entire body. It lay so still! Only a faint inner tension assured him that he was not residing in a corpse. Thus he lay, watching himself in uncanny detachment until morning broke cold and brisk.

Hours must pass before Sue would draw the money from her bank. Meanwhile there were mourning-clothes to buy, engagements to cancel, and a stiff bracer to take. Dud began with the last, making it tumbler-deep. Then he took a long roundabout walk, the better to plan his next moves.

LIKE the last mad whirl of a wine-drunk masquerade, his thoughts weaved erratically in and out, garishly disguised, unsteady, overstrung. Not until he passed the immense factory of Tin Can Wheeler did the inner chaos suddenly end. Then his reason crackled a command: "Be sensible!" And straightway everything was neat and right. Shives and Tippitt, both disinterested parties, had uttered God's truth; it was all for the best. Poor Mitty had nothing but misery to look forward to. To let her suffer on and on was the height of cruelty. She was a thousand times better off dead. Only a ridiculous convention ruled otherwise. And what's a convention? The mere say-so of a horde of long-dead fools. The man who is master of himself is never enslaved by conventions. He judges facts as they are. He weighs ends and means. And he acts as he sees fit, making the not to intimate the mob by too openly defying its stupid mandates.

"Yes, we Cathaways are masters of ourselves!" he declaimed at the mighty smoke-stack of the Wheeler factory. "And, by God! we're going to be masters of you newly rich!"

He glowered at the vast, humming plant. Those acres which its high wire fence enclosed had all been Cathaway land once. So too with those fields across the railroad tracks that were dotted with the cottages of Judge Snyder's pickle factory. Where the race-track of the Cathaways once spread its brown curves, now sprawled brick rows and wooden bungalows swarm with dirty children and sluttish women babbling the gibberish of a dozen rotten countries. Five skewl vulgarians screaming day and night to make more millions, and ten thousand slant-browed slaves toiling to feed their swelling families! What a hideous tragedy that they should be allowed to force themselves into the fair lands of a finer race! How disgusting that they should elbow the senior aristocracy off scene!

The older American stock, sturdiest and noblest of all, must fight these coarse creatures to a finish. It must match cunning with cunning, violence with violence, children with children—or go under.

Dud repeated these sentiments over and over on his stroll. He told himself that he had sinned against the Cathaway name and fame when, on that night of passion, he had succumbed to the flaming love in the eyes of the then ravishing Mitty. "But I have suffered cruelly for my offense," he breathed, "and now I must devote my life to undoing the wrong. The Cathaways must live on and prove worthy of their tradition!" It would be easy with Sue's fortune. Oh, so easy! He would go into politics, run for the United States Senate. The older families around Chesapeake Bay were still powerful enough to elect him. And they all despised and feared these strangers swarming up from befouled slums.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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"MASTERS OF OURSELVES AND OURS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

Quickened by this vision, Dud hurried toward the bank. And there he loitered, ambling up and down the block, receiving condolences from passing citizens, scanning his watch nervously, until her car drew up at the curb.

"You ought not to be hanging around here," she frowned; "people will talk."

"I must see you." Dud shook all of a sudden in an agne of apprehension. "Sue, she's dead. She died this morning, early. Her heart—It just stopped."

Motionless in her seat, the woman almost ceased breathing. Her eye*s transfixed* Dud with an invisible volley of questions which tongue dared not utter

"Go home—fast! Don't see me again to-day. I'll send word to you to-morrow."

"But those creditors——"

"They'll not bother you for some days after this. Go, fast!"

Suddenly she pondered in tense silence.

"Dud," she whispered, "you must have a fine funeral. Get all the old families out. Don't worry over expense. I'll send you money for it. And, my poor dear, it'll look queer if I don't come, won't it?"

"Why—er—yes, it might," Dud quavered. "You mean——"

"Everybody knows we're good friends. If I stayed away they'd wonder why. It'll start gossip. I'll be there. And, sweetheart, you'll introduce me to all the Benthemes, and the Haggerts, and the Wolvinsons, and the rest of the old crowd, won't you? I'd love to know them."

"Yes, yes. Aren't you a darling? And I'll——"

But she had raced off. Some other wayfarers were strolling up.

Later a black messenger brought the desolate widower a letter. It contained five hundred dollars, in tens.

THE funeral was magnificent, quite worthy of the best aristocratic traditions. Even the austere Benthemes were impressed, and the two old maids who represented the Haggert family of ancient lineage almost wept for joy over the splendor of the casket and the glory of the flowers. Dud found it easy to present Sue to these exclusive landed gentry, and Sue, once in their stodgy company, got along famously with her deep grief and soft, ingratiating ways.

Dud could not keep his eyes from her during the lugubrious ceremony, tho she flashed warning-signals back at him. When the mourners started for the carriages she slipped out through the kitchen door unseen.

Dud dined at the minister's and lingered till nine o'clock, when the family retired. He shuffled homeward, his fingers itching to riffle the cards as usual, and his lips athirst for fiery kisses. At the front gate he halted uneasily. The closed shutters and the dark upper window, where for many a lingering year Mitty's night-lamp had gleamed, repelled him. His own house seemed to be barred against him, and a presence commanded him to be gone.

Dud shivered and made for the bright hotel lobby, where he loitered till long after the last drummer had yawned off to bed. Alone, chewing nervously at a cigar, the widower rocked, rocked, rocked, while from a near room there floated now and then muffled laughs and the click of poker-chips. He stood it till he was ready to shriek. Then he went home in earnest, rushed into the rear bedroom, and made ready to sleep.

It struck eleven just after he blew out the light. Straightway a hideous struggle began which sapped the foundations of his being. He stared at the blackness, every muscle of his flabby frame tugging rebelliously at his bones. They resented going to bed at this shrewdly early hour. Under the blankets ten fingers tried to shuffle cards that weren't there. Lips whistled at a bobsail fox-trot. Feet, in the fair, flickering fantasm of Sue, which came and went with tantalizing uncertainty. Thus for an immense and stubborn battalions of outraged habits fought up and down that drowsy corporation. At last Dud dozed off, still tossing and mumbling. "I must be master of myself. Cathaways all masters of themselves!"

Next he was striking a match, lighting a lamp, grumbling stuporously, "Why the devil didn't you fill the darn thing? It's gone out! I'm—My——"

He was beside the dead Mitty's bed, holding the hypodermic outfit, as those hands of his had been doing so long. From the smooth, untenanted pillow his puffy eyes shifted to the bedside table. The clock signaled one-thirty.

"One-thirty!"

"Inject, quick!"

"Dud dear, you won't forget——"

"You'll never forget——"

"One-thirty!"

"You always do it!"

The man screeched and ran. Into his bed he dived, a hunted animal, and drew the blankets over his head. Somewhere outside, a thin pulse of wind went trembling through oak-leaves. Into the icy stillness of the shadow-haunted mansion there filtered a tenuous rustling, a blurred babble, inarticulate mutterings—only the breeze in the oaks, of course. Only the breeze in the oaks, or perhaps, a patter of rain!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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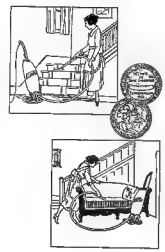

IF every woman could know how wonderfully it would aid in her work of Spring house-cleaning; how much time and toil it would save; how much it would add to the cheerfulness of successful home keeping—every woman would use the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner.

Yet, unless you actually see the Eureka at work in your own home, and observe, just as more than 700,000 other housewives are realizing daily, how much better and quicker it performs the work that taxes your health and time, you can scarcely realize how widespread its usefulness actually is, and how delightfully easy it makes the most wearing drudgery.

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"MASTERS OF OURSELVES AND OURS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

It was midday when Dud arose, poisoned with sleeplessness and terror. He fled to his hotel chair, where he thazed fitfully through the insufferable afternoon. Toward nightfall his old servant, Cynthia, waddled into the lobby with a note, typewritten and unsigned:

"I shall stay away for a week. It is best. Then everything can be fixed up. Use this sensibly, dear."

"This" was a fifty-dollar bill. Dud swore as he thrust it into his pocket and slumped into his chair again, gnawing at his white knuckles.

"A whole week!" he sobbed to himself.

Then he fell to studying the railway-folders, scheming wonderful trips which would take him far, far from that loathsome room, its hypodermics and its accursed little clock. He read of Honolulu, Japan, and the Nile while he dawdled over his dinner in the hotel dining-room. He estimated the cost of going around the world, now this way, now that, until the dining-room was closed. He drifted into the pool-room and watched a clerk in Lem Lewis's canning factory defeat the head waiter.

At nine o'clock the pool-room was closed and the lobby empty. Dud, uneasy with an obscure panic, invited the clerk to sample the rare vintages of the famous Cathaway cellars.

To be precise, the cellars contained seven quarts of highly dubious distillations with an edge that would have rasped a blacksmith's file. But Dud smoothed it with wild race-track tales, and he spared the plebeian throat by drinking two to his one, while he exhibited the dining-room panels and recited the illustrious history of the Cathaway line. Finally the guest left. With a sigh Dud pillowed his head on lax arms and fell asleep at the table.

Next he was leaning against a door, twisting the knob, and mumbling: "What's the idea, eh? Come on, open up. You won't get your dope!" His own voice finally stirred his benumbed mind. And understanding, he hammered the second door while he shrilled at the sepulchral silence: "D—— you! Stop bothering me! Stop it or I'll kill you!"

Somewhere a clock clanged one-thirty.

THE next morning a chalk-jowled aristocrat handed the hotel clerk a fifty-dollar bill to pay in advance for a room.

"It's lonely in my big house, now." Dud explained in a dead, hollow voice. "I'm not used to it."

He slept in his new quarters until early afternoon. A cold bath toned him up and made him repeat insistently, as he shaved himself with quavery hand: "This is absurd. I am master of myself. All Cathaways are."

In his fine black suit he took a long walk through the newer streets. He studied the trim lawns, the well-trained hedges, the fresh paint, and the gleaming automobiles along the curb. He scowled at the gay gowns of the women, all wives of factory superintendents and foremen, a crude, pushing folk lacking culture and background. His mood darkened as he came to the fringe of the town where the princes of the new lineage dwelt in their spick-and-span stucco palaces. No leaky eave-gutters! No ragged hedges! No sagging fences! No unkempt lawns! No walls dripping moisture beneath century-old vines!

Down the driveway of the most pretentious estate came Lem Lewis, driving a bright car. A squat, pudgy fellow, this Lem! His pumpkin face was as stolid as a pig's, but his eyes, half buried in fat, shone and darted, scanning the road ahead as he schemed how to add to his plump fortune before luncheon.

As he whirled past Dud, he stared malevolently at him, with not so much as a formal nod.

"D—— him!" Dud raged. "Thinks he can cut me dead, eh? Thinks he's better than I am! I'll teach the yellow dog his place. I'll put him in his kennel."

He wheeled and all but ran to the private office of Tin Can Wheeler. He told Tin Can that the old mansion was too large for a lone widower, and too expensive. For spot cash he would consider selling it to an old friend who would use it right.

"Besides, I'm planning a long trip," he explained shakily. "I've been tied down so long, you know! Need a change. It isn't good for a man to get into a rut, is it?"

They quarreled an hour over the price, but, as usual, the sequence business man won out. Dud was dizzily beaten down from sixty thousand dollars to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty; and there the hard old millionaire wisely drew a check for a thousand to bind the bargain. The seller agreed to pass over the title at noon on the next day.

OUT on the sidewalk again the aristocrat was assaulted by a hundred hostile impulses which tore him to shreds. He fondled the fat check. It moved him to rush out to the Green Acres Club and celebrate with golf and girls and gin. But his black air checked that drive. Gossips would chatter. Above all, he must maintain the standards of a true gentleman of the Best Families. There were only too few gentlemen left in Bristow! Soon there would be none, if hyenas like Tin Can Wheeler roamed abroad unchecked. Dud glared back at the manufacturer's office and cursed the skinflint. Thirty thousand dollars for the Cathaway mansion! Good Lord! The dining-room panels alone were worth five! There was no backing down now, tho. But once he got the full sales price, he would make the new-rich gang squirm! Not one of them would ever sit at dinner in the new Cathaway home. He would cut them dead! And with their own money too! Old Tin Can's filthy cash and Sue's neat fortune! Dud cackled at the irony of that.

Sue! Dud shrank faintly. She would not relish this move. She was fond of the old mansion. It would take some argument, maybe a little sternness, to subdue her. Women are queer sentimentalists, dash them all! He began framing arguments to overpower her, but suddenly he stopped. There was a better way! A stronger way! She was out of town, thank Heaven! Well, he would not wait to argue with her. He would act now! "Masters of ourselves and ours." That is the Cathaway motto! He would pack his belongings at once and move out the instant Wheeler paid in full. When Sue returned, everything would be settled. She might cry a little; but once on their honeymoon she would forget it all.

"I am the head of the House of Cathaway," he thumped himself as he struck out for home. "I rule its destines. I can not be swayed by women."

SO HE entered the abhorred house and, with the help of the distressed Cynthia, fell to packing the choicest heirlooms. All afternoon the lord of the manor and the old negress ransacked the cavernous rooms, closets, and attics; pawed over mountains of camphored silks and satins folded away in gigantic cherrywood bureaus and cedar chests; packed dented old silver teapots and the gorgeous chinaware in old soup-bowls hastily fetched from the grocer's; lifted down the bedimmed portraits of the ancestors; and rolled up the patched, moth-eaten rugs.

"Dat gran' ole 'hogany bed in Missus's bedroom—" asked Cynthia, when they began on the heavy furniture. "You sho'ly's goin' to save——"

"No. No. I don't want anything in that room!" Dud snapped. "I'm going to sell it all."

He moved about more nervously. Dusk was falling. Sharply the evening breeze rustled the oak-leaves, sinister shadows crept out of black corners and sprawled across the floors, still, as if lying in wait for something. Outside a bird called, half articulate, trembling on the rim of nothingness.

"I'm going to quit now, Cynthia. Got to go to the hotel—on business." Dud mopped his wet brow and edged toward the kitchen door. "We'll finish this in the morning."

He hurried out, muttering: "I'll never come here again! Gloomy old hole! I— My soul! Where'd you come from?"

He was in the shadow of the towering lilac-hedge. Sue stood before him, shrouded in an automobile cloak that concealed all of her save the yellow-and-brown fire of her bunching eyes. She was panting, as if she had run from a great distance.

"Is it true—what Lem says?" she flashed.

"What's that?" Dud trembled.

"He telephoned me—I was over at Monmouth—he said old Wheeler had bought this place—Wheeler said so at lunch."

"And you came all the way back." Dud stroked her arm, but it drew back.

"Answer me!"

"Yes, I've sold it. It's so huge and old-fashioned. No electricity. No——"

"And what are you going to do now?" The words trickled like drops from the end of an icicle.

"Why, my dear!" Dud whimpered. "We'll be married in a month or two, quietly, and go on a long trip. Then we'll come back and get a fine new house, out near the Country Club."

The woman broke into frozen laughter. "Indeed! And whom do you intend to marry?"

Dud swayed under her ferocity. "Surely, you're not wedded to this old house," he babbled faintly.

"Flatly not. You've settled that!" Her sneer faded abruptly. She melted, she clutched the man's arms, and almost wept: "Oh, don't you see? You're throwing away your birthright, Dudley! Any get-rich-quick can buy a new house. But not all the millions on earth can buy what you've got here—traditions, a glorious family history, connections with a dozen great old families all around Chesapeake Bay! These are beyond price!"

"But, my darling girl!" Dud laughed soothingly. "The Cathaway tradition will be just as glorious in a pretty modern house near the golf links."

"You think so?" she wailed. "Let me tell you! Strip yourself of all this——" she gestured savagely at the ivied walls and slumbrous lawn—"go live like Tin Can Wheeler and Lem, and in two years you'll be one of them—a nobody! And a little less than they are, for you won't even be rich. The flunkies will drop you gently. You won't be in their class. You'll have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

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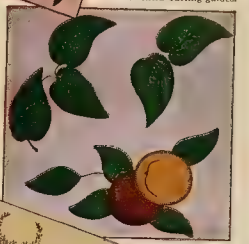
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12800, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3.

Transfer Design No. 12682, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, on bloomer dress 9305, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 1 to 4 years.



No. 12797 Appliqué Motifs to Serve Many Decorative Purposes

No. 12796—Appliqué on Dress 1526

No. 12805—Borders in French Knots

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12805, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, gives 6 yards of 1-inch and 3 yards of 13/8-inch borders.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12806, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, gives 3 yards of 5-inch and 6 yards of 3/4-inch borders.

No. 12806—An Effective New Border

No. 12684 on 8306

No 12800 Dainty Floral Sprays

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12684, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, on rompers 8306, 25 cents—1/3, sizes 1 to 4 years. The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12799, blue or yellow, 25 c. 1/3

No. 12799—Embroidery and Appliqué

No. 12796—On Bloomer Dress 1507

Google

Don't let diapers irritate your baby's skin

Wash them the safe way that keeps them soft and comfortable

NO matter how carefully you bathe and powder him—if his diapers are washed with harsh soap—his tender skin will suffer.

The irritation, the diaper rash that is the source of such severe suffering to babies is caused by this very thing—washing diapers with harsh soap.

Safe for all his little clothes

Keep your baby's diapers soft and comfortable. Wash them in pure, safe Lux suds.

There is no free alkali in Lux to stick to them and make them irritating. No harmful ingredient to inflame the sensitive skin.

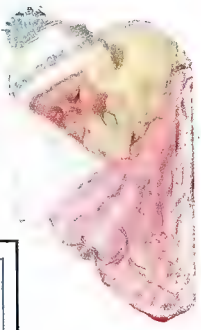
The tissue thin flakes melt at once in hot water—a whisk and you have a rich cleansing lather, safe for all the clothes that touch his tender skin.

With Lux there is never any possibility of solid soap to cling to little garments, no alkaline deposit to chafe him. The suds rinse out so easily—completely.

Use Lux for all the clothes your baby wears—his soft woolen shirts and bands, his petticoats and dresses, his diapers and socks.

Cut out the washing directions on this page. Follow them whenever you wash these important little garments that mean so much to his comfort and happiness.

Get Lux today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



To keep diapers from irritating

To prepare diapers for washing: Soiled diapers should have all solid matter removed immediately and then be put to soak in cold water. If diapers are simply wet place them in a covered pail and let them soak in cold water until you are ready to wash them.

To wash diapers: Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in a tub of very hot water. Let diapers soak for a few minutes, then dip them up and down pressing suds repeatedly through them. If suds die down add more Lux. Rinse in at least three waters. Boil diapers once a week using one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Rinse thoroughly.

To keep his woolens unshrunken

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out or put through a loose wringer.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best.

Shirts and stockings may be dried on wooden forms.

His dresses last longer washed this way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes, then dip them up and down. Press the suds through again and again. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in the sun. Press with a hot iron.

These manufacturers recommend washing baby clothes in Lux

Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger's Woolens
McCutcheon's Linens
The Fleisher Yarns

Keep all the clothes that touch his tender skin soft and comfortable

A new use for Lux—washing dishes

Won't redden hands

In pure Lux suds you can wash your dishes three times a day with no fear of harm to your well-kept hands.

It is the free alkali in kitchen soap that makes dishwashing so hard on hands. It dries and reddens the skin, makes it rough to the touch.

The Lux way of washing dishes won't redden or roughen your hands even gradually. These pure flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

So quick, so easy—and 54 dishwashings in a single package! One teaspoonful of Lux—a turn of the hot water faucet—and your pan is filled with the most cleansing suds you ever had for your dishes.

Even using Lux three times a day, a single package will do all the dishes for almost three weeks! Try it!

LUX

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 25, Cambridge, Mass.

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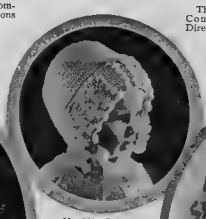
Hand-Work of Every Description Takes the Center of the Stage

No. 289—Girls' Silk Crocheted Cap

THE Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 289, 15 cents—9d, require 4 ounces silk yarn, 1 steel hook No. 5, for sizes 6 to 8 years

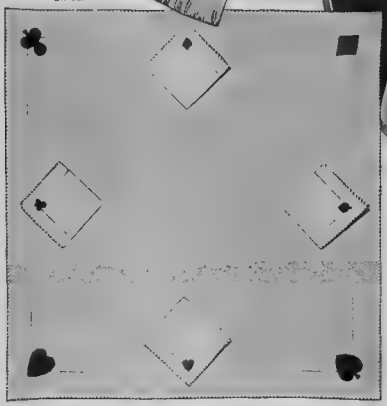
The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 290, 15 cents—9d for cap sizes 4 to 6 years. The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 291, 15c. —9d, for hat, sizes 4 to 6 yrs.



No. 292 -Baby's Choice Is a Dainty Hand Crocheted Cap

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 292, 15 cents—9d, require 2 balls wool, 2 yards 1½-inch ribbon, 1 steel hook No. 5, for sizes 6 months to 1 year

No. 12799 Towels Shown by the Courtesy of L. Bamberger Co.



No. 12804—A Card-table Cover with Napkins to Match. Courtesy of L. Bamberger Co.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12804, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, supplies 4 corner motifs for a card-table cover, four napkins to match and appliqué guides.

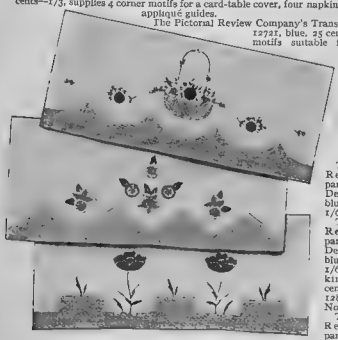
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12721, blue, 25 cents—1/3, gives motifs suitable for towels or pillow-cases.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12801, blue, 50 cents—2/6, gives cross-stitch design for centerpiece.

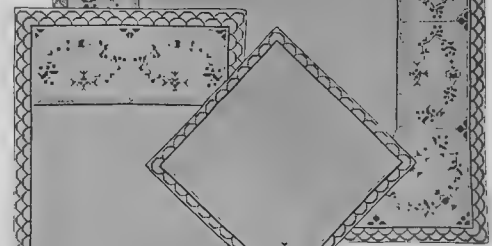
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12802, blue, 30 cents—1/6, for a scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12803, blue, 30 cents—1/6 for six napkins. Matches center-piece No. 12801 and scarf No. 12802.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12800, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3.



No. 12721—New Designs to Decorate One's Towels Find Their Way into Modern Homes

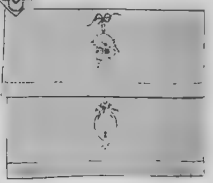


No. 294—Ladies' Knitted Slip-on Sweater Above

No. 12801—Centerpiece in Cross-stitch at Right

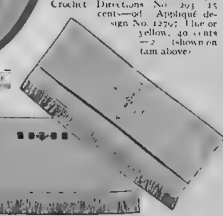
No. 12803—Cross-stitch Design for Napkins

No. 12802—A Cross-stitched Scarf Will Add to the Decorativeness of One's Home



No. 12800—Designs for Towels Shown by the Courtesy of L. Bamberger Co

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 293, 15 cents—9d. Appliqué design No. 12747, blue or yellow, 40 cents —2 (shown in tam above)



No. 291—Child's Crocheted Hat

No. 12799—Courtesy of L. Bamberger Co.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12799, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 294, 15 cents—9d.

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Beautiful Underwear
—does not need ironing

Here is an underwear fabric that delights the eye and is soft to the skin. Garments made from this

SOFT FINISH

Serpentine Crêpe

need only be washed, rolled in a towel to dry, and when shaken out they will be fresh and new, ready for immediate wear.

Soft Finish Serpentine Crêpe is a product of the Pacific Mills the world's largest makers of fine cottons. It comes in delicate shades of pink, blue or plain white, also in small, quaint, floral, bird and butterfly designs.

Your own neighborhood store can supply you with the genuine *soft finish* Serpentine Crêpe at a price per yard that makes it possible for every woman to make and own the five or six complete sets of underwear that personal comfort and daintiness demand.

If You Need a New Breakfast Sacque or Negligee

make it from the genuine Serpentine Crêpe. It comes in small checks, floral and oriental patterns, and in large and small designs and colorings to satisfy every taste.

The genuine Serpentine Crêpe, originated and made only by us, has a crinkle that is guaranteed not to stretch or wear out, and really improves with washing.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining the genuine Serpentine Crêpe in either the *regular* or *soft finish* write to Mrs. Charles R. Small, 24 Federal Street, Boston, Mass., who will send you free samples and see that you are served.

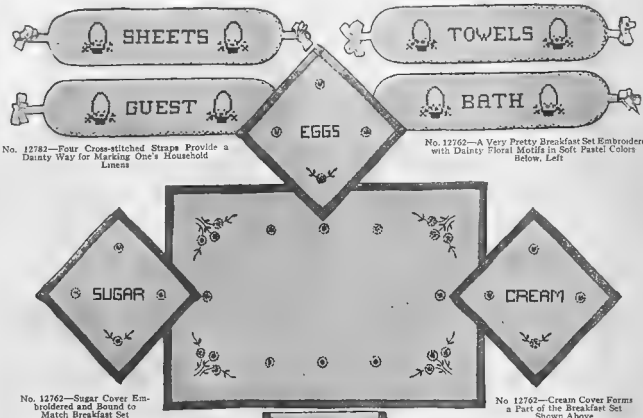
PACIFIC MILLS

Lawrence, Mass.
Dover, N. H.
Columbia, S. C.

The Pacific Trade-Mark is a guarantee of the excellence of every fabric that bears it. Look for the name of the genuine Serpentine Crêpe, stamped "Serpentine Crêpe" on the selvage. Look for it

Fascinating Designs to Embroider in Leisure Moments

New Flower Motifs for Appliqué

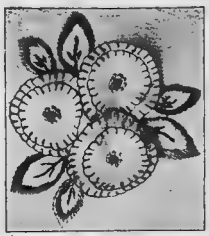


No. 12782—Four Cross-stitched Straps Provide a Dainty Way for Marking One's Household Linens

No. 12762—A Very Pretty Breakfast Set Embroidered with Dainty Floral Motifs in Soft Pastel Colors Below, Left

No. 12762—Sugar Cover Embroidered and Bound to Match Breakfast Set

No. 12762—Cream Cover Forms a Part of the Breakfast Set Shown Above



No 12728—Appliqué Motifs in Raised Effect

No 12720—Appliqué Decorating Frock No. 1031

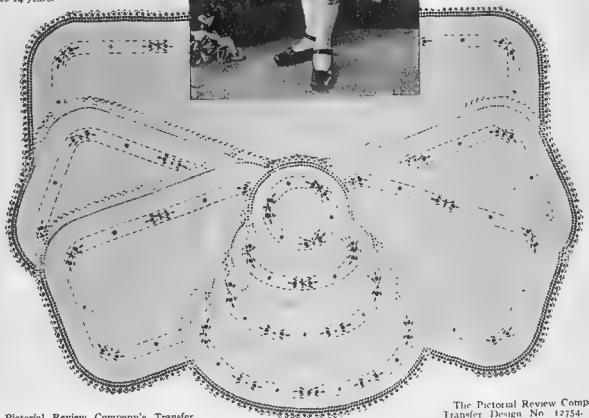
No. 12728 Appliquéd Flower

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12782, blue, 20 cents 1/-, includes designs for five straps for household linens, 3 by 14 inches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12762, blue, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes design for a breakfast set together with the shape of the articles. Motifs are worked in lazy-daisy stitch, French knots, raised satin and outline stitches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12720, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 11 motifs in appliqué, with duplicates and reverses of several Shown on dress No. 1031, 30 cents -1/6 Sizes 6 to 14 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12728, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/-, furnishes 2 and 2 reverses of each of the 4 motifs for appliqué illustrated at left and right of page. Hats, bags and frocks may be trimmed with these charming flower representations made of crisp organdy



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12753, blue, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes the shape of 4 asbestos mat covers to match luncheon set No 12754.

No. 12753 Designs for Asbestos Mat Covers to Match Luncheon Set No 12754
No. 12754—Luncheon Set to Match Mat Covers No 12753

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12754, blue, 40 cents—2 gives a luncheon set design to match the mat covers shown in No 12753

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The Spring Season Develops a Fetching Costume Silhouette

1419—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch sheepskin (tan) satin crêpe. Two of the newest fashion features are embodied in this smart afternoon frock—the round yoke joined to the dress by hemstitching, and the tiered effect given to the side panels by applied bands. Hemstitching also joins the kimono sleeves to the straight bands. Elastic is inserted through a casing, which is stitched underneath the dress to hold in the fulness.

1552—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch blue spruce (green) crêpe Roma—¾ yard 36-inch allover lace. This attractive afternoon frock which combines a dark green shade of crêpe Roma with a deep yoke of white allover lace having kimono sleeves, is very simple to make. The bloused appearance is given by elastic which is inserted through a casing underneath the dress below the waist-line.

1577—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch figured foulard—1⅜ yard 10-inch lace—1 yard ribbon for belt—1 yard 36-inch lining. The three-quarter length sleeves are slashed up part way finished with link buttons. A dainty lace-trimmed net collar finishes the neck and a matching vestee is inserted. The appliqué motif, design 12672, which is applied to the narrow girdle may be cut from colored pieces of silks, such as taffeta or satin and couched down in blanket, outline, chain, or buttonhole stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

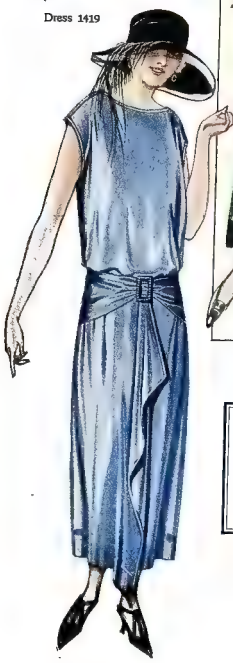
Dress 1419

Dress 1563
Monogram 563

Dress 1556

Dress 1552

Dress 1577
Appliqué 12672



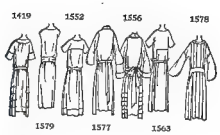
Dress 1579

Dress 1578

1579—Latest Style Discovery—the Jabot Drape with Hip Girdle

1578—Hit of the Season—Found in the Printed Frock and Its New Fitted Belt

1419—You'll Find Style, Simplicity, and Grace in a Panel-Banded Costume



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Creations that Score a Hit with Well-Dressed Women

Dress 1580 Dress 1554

1580—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 6⅝ yards 40-inch grass (green) voile—3¼ yards 4-inch fog (gray) ribbon for sash—3½ yards narrow ribbon. What could be cooler or more chic looking than a frock of grass green voile. This frock has a novel cut neck-line finished with picoting. The seams in the short kimono sleeves are left open showing the arms, tacked only at the neck and at the lower edge. Picoting also finishes the gathered side panels, which extend below the lower edge, the kimono sleeves, and the lower edge of the skirt. The sash of pale gray gives a touch of contrast.

1554—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 32-inch pink plaid gingham—⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy—¼ yard lace banding. A narrow panel is inserted in the front of the frock which continues up above the waist-line and joins to the vestee of white organdy trimmed with a lace banding and tiny buttons. Hemstitching and blanket stitching also do their bit to decorate this frock. On each of the patch pockets is an appliquéd floral motif and it may be cut from linen, chambray, plain gingham, or organdy and couched down in blanket, chain, buttonhole, or outline stitches with mercerized cotton floss.

1537—Ladies' Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch orange figured ratiné—1½ yard 36-inch white linen—3½ yards ribbon for sash. The combination of a bright orange figured ratiné and white linen is chosen for this smart Spring frock. The closing is arranged at the left side of the front panel. The side and back gores are attached to the lower edge of the waist and the side gores stitched to form pockets. Blanket-stitching outlines the turn-back cuffs that finish the short kimono sleeves, the collar and upper edge of gores. An appliquéd fruit motif, design 12629, trims the front of the sash and may be cut from colored linen, chambray or organdy. Blanket, chain or buttonhole stitches may be used in couching down the motif. This little bit of color at the waist-line gives the touch approved of Paris. Odd pieces of linen that harmonize in toning may be used, or if an Oriental effect is desired the appliqué may be of printed silk, crêpe or satin.

Dress 1557 Appliqué 12629 Dress 1571 Embroidery 12794 Dress 1566 Embroidery 12718

Blouse 1490 Embroidery 12757 Dress 1581

1490—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch cornhusk (buff) crêpe de Chine. The embroidery, in design 12757, may be worked in simple darning stitches in metal threads, embroidery wool, or rope silk.

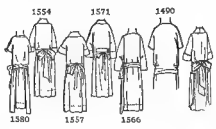
1581—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 32-inch mignon (lavender) and white check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch white voile—2⅝ yards novelty braid—3½ yards frilling. The rounded side panels trimmed with a voile frilling form pockets and are given a smart touch by appliquéd fruit motifs. An appliqué design may be used cut from linen, organdy, chambray or plain gingham and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, chain or outline stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

1580—What Is Newest in the Rever Neck Treatment

1581—A Big Fashion Feature Pictured in Dashing, Daring, Flowing Pockets

1566—If You're Looking for Style—Here It Is—The Looped Side Panel



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Becoming Models that Reveal the Latest Fashion Influences

1572—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch green figured crêpe de Chine—1¼ yard 40-inch plain white crêpe de Chine—1⅜ yard embroidered banding—2¾ yards frilling. This makes an attractive afternoon frock fashioned of a cool looking figured crêpe de Chine combined with plain white. An embroidered banding is inserted in the round collar and in the narrow inserted vestee which fills in the deep open front. Hemstitching also plays a big part in the decoration of this frock.

1566—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch novelty figured crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar—4 yards satin ribbon for sash and pocket trimmings—½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for facing sleeves. The material chosen for this frock is so elaborate in itself that little or no trimming is needed. In this case the only contrast is provided by a neat little Georgette collar that finishes the V neck, and by the satin ribbon which trims the pockets and forms a sash. The sleeves are of the three-quarter length variety, cut in a pointed outline at the lower edge.

1567—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch check silk—1¾ yard 40-inch white organdy—1¼ yard blue ribbon for binding and bow. The closing of this frock is arranged at the left side of the inserted vestee which fills in the open front. The narrow bands extending from the shoulders loop under and are caught underneath the hem. Elastic is inserted through a casing which is adjusted on the under side of the dress, below the waist-line, to draw in the fulness and give a blouse effect. The narrow sash ties in a bow at the center-back. Narrow blue ribbon binds the edges of the pointed collar, turn-back cuffs, and ties in a bow in the front.

1587—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. **1266**—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3½ yards 40-inch tarragon (green) Canton crêpe—2½ yards 40-inch tarragon (green) Georgette crêpe for panels—1 yard 36-inch allover lace.

Blouse 1587
Skirt 1266

Dress 1538

Dress 1572

Dress 1566

Dress 1567

1688—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch harvest (orange) crêpe de Chine. A tiered panel effect is given to this dainty gown by the gathered flounces which are applied to the sides. A ruffle is also stitched to the short kimono sleeves. At the left side-front a corsage consisting of cherries and leaves is placed, by way of decoration.

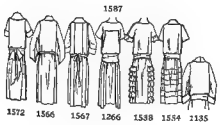
Dress 1554

Blouse 1135

1587-1266—It's New and Very Smart, the Hip Girdle

1538—A Picturesque Flounced Frock—Favorite of the Spring Season

1135—You Won't Be in the Spring Style Picture Without a Jacquette Blouse



1554—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch clover figured foulard—1½ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—⅛ yard 18-inch tucked vesting—1¾ yard lace insertion—2 yards lace edging. A soft and pretty shade of figured clover foulard and sheer white Georgette crêpe were chosen for this early Spring model which embodies so many of the newest Fashion whims. The narrow inserted panel front, and the tiered effect provided by the applied bands are very new. The sash ties in a bow at the center-back.

1135—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch Paisley crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine. The lower edge of the blouse is laid in inverted plaits at the underarm seams and gathered to wide waistbands.

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Modishly Youthful Are the Fashions for Full-Formed Figures

Dress 1578
Embroidery 12794

1578—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch black satin—1⅜ yard 40-inch black Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch white Georgette for collar—⅝ yard lace insertion—1¾ yard lace edging—1 yard 36-inch lining. The embroidery, design 12794, which adds so much chic to this frock, may be worked entirely in lazy-daisy and "Mille Fleur" stitches combined with fagoting.

1565—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch black Georgette crêpe—1½ yard 36-inch black allover lace for lower part of panels and inserted vestee—3 yards silk braid—3 yards velvet ribbon for girdle. The dainty little floral motifs, design 12793, which trim the collar and side panels may be worked out in raised or flat satin stitch or lazy daisy and French knots.

1577—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch oakwood (brown) Canton crêpe—1¼ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for facing panels and sleeves—1⅜ yard 10-inch lace for collar and vestee. Embroidery plays an important part in decorating this frock. The design, 12771, may be carried out in simple darning stitch with metal threads or rope silk.

Dress 1565
Embroidery 12793

Dress 1577
Beading 12771

1572 — Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch navy blue dotted foulard—½ yard 40-inch white voile—9¾ yards frilling. That foulard is equally as attractive for the older woman as it is for her younger sister is proven by this model. White voile is used for the collar, turn-back cuffs, and inserted vestee, and narrow frilling gives a tiered effect to the skirt. The closing is arranged at the left side of the inserted vestee. For late Spring or Summer wear dotted swiss could be substituted.

Dress 1571
Embroidery 12807

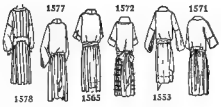
1571 — Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch pelican (gray) crêpe de Chine — 3⅛ yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 11-inch lace for vestee — ½ yard 4-inch lace banding for collar. Embroidery, in design 12807, forms a smart trimming on this frock and may be carried out in running and darning stitches in rope silk. Blanket-stitching outlines the shawl collar which frames a dainty vestee of allover lace. A novelty girdle encircles the waist-line.

1578—Fashion's Wireless Says It's Chic—The Novel Hip Girdle

1577—In Every Way the New Silhouette Flattens the Full Figure

1565—Don't You Like It—This Parisian Combination of Lace and Crêpe?

1571—The Composé Frock Has Center of Style Stage



Dress 1572

Dress 1553

1553—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch figured crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch cream net for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining. Novelty is given to the sleeves of this frock by the attached looped sections. The tunic is laid in plaits at the upper left side edge and extends below the hem-line in a deep point. A buckle of bakalite or cut steel is placed at the waist-line for fastening the girdle.

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Costumes Like These Shed New Light upon the Spring Mode

1013—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch duvetyn. This practical dress fastens in the back and has short sleeves and the slight fulness is confined at the waist with a narrow belt of patent leather. A new idea is embroidering one's monogram on the front of the gown using raised satin stitch in silk floss in design 540.

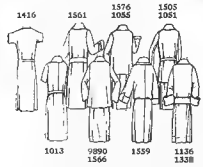
9890—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 28½ inches. No. 1566—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The three-piece suit in medium size requires 4¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—2⅝ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket—2⅛ yards silk braid on collar and jacket front. The jacket has flowing sleeves and a linked collar. Rounded tops distinguish the pockets.

1505—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 35 inches. No. 1051—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch covert cloth—2⅝ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. Smartness is the keynote of this suit which preserves the straight, slender silhouette. The fronts of the jacket are rolled with a notched collar forming lapels, four patch pockets and narrow belt help to preserve its sports-togs air. The plain skirt closes at the left side seam.

1559—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Length at center-back 48¾ inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch matelassé—1¾ yard 54-inch duvetyn—3⅞ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The duvetyn forms the revers, cuffs and skirt of the coat, while the matelassé forms the blouse-waist attached to the skirt, which fastens on the left side under a narrow sash of the duvetyn. These composé coats are very fashionable this season, and will be worn in light-weight materials such as kasha and Canton crêpe or satin and matelassé.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

1670—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 29¼ inches. No. 1055—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 yards 54-inch serge—2½ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket. The skirt is a wrap-around with wide plait on the left side, and the smart little hip-length jacket is stitched and curves up in front to be fastened by one large shell button.



Jacket 1136
Dress 1339

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An Alluring Note of Orientalism Enters Modern Frocks

1570—Just from Paris—the Girdle in Bandanna Effect
1579—The Jabot Draped Frock Needs No Adornment Save This New Sash
1506—Vogue of the Moment—the Basque with Tier Skirt

Dress 1552 | Dress 1030 Appliqué 12629 | Dress 1579

1552—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—1⅜ yard 40-inch novelty figured crêpe. Simplicity is the very keynote of this smart little frock, the only contrast supplied by the deep yoke with short kimono sleeves of figured crêpe and by the wide band of the same material which is used for the lower part of the dress. The closing is arranged on the shoulders.

1030—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch dotted crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine. Narrow panels which extend below the hem-line are attached to the belt which closes at the left side. An appliquéd fruit motif, design 12629, is placed at the left side-front. The motif may be cut from colored scraps of silk, satin or taffeta and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, outline, or chain stitches. Blanket-stitching outlines the oval neck and the slash at the center-front which is finished for a closing.

Dress 1570 Monogram 563

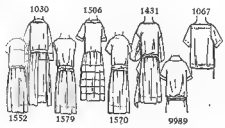
Dress 1506

Dress 1431 Beading 12765

Blouse 9989 | Blouse 1067

1570—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out, about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—1⅜ yard 13-inch figured silk ribbon for girdle—1 yard lace for collar. The two-piece attached skirt is laid in forward-turning plaits in the front and a wide figured ribbon girdle is draped and ties at the center. A monogram, design 563, is embroidered at the left side-front of the frock and may be carried out in raised satin stitch in silk floss to match the frock. The use of the monogram —Fashion's latest whim—gives just that special touch of individuality.

9989—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch dotted silk—⅜ yard 40-inch plain satin for trimming. The blouse is gathered to straight bands which are finished with sash ends tying in a bow at the left side.



1007—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Paisley crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves—⅜ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine for bands.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

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New Styles that Revolve About Aprons, Frocks and the Blouse

1550—The Hoover Apron Proves First Aid to Busy Housewives
1542—New Appliqué Design Attractively Trims This Easily Made Dress
1054—For Sportswear—The Monogrammed Blouse

Dress 1542 Appliqué 12672 | Hoover Apron and Cap 1550 | Dress 1017 Appliqué 12671

Apron 1457 Appliqué 12672

Apron 1171

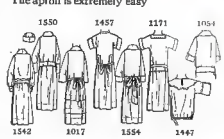
Dress 1554

1457—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Apron. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch dotted percale for skirt section, sleeve bands, pockets and sash—1⅜ yard 36-inch white linen for waist section. The appliqué, design 12672, adds a dainty touch at neck and may be cut from pieces of contrasting linen couched down with buttonhole stitch.

1542—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch linen—½ yard 40-inch voile for collar, vestee and cuffs. Extremely smart is the appliqué, design 12672, on pockets fashioned from contrasting color fabrics applied with blanket stitching.

1550—Ladies' Hoover Apron and Cap. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch white linen. The apron has a double front so that when one front becomes soiled, the other may be worn on the outside. The belt is joined to the front of the apron and is closed at back.

1171—Ladies' Slip-on Apron. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch dark linen for lower section —1⅝ yard 36-inch light linen for upper section—½ yard 36-inch cretonne for pockets, neck and sleeve bands. This is the latest idea in composé aprons, the combination of contrasting materials with the figured fabric, introduced by way of gay colored cretonne is exceptionally smart style. The apron is extremely easy to make as it has the kimono type of sleeve, a feature that always simplifies the making of any garment.



Blouse 1447

Blouse 1054 Monogram 558

1554—Ladies' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch printed voile—1 yard 40-inch white organdy for vestee, long collar, cuffs, pocket bands and sash—7⅜ yards novelty braid for trimming. The panel front of this charming little frock affords the long, straight line Fashion demands and adds variety to the costume.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

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It took courage to tell her

THEY were very close friends—playmates as children; chums at school; intimate companions after graduation.

In June Margaret announced her engagement. In October she was married. Janet, of course, was one of her bridesmaids.

Margaret's marriage proved a most happy one. Yet in spite of her new happiness she felt a restless something tugging at her heart. She would never be completely happy until she saw Janet similarly situated in a home of her own.

Then, like many young married people—and older ones, too—Margaret and Jim engaged in a bit of sly match-making in Janet's behalf.

But unsuccessfully. Always something seemed to stand in the way.

Finally one day, perhaps a year later, the truth dawned upon Margaret. She was visiting her friend during a little house party reunion of old school-day chums. It came to her all in a flash when Janet happened to whisper some triviality into her ear.

And that night, during a confidential chat in her room, Margaret mustered up courage to tell her.

* * *

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

Very Charming Are the Smart New Blouse Conceptions

Blouse 1515

1515—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards 5-inch lace banding for collar and cuffs—¼ yard 18-inch lace for vestee. There is an open front to this blouse with an inserted lace vestee, also a long collar and cuffs, and a row of satin buttons runs down either side of the front which closes at the left side. The back of the blouse extends over the shoulders to form a yoke effect in front.

Blouse 9584

Blouse 1128
Monogram 563

1300—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—4⅛ yards chiffon ruffling. This blouse will appeal to women who love dainty effects as the ruffling softens it. The blouse crosses over and fastens on the left side. Turn-back cuffs finish the elbow length sleeves. The lower part of the blouse is gathered to a straight three-piece band.

Blouse 1300

Blouse 1101

1101 Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch satin—⅞ yard 36-inch Paisley silk. The blouse is gathered at lower edge to a straight band which terminates into a sash at the left side. Paisley silk adds much to the style of this charming blouse.

Blouse 9476
Skirt 9126
Monogram 500

Blouse 9897

Blouse 1389
Monogram 521

Blouse 1389

9476—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The monogram, design 500, may be carried out in raised satin stitch. No. 9126—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch mohair. The skirt closes at the center-back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

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The Assured Suit Vogue Brings Blouses into Prominence

1541—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch satin crêpe—¾ yard ribbon for binding pockets. The oval neck and the short kimono sleeves are trimmed with hemstitching combined with little dots of raised satin stitch. Like so many of the newest blouses for Spring this model has a monogram embroidered below the inserted pocket. The design, 543, may be carried out in raised satin stitch in silk floss.

Blouse 1541
Monogram 543

Jacquette
Blouse 1430

Blouse 1516
Monogram 563

Blouse 1517

1516—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch voile—2⅛ yards lace edging. This blouse will surely appeal to the woman who likes daintiness. The monogram, design 563, which is embroidered on the inserted vestee may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

1217—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch voile—2⅞ yards lace edging. Hemstitching is applied to the convertible collar and to the narrow inserted vestee in a squared effect. The collar is rolled with the fronts of the blouse forming revers extending to the waist-line. A dainty lace edging trims the collar and turn-back cuffs which finish the short sleeves.

Blazer Jacket
1522

Blouse 1535

Overblouse 1476
Beading 12785

Blouse 1573
Embroidery 12757

Blouse 1194
Skirt 1053
Monogram 545

1522—Ladies' and Misses' Blazer Jacket. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch striped flannel—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

Deltah
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All the
Beauty
Of the
True
Orientals

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SEVILLE

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Frocks for Misses Which Are Versatile in Style and Treatment

Dress 1570

Dress 1552
Appliqué 12671

Dress 1579
Beading 12758

1570—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted, Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards40-inch Canton crêpe —1 yard lace for collar. Attached two-piece skirt shows the Egyptian front drape effected with forward turning plaits. The sleeves are quite short and are in one with the body of the dress.

1552—Ladies' and Misses' Long - waisted, One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 40-inch printed silk crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch plain crêpe for yoke and skirt band. An appliqué design, 12671, may be cut from contrasting color silks and couched down in blanket stitches.

1579 Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch satin crêpe. Especially smart is the girdle which is draped at the center-front. The elaborate beading design, 12758, supplies a handsome trimming for the skirt. Two rows of beads outline the oval neck.

1582—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 5 yards 40-inch satin crêpe. This model is particularly well suited for a graduation frock or for afternoon wear. The collar and sleeve treatments are youthful and smart. An embroidery design, 12768, is used on the side panels, carried out in raised satin stitch with floss.

Dress 1506
Scallop 11695

Dress 1555

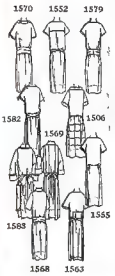
1506—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 40 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch printed voile—¾ yard 40-inch organdy. The front of the close-fitting bodice is dart-fitted under the arms. Attached two-piece gathered skirt is closed at left side seam. The bands are scalloped using design 11695 as a guide and are finished daintily with a picot edge. The becoming round collar and small turn-back cuffs receive the same decorative treatment.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

Dress 1582
Embroidery 12768

Dress 1583
Appliqué 12672

Dress 1569



Dress 1555

Dress 1568
Appliqué 12629
Monogram 538

Dress 1563
Appliqué 12672
Monogram 537

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Suggestions for the Young Girl's New Spring Wardrobe

1565—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch linen. A very charming effect is produced in this youthful model by giving a scalloped outline to the edge of the tunic, collar and cuffs. This is done with the aid of design 11695. The edges of the scallops finished with picoting.

1579—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Georgette — 1¼ yard 36-inch lining. The most attractive feature about this frock is the Egyptian influence noted in the treatment of the girdle and front drapery.

Dress 1583

Dress 1558
Monogram 568

1558—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe. If bands are desired 1 yard 36-inch bias material will be required. One of the many novelties of the Spring season holding the center of the stage just at present is the monogram used as the principal trimming feature of a perfectly plain frock in the manner shown here. The monogram 568, is worked in raised satin stitch.

Dress 1483

Dress 1565
Scallop 11695

Jacket 1574
Skirt 9904

1483—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine. A trig little basque bodice tops the panelled skirt with its applied bands simulating a tier effect, in this unusually becoming and youthful frock.

1574—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 16 to 20 years. No. 9904—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—7¼ yards braid—2⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for lining jacket. This model with its jaunty short jacket fastened to one side makes a delightful Spring suit for the miss.

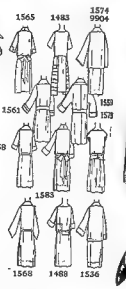
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

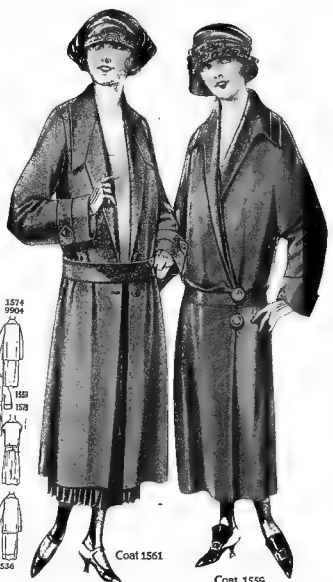
Dress 1579

Dress 1568
Appliqué 12671

Dress 1488
Appliqué 12672

Suit
Dress
1536





Coat 1561

Coat 1559

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A "pink tooth-brush" is a sign of tooth trouble to come—a warning to restore your gums to a healthy condition.

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The Simplest Frocks Are the Prettiest for Little Girls

1394—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—1⅛ yard 32-inch check gingham. The combination of gingham and linen is as popular for small folks as it is for grown-ups.

1592—Child's One-piece Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch white linen for collar, cuffs, and kneebands.

1590—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch black sateen—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting sateen for trimming. The dress closes at the back.

1264—Child's One-piece Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch cretonne—1⅛ yard ribbon to trim. This cunning play frock slips on over the head.

1591—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 32-inch check gingham—⅞ yard 27-inch chambray. The sides distend in Dutch effect.

1499—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Picoted ruffles are applied to the skirt section of this frock in a tiered effect.

1585—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch linen—1 yard 32-inch check gingham. The dress slips on over the head and is slashed at the center-front and finished for a closing.

1023—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted percale—⅝ yard 32-inch piqué for collar, cuffs, belt, and pocket trimmings. The dress closes at the center-back, has short sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs, and an attached two-piece gathered skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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Serviceable Togs for the Young Members of the Family

1549—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch mixed tweed—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for lining. Practical as well as good-looking is this model of tweed. Pockets are inserted at the upper edges of the extensions on front sections.

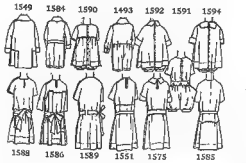
1590—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch black sateen—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting sateen for trimming and kneebands. Little animal motifs are applied to each side-front of this cunning bloomer frock. The design, 12734, may be cut from scraps of sateen, linen, or chambray and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, chain, or outline stitches.

1591—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch dark linen—¾ yard 36-inch white linen for waist and kneebands. Applique, in design 12672, gives a cunning touch to this pair of Dutch rompers, cut from colored linen and couched down in buttonhole stitch. Blanket-stitching also helps to decorate the rompers.

1588—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch voile for sash and trimming. The only decorative touch on this frock is supplied by the applique fruit motif which trims the sash. The motif, design 12629, may be cut from colored organdy, linen, chambray, or plain gingham and couched down in blanket or chain stitches.

1586—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch dotted swiss —2⅝ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen. The bands which are attached to the yoke and looped up under the lower edge give a box-plait effect to the frock. The rose and leaf motif, design 12671, which adorns the center-front of the sash may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



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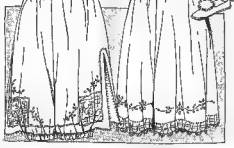
The Little Feminine Things That Are All-Important

Nightgown 9975
Scallop 11747

Nightgown 1257
Embroidery 11741

9975 — Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch batiste—2⅛ yards frilling—2 yards ribbon for bows. The nightgown has short kimono sleeves slashed up from the lower edges a trifle. Dotted buttonholed scallops, in design 11747, outlines the deep V neck and the short sleeves. Mercerized cotton floss may be used for the work.

1257 Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅞ yards lace banding—2¼ yards ribbon for bows. The shoulder seams are left open part way showing the arms and finished with bows of washable satin ribbon. The embroidery, design 11741, may be worked in raised satin and stem stitches in silk floss.



Drawers 1240
Embroidery 12367

Collar and Cuffs 1025
Embroidery 12367

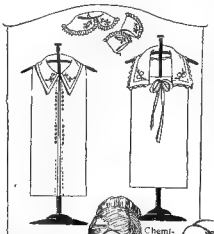
Drawers 1119
Embroidery 11572

Pajamas 9143
Appliqué 12629

Gymnasium Suit
1564

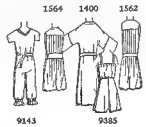
1564—Girls' Gymnasium Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch sateen. This suit will be sure to appeal to the young athlete, as it insures perfect freedom of the arms.

1240 — Ladies' Two-piece Step-in Drawers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch radium silk—2 lace inserts—1¼ yard picot edging. The lower edges are slashed at the sides and allowed to hang free beyond the casings through which elastic is inserted. The embroidery sprays, design 12367, which add so much to the decoration of lingerie may be carried out in raised satin and stem stitches in silk floss.



Chemisette 1025
Embroidery 11741

Chemisette 1025
Embroidery 12175



Combination 9385

Gymnasium Suit
1560

Hoover Apron and Cap 1550
Appliqué 12629

Negligée 1400

Gymnasium Suit
1562

1550—Ladies' Hoover Apron and Cap. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch dotted percale—1 yard 32 inch piqué Appliqué motifs, in design 12629, may be cut from colored linen or chambray, and couched down in buttonhole stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

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The New Note in Intimate Apparel for Grown-ups and Tots

8395—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch blanket cloth—⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting blanket cloth for collar, cuffs, and pocket. The child's initial may be embroidered on the patch pocket. The design, 11997, may be worked in raised satin stitch.

Bath-robe 8395
Initial 11997

Petticoat
7327
Embroidery
12367

Kimono 6706

Dressing Sack 9953
Embroidery
12900

7327—Child's Empire Petticoat. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste—2¼ yards insertion—2⅜ yards lace edging—2¼ yards frilling for neck and armholes. Embroidered sprays enclosed by lace insertion form medallions on the lower part of the petticoat. The embroidery, design 12367, may be worked in raised satin and stem stitches in mercerized cotton floss. A narrow frilling trims the square neck and the armholes.

Bloomers
9229
Embroidery
12236

Bloomers
6877
Embroidery
11373

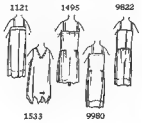
9953—Ladies' One-piece Dressing Sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—7⅛ yards edging—3 yards ribbon. The embroidery, design 11900, which trims the fronts of the dressing sack may be carried out in long-and-short, satin, seed, outline stitches and French knots.

6706—Ladies' and Misses' Short Kimono. Designed for 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch figured voile—1⅛ yard 36-inch plain voile for ruffles.

1593—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires from ⅜ yard to 1 yard 40-inch material according to the style of sleeve selected. These sleeves are appropriate for afternoon or street frocks fashioned of satin or any of the crêpe fabrics.

8395 7327 6706
9229 6877 9953

Dress Sleeves 1593



1121 1495 9822
1533 9980

Slip 1121

Combination 1533
Scallop 11661

Combination 1495

Slip 9980

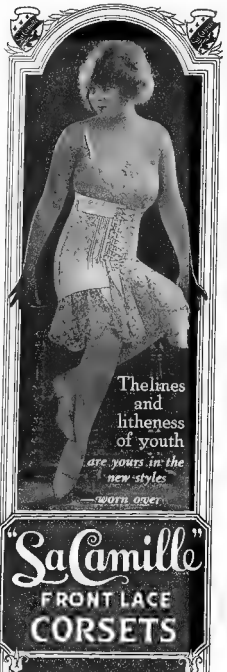
Slip 9822

1121—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch radium silk—1¼ yard plaiting—1 yard grosgrain ribbon for shoulder straps. The slip has an inverted plait at the center-back below the waist-line giving a little extra fulness.

1533—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook —1⅝ yard ribbon. Buttonhole scalloping, in design 11661, outlines the V neck, armhole edges, and lower pointed edge.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.



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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

1556—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch Titian (bronze) voile—⅝ yard 40-inch white voile. Applied bands are stitched to the gathered side panels.

1068—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch citrine (yellow) figured crêpe—2 yards 40-inch white Canton crêpe—2½ yard ribbon for binding. Like most of the sports models this season, this frock has an embroidered monogram. The design, 563, may be worked in raised satin stitch with silk floss.

1079—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch ceramic (blue) Georgette crêpe—1¼ yard 36-inch lining.

1575—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch bluebell (blue) figured crêpe—1 yard 40-inch bluebell plain crêpe.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

1571—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yard 40-inch Congo (brown) Canton crêpe—2¼ yards 40-inch fallow (tan) Canton crêpe—¼ yard 18-inch lace for vestee. The kimono sleeves are finished with slightly flared cuffs, and a convertible collar rolled back with the fronts of the dress finishes the V neck, which is filled in with an inserted vestee of allover lace. The embroidery, design 12794, may be carried out in "Mille Fleur" stitch and fagoting with rope silk or silk floss.

1566—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yard 54-inch Jersey (ricotine—1¾ yard 40-inch pistache crêpe de Chine. Elaborate embroidery, in design 12778, furnishes a smart trimming note on this frock. The design may be carried out in darning and flat satin stitches with rope silk.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

1416—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch Jersey tubing. This simple little frock needs no trimming except the monogram, design 567, which may be embroidered in raised satin stitch in silk or cotton floss.

1801—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 16 to 20 years. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch plaid coating—4¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. This is a very serviceable coat for everyday and sports wear.

1196—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1589—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The three-piece suit in medium size requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch check worsted—3¼ yards 54-inch drivelyne—2 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket. The jacket fastens on the left side.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

1879—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch brocaded chiffon ¾ yard 36-inch satin for girdle—1¼ yard 36-inch lining.

1906—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch figured foulard—1⅛ yard 40-inch white voile—2¼ yards ribbon for trimming collar and cuffs.

1481—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe-back satin—1 yard 36-inch Paisley for sleeves. Beading, in design 12765, forms a deep border on the lower edge of the skirt, and a narrower one around the oval neck-line. The beading may be carried out in crystal, jet, opalescent, chalk, or colored glass beads.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

1017—Ladies' Slip-on Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch cotton rep—⅝ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen for collar and turn-back cuffs—3¼ yards novelty braid—3¼ yard 18-inch turkish toweling. An individual touch is achieved by way of an appliqué corsage motif, 12671, of brightly colored linens applied with buttonhole or couching stitch.

1447—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine.

1054—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar, cuffs, and binding. Like many of the smart sports blouse models, this creation boasts a monogram. The design, 558, may be worked in raised satin stitch in mercerized cotton floss.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

9884—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch dotted silk—⅝ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards plaiting.

1128—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch printed Georgette. The monogram in design 563 may be embroidered in raised satin stitch.

9897—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch printed silk—⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2½ yards ribbon for sash.

1839—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. As illustrated at the right of page, size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—2 yards frilling—3 yards insertion. A monogram, in design 521, may be embroidered in raised satin stitch in silk floss. As illustrated at the foot of the page, size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2¾ yards insertion—2¾ yards edging.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

1430—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch Paisley silk—⅝ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine.

1476—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch striped silk. An elaborate beading design 12785, may be developed in glass beads.

1585—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch satin—1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves—2⅜ yards satin ribbon.

1675—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe-back satin. The only trimming is supplied by the embroidery in design 12757, worked in single stitch embroidery.

1184—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2 yards lace edging. The embroidered monogram, design 545, may be worked in raised satin stitch in silk floss. No. 1058—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 48-inch flannel.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

1555—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. As illustrated at upper right of page, size 16 requires 3 yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for binding and inserted section of skirt. As illustrated at lower center of page, size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch printed silk—⅝ yard 36-inch satin to trim—1⅛ yard braid.

1589—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch printed voile—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy—1⅜ yards frilling. An appliqué, design 12672, is made from scraps of colored linen and couched down with buttonhole stitches.

1569—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch check gingham—1⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy—1 yard ribbon for bow.

1586—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch white linen for collar—1 yard edging. The appliquéd fruit motifs in design 12629, may be cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket stitches. The monogram, design 558, is worked in raised satin stitch.

1503—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch novelty crêpe—2 yards 40-inch plain crêpe. An appliqué, design 12672, is cut from contrasting colored silks and couched with blanket stitch. The monogram in design 537 may be embroidered in raised satin stitch with silk floss.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

1583—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 32-inch English print—¾ yard 40-inch organdy—2¾ yards edging.

1569—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch check gingham—1 yard 36-inch plain linen. Appliqué worked after the manner of design 12672 with pieces of linen stitched with silk making an ideal trimming.

1488—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch light crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards 40-inch dark wool crêpe. The appliqué in design 12672, is cut from colored silk and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

1636—Misses' Suit Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch check ratiné—1⅜ yard 40-inch plain Canton crêpe—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk for lining of sleeveless jacket.

1561—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch tweed—3⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

1559—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 48¾ inches. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch twillcord—3½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine to line.

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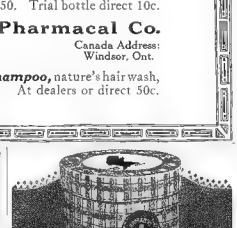

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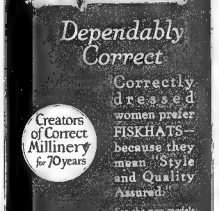

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

1255—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—7⅛ yards lace insertion—2¼ yards lace edging.

1180—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen—⅛ yard 36-inch white linen for pockets. The rabbits which are stitched on the dress form patch pockets.

1589—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch figured voile—2⅝ yards velvet ribbon for sash.

1497—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—½ yard 40-inch organdy for sleeves—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1575—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dotted voile—1¼ yard 36-inch plain voile.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

1584—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—¾ yard 32-inch check gingham.

1493—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch linen for blouse—1 yard 36-inch contrasting linen for trousers.

1692—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch figured percale—⅞ yard 40-inch organdy—2 yards frilling.

1594—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 27-inch chambray—½ yard 27-inch contrasting chambray for collar, cuffs, pockets, and knee-bands—2⅜ yards edging. Appliqué motifs, in design 12564, give a cunning touch to this bloomer frock. The motifs may be cut from colored chambray and couched down in blanket stitch.

1585—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1 yard 40-inch Roshanara crêpe for lower part of dress—4⅛ yards insertion. The initial, design 12254, may be carried out in raised satin stitch with silk floss.

1589—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch plaid voile—⅞ yard 36-inch plain voile for applied bands and binding—2½ yards velvet ribbon for sash.

1551—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 36-inch black sateen—1 yard 36-inch contrasting for waist, sash, and binding.

1575—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—½ yard 40-inch organdy—4¾ yards edging.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

9143—Girls' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch figured crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch plain voile. The appliqué in design 12629 may be cut from contrasting material, couched down in buttonhole stitches.

1110—Ladies' Two-piece Closed Drawers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook—2⅝ yards batiste—2¾ yards lace edging. Along the lower edge, sprays of embroidery are applied. The design, 11572, may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches.

1025—Ladies' and Misses' Collar, Chemisettes, and Cuffs. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. The chemisette at the left requires in size 36, ⅝ yard 36-inch linen; collar and cuff set requires ¼ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen—¼ yard batiste. For the chemisette at the right requires ⅛ yard 36-inch voile—1⅛ yard edging. The embroidery designs, 11741, 12367, and 12175, may be carried out in raised satin and stem stitches.

1560—Ladies' Gymnasium Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

9385—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste.

1400—Ladies' Negligée or Lounging Robe. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 7½ yards 29-inch figured cotton crêpe—1 yard frilling.

1502—Misses' Gymnasium Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch sateen—⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

9229—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch washable satin. The embroidery sprays, design 12236, may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches in silk floss.

6877—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers or Knickerbockers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2 yards 36-inch radium silk. The lower part of the bloomers are embroidered in design 11573, which may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches.

1495—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—½ yard 10-inch lace for medallions.

9830—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

9822—Ladies' and Misses' Slip. Designed for 36 and 40 bust and 16 years. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch washable satin—2½ yards ribbon.

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"MASTERS OF OURSELVES AND OURS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

forsaken their ways, and they'll set you down for a backslider, which you'll be, Lord! If money alone could give distinction, I'd have won it long ago. But I know it won't. I've tried. So has Mrs. Wheeler; she's got more money than anybody else in sight. And she's struggled to break into the First Families. But they won't look at her. Why should they? She's nothing to offer them. She thought she'd her foot inside the tent, if she played the Good Samaritan to poor Mitty. Mitty being a Cathaway by marriage——"

"Heh! That was what she was up to?" Dud rasped. "All her charity—just for that!" He checked himself, and with new eyes scanned the woman before him. He saw her as never before, a woman of Mrs. Wheeler's class, a clumber, her whole soul set on getting into a superior class from whose heights she could look down upon the cannery crowd. All her love of books, her passion for elevating conversation, her desire to move with people of culture, her dreams of having a social background and merging with the great Cathaway tradition: these were but so many cunning devices of a secret spirit in her, a spirit of whose nature she was scarcely aware, for the attaining of elevation. It was superiority that she hungered for. It was not the substance of culture, nor yet the true worth of a genuine aristocracy.

She did not love him, the man. She had proved that beyond dispute; for she rated his house above himself. They were all the same, these vulgar rich! Always reaching out! Always clutching at the good things of life! Always trampling on the weaker! His fury welled up like molten lava. Let the pack beware! A Cathaway would not be played with! Cathaways were masters of themselves and theirs! They could fight for their existence as well as any canner!

He studied her narrowly and saw, no longer her tense, unbeautiful face, but the half million dollars she could bring to the House of Cathaway. That couldn't be done with that fortune? And she craved to spend it for the glory of the name! With her vivid, clumsy spirit established in the mansion, the rooms would lose their gloom; the whispers would cease. The nights would be different, too! No more of that accursed bell, nor those cries for help, nor those sudden hypodermics!

"I haven't cashed old Wheeler's check," he burst out, as a plan took shape. "If I thought there was a chance of your making this place livable I shouldn't mind staying on. But suppose you did. How'd I ever fix things up with old Wheeler?"

Sue drew him well out of sight of the street and the house. Against the black lilacs she backed him and petted his cheeks. "Oh, my dear!" she murmured. "Forgive me! I misjudged you. I thought you had thrown me down—were tired of me—and had sold the house because it was the easiest way to be rid of me. But you do love me, don't you?"

Dud kissed her and then kissed her, by way of answer. For words failed him. Her hypocrisy insulted his intelligence. It gagged him. He could have struck her down. But his resolve was formed.

"How about Wheeler? He takes title to-morrow noon—unless you can stop him." He held her chin lightly and drew her closer.

"It's nearly six o'clock," she rushed. "My car's around the corner. We'll run over to Monmouth and get married. I know a minister there who'll keep quiet for a consideration. We'll wait four or five months, and then have a wide-open wedding, with all the frills. To-morrow morning you'll get Wheeler his check. Tell him you've decided not to sell. If he threatens, laugh at him and refer him to Ed Hepper, he's our lawyer, you know, and a slick one. Wheeler won't put anything over on him."

"You'll clean up those bills of mine?" Dud was firm and cool.

"For a wedding present—to-night!" Her laugh went lost in a hot kiss. "Come, hurry!"

IT WAS late when they returned to Bristow, man and wife. They were merry, tensely merry, and a little giddy. The boldness of their move had strung every nerve taut. And the dainty silver flasks in the pocket of the car door had contributed to the joy of the occasion. While Sue had driven, her husband had drunk to her health and had held the flask to her laughing lips as she raced over the empty highways. And thus they reached the Cathaway mansion.

"All yours, my dear!" Dud gesticulated magnificently at the towering old walls, black behind the ancient elms. "To love and cherish till death do us part!"

She clasped her hands and sighed in rapture: "I can hardly believe it. It's too wonderful!" She looked up the deserted street and, with a shudder, ran her car up the driveway into a shed behind the hedges. "Dearest! I'm going to look it all over! I'm crazy over it!"

Dud's breath came hot and quick as he crushed her hand and led her on tiptoes into the kitchen, still as the march of ghosts. A bottle stood on the table.

"To the fair mistress of the House of Cathaway!" Dud whispered as he filled two glasses.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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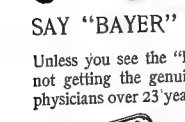

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"MASTERS OF OURSELVES AND OURS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

Sue tossed the stuff down as if it were water. Her mind had deserted her tongue and throat. For once more she had fallen under the spell of those incrusted plates on which shone the triumphant gilt knight astride a sable stallion, both circumferenced with mystic scrolls and the inscrutable motto: "Masters of ourselves and ours."

Dizzily she sat down on the floor in the midst of a vast litter of open packing-boxes, from which she lifted, with little cries of ecstasy, antique silver teapots, quaint alabaster clocks, ponderous pewter flagons, medallions, the trinkets and geegaws of six generations of haughty wealth and flaunting splendor. Drunk with joy, she kissed them, pressed them against her warm bosom, and babbled: "Oh, you precious, precious beauties! You're all mine now! I'll put you all back where you belong! Every one of you! We Cathaways shall be masters of ourselves and ours."

The ecstasy passed. Her husband was infolding her, caressing her body. She smiled lazily and murmured, against his hot cheek: "Oh! It's all so heavenly! A dream come true! I—I can't bear to leave it—even for a minute!"

"You don't have to!" Dud breathed. "It's all yours."

"Why, so it is!" She burned under his touch and the belated lash of the infamous liquor. "And that great old four-poster. That's mine now, too! Funny, isn't it? Mine so soon! Who'd have thought——"

"No! Not up there!" Dud shrank. "I hate that room!"

"And I love it. And its old four-poster!" Sue pinched his ear and uttered a triumphant laugh. "Take me there, sweet! I'm mistress in my own house—for to-night!"

"Please don't!" the man chattered. "It—"

"Silly boy! Don't you love your own Sue?" She flung herself about him and tasted his colorless lips.

Panting, he lifted her to her unsteady feet, guided her through the black hall, up-stairs.

A HEAVY pounding on the door aroused Dud. He blinked stupidly at the sun struggling allwise through the green shutter and twinkling against little objects of glass and metal on the table beside the bed.

"All right, Cynthia. I'm getting up," he grumbled thickly in half sleep, while his befogged mind picked up the threads of daily life, one by one. That blotch on the wall. It wasn't a shadow; it was the same old picture of Major Robert Cathaway, prince of horsemen and drinkers. That queerly colored shield beside the immense dresser, why, the ancient coat-of-arms of the Cathaways, topped with the copper scroll and the proud motto: "Masters of ourselves and ours." The gleaming glass on the little table beside the bed—how it shone! Like an electric light. . But it wasn't that. There weren't any in the house. But there would be before long! Electric lights, great tiled bathrooms, a billiard-table, new tapestries—› What the deuce was that light?

Swaying on the edge of dreams, motionless as a sunning lizard, Dud solemnly studied the light. Ah, yes! Of course! It was Mitty's hypodermic syringe, right there, where it had always been. The shiny things near it were the tiny glass vials, in their open nickel case; those little bearers of her extra strong heart tonic, powerful enough to kill half a dozen healthy men. Queer how you have to increase the dose, month after month, to keep a bad heart going! And dashed expensive, too. But expense didn't matter any more. Lots of money in sight at last, thank God! How? How?

The pounding on the door became violent, even savage. A strange voice snarled outside. But the great Cathaway, he who was master of himself and his once again, scarcely heeded it. His groggy wits were wrestling with a profound puzzle. That syringe and the vials had been locked away when—when something had happened. But when? And what? And Mitty? It seemed that she wouldn't need more vials. But why? And if she did, where was the money coming from? Suddenly Dud tingled, and every nerve of him went taut. For as he made a move to rise, his hand touched something hideously smooth and cold.

His eyes swung to the hand. He was staring at an arm on the counterpane. He was shrieking at two tiny red dots on the arm. The dots were dashed with the brown of iodin. Two sinister swellings! A hypodermic needle empty on the bed! Another still sticking into the arm!

"Sue! Sue!" He babbled and shook the form with insane fury. "Oh, God! I told you not to come up here! See! See!"

He lunged toward the door. Cynthia stood outside, moaning. Beside the negress Lem Lewis was waiting, a revolver in his hand and the bitter cold fury of vengeance and justice glittering in his pain-twisted face.

"Lem! Lem! It was an accident." Dud whimpered and clutched at him.

"Tell that to the hangman!" was all Lem said; but he said it over and over, like a child learning a new phrase, as he held the last of the Cathaways until the officers came.

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

From the first she did not seem satisfied with her new environment. After some days, in fact, she came to me and begged that she be allowed to leave us. She wanted to go back to New York.

"But why?" I pressed her.

After some hesitancy she finally confided the reason of her unrest. Marshall Neilan, whom I have mentioned as playing with Mary Pickford, had been unable to find work in Los Angeles and was taking the train back East the very next day. The result of this conversation was that I sent for Mr. Neilan, and so impressed was I by his intelligence that I engaged him as a director at two hundred and fifty dollars a week. His success was marked from the first and I have already indicated his rapid ascent to fortune.

As to Blanche, who eight years later became Mrs. Marshall Neilan, it was not until she began to work under Mr. Neilan's direction that she justified our expectations of her. I shall never, indeed, forget my disappointment at seeing her first Lasky film.

"What!" thought I. "Can this be the same girl who was so effective in that Griffith picture?"

It was my introduction to a recurrent tragedy in my career as producer. Various times I have been attracted by Griffith successes only to find that they could not thrive in another environment. Just like Trilby when no longer confronted by the hypnotic baton of Svengali, so many of the men and women who have worked under Mr. Griffith can not perform when deprived of his inspiring force.

MEANWHILE the Lasky Company had been expanding tremendously. Like an octopus it clutched at all the landscape available in the vicinity of the original livery-stable. New buildings kept going up. New people were being added. So swift was the pace of progress that Cecil De Mille's brother William, whom we had sent out meanwhile as a scenario writer, frequently voiced his leading plaint. He liked to work by himself in a little building away out in a field, but to save his life he could not move that little building fast enough. "I wake up in the morning after I have just staked a fresh claim," he used to say, "and the dog-gone studio has caught up with me in the night!"

A tremendous impetus was given to both Mr. Zukor and the Lasky Company by an organization of the distributors who had been handling our films. About six months after Lasky and I went into business these functionaries decided that in order to make themselves a real force they would have to guarantee to theatrical managers throughout the country a larger number of pictures. Their organization, under the name of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, requisitioned one hundred and fifty films a year, of which our company agreed to supply thirty-six. As this was just three times the number we had planned to produce, you will see the urgency of growth. It is equally evident why our capitalization now increased from the original twenty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

But the domestic market by no means exhausted our outlet. Already we had been penetrated by a sense of international possibilities in the film industry. That this Esperanto of the stage could be communicated to foreign countries—here was the idea which in the early Summer of 1914 sent me speeding to Europe.

I was interested in placing not Lasky products alone, for before my departure Mr. Zukor had asked me if I would not look after his interests also.

Until this time we had engaged in no concentrated drive of the sort. Formerly Mr. Zukor had a representative in London, the agency waged only a haphazard, picture-by-picture campaign. Nor was my first important interview pregnant with hope of more systematic sales.

Great Britain had always been active in picture production and her leading distributer was William Jury, who has since been knighted. Mr. Zukor's London representative arranged my meeting with this personage, and from almost the minute I began talking to him I saw that Mr. Jury believed that Britannia rules the films as well as the waves. After he had listened to my enthusiastic praise of both Zukor and Lasky products, he told me that no American company could possibly be as great as I said we were going to be. To this I retorted that no one so lacking in confidence in a product could possibly be able to sell it. Having thus clarified our views, Mr. Jury and I parted. Almost immediately afterward I helped finance Mr. J. D. Walker in the building of famous Players and Lasky Films in Great Britain. Under my contract with him he was to take the output of both studios and to pay us ten thousand dollars advance against sixty-five per cent. gross.

After this my progress was comparatively easy. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark promised to buy all the pictures we made at something in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars each. I closed a deal with Australia guaranteeing to take our complete output at thirty-five hundred dollars a film; Germany put in the same large order at an even higher rate—four thousand each; Belgium and Switzerland contributed their quota, and altho France represented our poorest customer, even she did not withhold her mite.

Is it any wonder that as I rode from Berlin to Paris my head reeled with the magnitude of our success? Could this really be I, the poor boy who a short time before had wandered over these very countries with hardly a sou in his pocket?

Yet mine was no miracle of success. I traveled in Europe day and night. I pitted all my enthusiasm against many citadels of prejudice and skepticism. When, indeed, I finally sailed from Liverpool I was physically prostrated by the long strain of it all.

Even the triumph which I have just chronicled was doomed to only a partial realization. I could not anticipate, of course, on that Summer day when, riding from Berlin to Paris, I counted up my thousands, that in a few short weeks a bomb would explode in Sarajevo which would change the map and the psychology and the industrial conditions of the whole world. And I certainly could not foresee, therefore, the broken contracts and the difficulty of obtaining ships to fulfil contracts which followed the declaration of war.

While in Europe I was constantly on the lookout for actors, and one of the results of my search was Edna Goodrich. Miss Goodrich had been a guest at the Astrafis. She was beautiful; she had created a sensation on the London stage, and she had recently joined the famous recessional of wives of the late Nat Goodwin. Eventually Miss Goodrich made a picture for us at five thousand dollars with the understanding that if it were successful we should have the first option on her second venture.

Too bad for Miss Goodrich! Too bad for the Lasky Company! Almost the minute De Mille started to work with her he wired me, "Goodrich too cold."

In the film world this is an epitaph. Not did Miss Goodrich live down her obituary. Time refused to thaw her, and I was then initiated into the profound truth that many an actress personality with a lovely voice and beauty of coloring render glowing on the stage are absolutely calcimined by the camera.

However, my interview with Miss Goodrich resulted profitably in another way. While dining with her at the Carlton in London I was introduced to a tall, broad-shouldered, manly-looking chap with a mop of chestnut-brown curls. From the moment that I saw him I was struck with Tommy Meighan's possibilities for the screen, and when he came to America I wired Lasky to look him over. We engaged him, and Tommy went to California to make his first picture, "The Fighting Hope."

"Tommy no good"; this was the telephoned verdict which De Mille rendered after the initial rushes. Later I was then in San Francisco, and when I arrived in Los Angeles the defendant got to me before the prosecutor.

"See here," announced Tommy ruefully, "they say I'm no good around this place, so I guess I'll clear out. The Universal has made me an offer, anyhow."

"Do nothing of the sort," I commanded. "Wait until I see your picture first."

My view of that picture convinced me that our chief director's opinion had been conceived too hastily. And the contents of my interview were on a very distinct gain. A year or so planted this star on terra firma-ment. To-day he is one of the most popular actors of the screen.

ALL this happened in 1914. The next year was one especially significant in motion-picture circles. Among the events contributing to its impressiveness was that titanic conception of the silver sheet, "The Birth of a Nation." This Griffith picture which, by the way, was the first screen performance where two dollars a seat was asked, might also have been called "The Birth of Numerous Stars." Mae Marsh, the Irish girl with the golden luminance who have since flashed across the public consciousness, owe their success to parts in the giant canvas.

It was during this year that De Mille and I went to a dinner given to Raymond Hitchcock at the Alexandria in Los Angeles. We were half-way through when we were attracted simultaneously by a young man who had just sat down at an adjacent table. One look at the clear-cut face and we exclaimed in unison, "Isn't he attractive! Wonder if he be wonderful in pictures!"

He was wonderful in pictures. For his name was Wallace Reid. The very next day we engaged him at a salary of one hundred dollars a week, and it was not until this date that we made the discovery he had already worked at pictures under Mr. Griffith's direction. The untimely death of this gifted actor, with his beautiful face and future held so much of promise, brought to his profession an irreparable loss.

In this same beautiful year the Lasky Company engaged another actress whose name is now familiar to the motion-picture population of the world. In the Ziegfeld Follies of 1915 contained for the first time a screen episode introduced for the presentation of an auto race. From the moment when I saw Mae Murray romp across this incidental screen I saw her possibilities. When I got in touch with her, however, I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

Are You Ever Tongue-Tied At a Party?

HAVE you ever been seated next to a man, or a woman, at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about?

Have you ever been tongue-tied at a party—actually tongue-tied, you know, and unable to say what you wanted to say, hesitant and embarrassed instead of well-poised and at ease?

It is humiliating to sit next to a young lady or a young man, at a dinner table and not be able to converse in a calm, well-bred manner. It is awkward to leave one's dance partner without a word—or to murmur some senseless phrase that you regret the moment it leaves your lips.

Embarrassment robs so many of us of our power of speech. Frequently people who are quite brilliant talkers among their own friends find that they cannot utter a word when they are among strangers.

At a party, do you know how to make and acknowledge introductions in a pleasing, well-poised manner? Do you know how to mingle with the guests, saying the right thing at the right time? Do you know what to say to your hostess when you arrive, and what to say when you depart?

Does conversation lag every time it reaches you? Are you constrained and ill at ease throughout the evening?

The difference between being a calm, well-poised guest and an embarrassed, constrained guest is usually the difference between a happy and a miserable evening.

Are You Ever "Alone" in a Crowd?

THE man who does not know exactly what is expected of him at a party or a dance, feels alone, out of place. Often he feels uncomfortable. He imagines people are noticing him, thinking how dull he is, how uninteresting.

The woman who does not have a pleasing, engaging manner invariably has the "panicky" feeling of a wallflower. She is afraid of making blunders, constrained and embarrassed when she should be entirely at ease.

Good manners make good mixers. If you do not want to be tongue-tied at a party, if you do not want to feel "alone" in a crowd, make it your business to know exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion. The man or woman who does is sure of the correct and cultured thing without stopping to think about it is the man or woman who is always welcome, always popular, always happy and at ease.

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By telling you what to say and when to say it, by explaining exactly what to do under all circumstances, etiquette gives you a wonderful poise and ease of manner. Instead of being tongue-tied, it shows you how to be a pleasing, interesting conversationalist. Instead of being "alone" it teaches you the secret of making people like you and seek your company.

Mistakes That Condemn Us As Ill-Bred

There are countless little blunders that one can make at a party or a dance. For instance, the man who mutters "Pleased to meet you" over and over again as his hostess introduces him to the other guests is revealing how little he really knows about polite society. The woman who says "Mr. Blank, meet Miss Smith" makes two very obvious mistakes.

At the dinner table, in the ball-room, on strangers and with one's own friends, one must avoid the little social blunders that can cause embarrassment. An easy, calm, engaging manner is of much greater importance than a pretty gown or a smart new suit.

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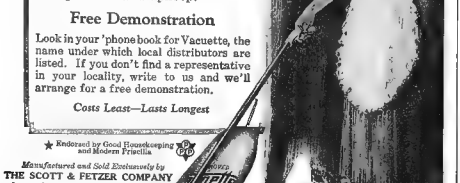

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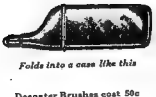

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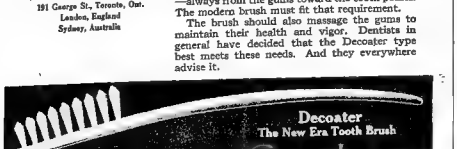

BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

discovered that several other producers had been inspired by the same belief.

That our organization was the lucky competitor was due to a very advantageous connection which the Lasky Company had formed some time previously. The chief concern of both Mr. Zukor and our organization was to get big stories, big plays, and to this end Mr. Zukor and I engaged in a memorable skirmish over Mr. David Belasco. It is apparent, of course, at first glance why the productions of this, the most eminent producer of the spoken drama, should have assumed such importance in our eyes. Both of us felt that if we could only have the screen rights to the Belasco plays we should be placed in an invulnerable position.

In our rival efforts Mr. Zukor had the first advantage, for he had earlier formed a connection with Mr. Daniel Frohman, and through this alliance he was enabled to get into direct touch with Mr Belasco. I, on the contrary, made all overtures through the great producer's business manager. In spite of Mr. Zukor's lead, the result hung in the balance for many months.

At last, just when I was beginning to despair, Mr. Belasco announced that he would see me. How well I remember that day when with beating heart I sat in the producer's private office awaiting the decision so vital to my organization! It seemed an eternity that I listened for the opening of a door, and when at last I heard it Mr. Belasco's entrance was as dramatic as that of a hero in one of his own plays. The majestic head with its mop of white hair sunk a trifle forward, the one hand carried inside the coat—I can see now this picture of him, as slowly, without a word, he descended the stair to greet me

After I had gained control over my courage I began to talk to him about De Mille and Lasky and our organization, and he seemed impressed with the first by my enthusiasm. I think he liked the fact that we were all such young men. Indeed, he said so. And it was this, I am sure, which influenced his decision. He made it that very day, and when I went out of his door my head was swimming with my triumph. Mr. Belasco had promised the Lasky Company the screen rights to all his plays. For these rights, I may mention, we promised him twenty-five thousand dollars advance against fifty per cent. of the profits.

I SAW my esteemed but defeated rival at lunch on this very same day, and when I told him the news his face grew white. It was, indeed, a terrific blow. But a reversed decision would have meant even more to me. For such plays as "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Rose of the Rancho" merely helped to offset our leading competitor's tremendous advantage in the possession of such stars as Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark.

The promise of a Belasco plays influenced favorably many a screen actor of the time, and it was, in fact, my assurance to Mae Murray that she should play "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" which weighed against more dazzling offers from other studios.

Before Mae departed for California she came to me with trouble clouding that fair young brow. "I can't do it," said she.

"Can't do what?" I inquired apprehensively.

"Why, this contract you've made with me; it says that I get one hundred a week and that the company buys my clothes. Now I can't trust anybody else to pick out what I wear. Clothes are part of my personality and I'd much rather have more salary and have the privilege of buying my own wardrobe."

I yielded the point and allowed her an extra one hundred a week to cover this expenditure. Incidentally, I may remark that Mae could not have saved many nickels from her allowance. There is a tradition that one evening at the Hollywood Hotel the charming little actress changed her evening wrap four times. I can not verify this legend, but I can say that Mae never changes from bad to worse. She is regarded as one of the most beautifully dressed women of the screen.

The clothes question was dispelled from Mae's horizon. Unfortunately, however, more severe storms awaited her in California. First of all, she was sent by the commands of a director whose conception of her talents had nothing in common with Mae's own.

"Be more dignified. Remember that you are a lady, not a hoyden;" this was the spirit if not the substance of guidance.

At some such suggestion Mae would protest angrily, "But I'm a dancer—that's the reason I was engaged. And now you want to turn me into something different. I tell you I'll be an utter failure if you go on like this."

Mae's anger was, of course, perfectly justifiable. Her subsequent successes have verified this fact. Without the infectious mad-cap gaiety which she herself appraised so correctly from the first we should never have had George Fitzmaurice's great success, "On with the Dance," or "Peacock Alley."

Miss Murray found another obstacle to overcome during those first days. Fresh from a different medium she knew nothing of the workings of the camera. This knowledge, so important in assuming the pose most beneficial to oneself, was gradually imparted by a young chap in the cast of her play.

"Say," said he, "that guy's giving you a raw deal. He's trying to get his friend on the set right and you can take what's left of the camera."

"But what shall I do?" asked she helplessly, "I don't know how to stand or look"

"You watch me," rejoined the good Samaritan. "I'll put you wise."

Right then and there he arranged a code by which to defeat the operations of a cameraman who, according to report, did not administer his lens with impartial fervor. If he put his finger to his left cheek it meant, "Turn to the left;" to the right, and the gesture was equally logical. From this point onward the system progressed to all the most minute provisions for securing some of the coveted attention.

HOW to engross the most of the camera! I regret to say that here on the roof of this ambition has been wrecked many a lofty nature. The public does not realize as it watches the beautiful feminine star look up at the handsome male star over the moonlit stile the warfare that may possibly have occurred as to which should get the more advantageous focusing. Nor does it interpret the moving subtitle, "Promise me you'll love me," which may accompany this scene, in its correct spirit of "Promise me you'll leave me—a little of the camera."

I have known sweethearts strangely impervious to the higher point of view when it came to this test And I shall tell presently of a husband who skirmished fiercely with his famous wife on this particular point.

Mae's case was far from indicative of such unappeasable appetite. Her struggle was only for a just share of the camera. Indeed, she has too much respect for a good story ever to offend by insistence on an individual prominence, which often destroys the story.

She did insist on another director and on claiming my promise of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Both wishes were gratified. But perhaps, in spite of her avowed admiration for the workmanship of Jimmie Young, no director ever really took with her until she met Bobby Leonard.

"Girls, girls," she cried on the evening of the day after she had first worked under Bobby, "I've got a great director at last!"

She was radiant. As she tripped across the lot to her dressing-room her blue eyes danced exactly like those of the little girl who had finally drawn the gold ring at the merry-go-round. Nor did her gratification stop at the studio. For, as all motion-picture fans know, she subsequently married Viking Leonard, and they have been engaged in living happily ever since.

Again I realize that I seem to be piping the honeyed lay of the press-agent. And once more I protest my innocence. Bobby Leonard and Mae Murray have, like Doug and Mary, one of those marriages based on an intense common interest. They are both absorbed in pictures and together they work out direction, business, costuming, and the minor chores of creating a picture It is undoubtedly due to this co-operation that Mae's achievements have broadened so notably in the past few years.

I have told of Mae's early struggles with objective light-heartedness. She herself recounts them to-day with a full appreciation of their humor. But there is another more vital approach to the subject. You must consider that every picture is tremendously significant to the screen actor involved. If it succeeds, well and good. If it is a "flop" the proportionate damage to the actor's reputation is infinitely greater. I think I am safe in saying that if even such emphatic successes as Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, or Griffith were to make two or three successive failures they would find the coming back somewhat difficult. In fact, I have often heard Mr. Griffith remark, "I simply can not afford to make a failure"

In the light of such knowledge, the heartache of Mae's first weeks on the Lasky lot are instantly apparent. Here she was, fully conscious of what that first picture meant in her career. And here at every step she was met by circumstances pointing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

to failure. And such heartaches, such beating of wings against barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding and actual hostility—those palpitate through many of the disputes recorded in this volume.

In the early Winter of 1915 I went to the stage production of "Maria Rosa." Who that witnessed the same performance can ever forget the creation of Mr. Lou Tellegen? That Latin lover whose ferocity showed in every silken accent, in every gesture of panther-like, slim body—to-day this lingers with me as among the most telling of dramatic brush-strokes.

How distinctly I remember the first day that the young foreign actor, who, previous to his triumph in "Maria Rosa" had been hailed as "Bernhardt's beautiful leading man," came to my office! We were talking about safety when suddenly Tellegen jumped up from his chair and walked over to look at a photograph on the wall.

"Who's that?" he asked, peering at the face in the frame.

"Oh," answered I, "don't you know her? That's Geraldine Farrar."

"Oh, yes, the famous singer," he responded, never taking his eyes from the dazzling picturesque face. "H'm —very, very beautiful, is she not?" he mused.

I had hoped that he was perhaps permanently swept away from the theme which he had relinquished so abruptly. I had, however, underrated Mr. Tellegen's powers of recognition. A moment more and he was standing before me with a light in his eyes very different from that evoked by the absurd accidentation of Beauty.

"Let us say a thousand dollars a week," said he. "Certainly after all my experience I ought to be worth that."

MENTION of Mr. Tellegen brings me logically to one achievement of my life which I always survey with pride. The year and a half that had elapsed since the production of "The Squaw Man" had brought almost incredible improvements in both the manufacture and presentation of photo-plays. The modern system of lighting had replaced our former reliance upon the rays of the sun. More and more we had substituted the carpenter for the scene-painter. As to the motion-picture theater itself, this of course presented an aspect very different from the peanut-strewn area which in 1913 had suggested my great enterprise.

However, in spite of orchestral accompaniment and high-priced seats, in spite of the growing ascendancy of such screen stars as Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, the motion-pictures were merely popular. They were not fashionable. How to make them so, how to intrigue that shy marginal group known as "the carriage trade": here was the challenge offered to the producer of 1915.

It was about this time that Morris Gest came to me and said: "I think I've about got Geraldine Farrar to the point where she's willing to go into motion-pictures. What's more, I believe she'll come with you instead of with Zukor, for the idea of California is attractive to her, especially if she can go and come in a private car."

After a smile at this approach to the situation on the part of Miss Farrar I asked him, "But how does the famous prima donna look these days?"

"Wonderful! More beautiful than ever," retorted Gest.

On the first evening when Lasky and I called at Miss Farrar's home we found that Gest's enthusiasm was not misplaced. As she swept into the drawing-room to greet us we both thought we had never in our lives seen any one so beautiful.

It did not take long to arrange matters between us. Miss Farrar agreed to go to California for eight weeks to make three pictures—"Maria Rosa," "Carmen," and "Temptation." For these services she was to receive twenty thousand dollars and, in consideration of the modesty of the sum—she would have realized more for a concert tour of the same length—we agreed to supply her with a special car to and from Los Angeles, together with a furnished house, servants, and food during the period of her stay.

On all such minor points Miss Farrar was immediately reasonable. Only in one subject did she display any vital curiosity.

"Whom are you going to engage for my leading man," she asked

"Never mind. It will be somebody that you'll like," we assured her.

"But," she urged, "you know it's very important that my Don José should be right. Otherwise the performance would be ruined."

Again we assured her that she was sure to be satisfied with our provision for this part.

"But who is he?" she insisted. "I want to know his name."

We evaded this request. And we kept on evading it throughout our subsequent interviews. This was not easy, for in every spare moment the prima donna would plead with me, "Why won't you tell me his name?" It was almost the first question she asked after she stepped from the special train bearing her into California.

So many people have asked me for my first impression of Geraldine Farrar that I should like to interpolate here my response to that frequent inquiry. If you can picture a flowering arbor and then picture the subsequent surprise of finding inside of it a perfectly good dynamo you will have conceived the full force of Miss Farrar's personality. At the time when I met her she was in her early thirties and that beauty of lucent gray eyes and curving lips—the flowering vigor of look which she doubtlessly inherited from some ancestress of the Irish seas—was then at its height. Under this screen of physical allure I felt from the very first moment the pulse of a mind restless, eager, alert to every possibility of learning.

Indeed, the figure with which I started falls short of conveying the full effect of Miss Farrar's presence. Not only does she charge the atmosphere with that mental vitality of hers, she creates the impression always of cutting—cutting straight through any given subject. If I had said, therefore, that the arbor concealed one of those marvelous implements that cut, thrash, and sack the grain, all in a single operation, I should have come nearer the ideal of description.

Miss Farrar is, like Mary Pickford, a captain of industry. She has the same masculine grasp of business, the same masculine approach to work. The difference between them is construed not alone by the immeasurably greater cultural equipment of Miss Farrar but by many temperamental divergences. Whereas Mary Pickford's manner and voice are always marked by the feminine, almost child-like appeal to which I have referred, the prima donna's speech has a man's directness of import. She picks her words for strength, as might a Jack London sea-captain or an Elizabethan soldier. And her utterance of these words reveals the same strange compound of qualities I have noted elsewhere. It is an enunciation both flowering and decisive.

The cantatrice's entrance into Hollywood was an unprecedented one. The Mayor of Los Angeles was there to welcome her to California, and a thousand school children. Cowboys in their chaps and sombreros added their customary picturesqueness to the scene. Rosettes were everywhere. All Los Angeles reminded you of a fiesta day in some Italian city. Nowadays we are so accustomed to spectacular personages in the motion-pictures that it is hard to recapture for you the thrill that shook the entire country when Geraldine Farrar, the queen of the Metropolitan Opera House, came to California.

THE night following Miss Farrar's arrival we gave her a dinner at the Hollywood Hotel. This dinner included among its two hundred guests, not only the leading representatives of the screen colony, but a number of distinguished sojourners. Among the latter may be mentioned Mr. John Drew and Miss Blanche Ring.

At this dinner-party Miss Farrar turned to me almost at once with her habitual question. "And now surely," she pleaded, "you're going to tell me who is to be my Don José?"

De Mille and I exchanged a haggard glance. Many, many times had we shuddered together over the thought, "What if she doesn't like him?" Our previous experience with stars had taught us not to minimize that possible calamity.

"Tell me," repeated the great planet. "Not another minute will I wait!"

I was just about to reply when I looked up. A tall, young man had entered the door and was now walking toward us. He was only twenty-three. His evening clothes were by no means faultless, but the face above them was flushed with excitement. The blue eyes shone. I had never seen Wallace Reid look more like the beautiful and romantic young man of the daguerreotype collection.

"There it is," I whispered, watching her tensely, "there is your leading man."

She had already noticed him and as he moved about toward us she never took her eyes from his face. At last, just before he reached us, she began slowly nodding her head. "Yes," she said, "I am good," and the smile with which she said it lingered as she repeated the encomium. "Very, very good."

I do not need to dwell upon the relief afforded to us by that smile. I venture to suggest, however, that it never brought corresponding hearts ease to Wallace himself. For he was then young and inexperienced and I have no doubt that for many days previous he, too, had been quailing before that grim possibility, "What if she doesn't like me!"

A number of the screen people were inspired with awe of Miss Farrar's reputation. "I bet anything she's up-stage," several of them predicted before meeting her. That evening disarmed all such fears. So simple and friendly, so gay and unaffected, was the Metropolitan star that everybody went away singing her praises. I soon found, indeed, that the ancestry of the Irish seas had dowered her with more than that flowering vigor of look and manner. She has the warmth of personal approach, the ability to get along with folks of all descriptions, that characterize the Irish race.

This element in her character was brought out particularly in the studio. It was not long before everybody there, including

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

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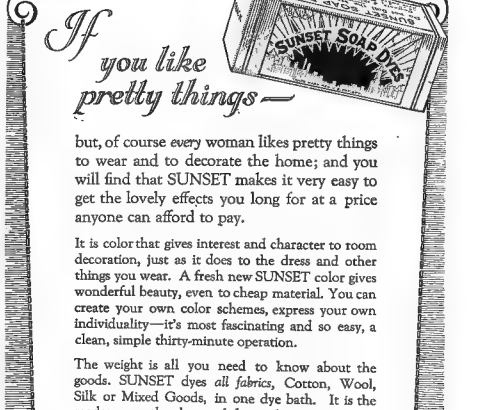

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

"Grips" and "Props"—the local terms by which are designated respectively the electricians and the property men—were calling her "Jerry." This intimacy of reference was a token of real affection and it was deserved, for she seldom passed the most humble worker in the studio without a smile or a friendly word.

When she arrived in Hollywood she didn't know, of course, a single thing about making a film. "What," she exclaimed on her first day, "why, I didn't realize you had to make a single scene over four times." This freshness of view-point placed her in a situation ideal for observation of the mental eagerness of which I have spoken. She asked questions of everybody in the studio from De Mille to "Grips." It was wonderful to see the zest of her application to this new task, to watch that perfect implement of a brain cut and thresh and assort its selected subject.

There is no doubt about it. Geraldine Farrar enjoyed every minute of those first eight weeks spent in the movies. She loved the atmosphere of the motion-pictures. She liked the people in the cast. She told me she thought De Mille was great. I can hardly express what this wide area of satisfaction meant to me after eighteen months that had been destructive chiefly in the hardship of pleasing any star, at any given point.

So eager was Miss Farrar for her film day to begin that she used to arrive at the studio every morning at eight o'clock. She was then all made up for the set, and as this process is no mean one—requiring more than the average woman's dab of powder and rouge, one knew she had risen not later than six.

"If I'm, where's Mr De Mille? Where's everybody?" she used to ask.

Her manner was exactly that of a war-horse sniffing. "Here am I. Where's the war?"

And when she began to work nothing seemed to tire her. At four o'clock in the afternoon, that hour when the average screen performer begins to wonder if she'll melt before she takes root or take root before she melts, the great production dome was as radiant with energy as she was at eight o'clock in the morning. The explanation of this sustained vitality lay deeper than her undoubted physical strength. She herself voiced it one day during her second engagement with the Lasky Company.

She was then making "Joan the Woman." It was during the most intense heat of the California Summer. During this particular set she wore a suit of armor which must have been about as soothing to her feelings as wrist-warmers to a resident of Bombay. The set, which had been called for one hour, was not actually taken until more than four hours later. This wait, so characteristic of a studio day, was rendered more oppressive by the thud of adjacent carpentry work and by experimentation with the glaring electric lights.

While all this was going on a lady of the court of Charles VII, sat with her make-up box on her knee and from time to time dabbed with powder beads of perspiration rising above the surface of grease-paint. This manifestation of warmth was not unprovoked. For the lady wore a velvet dress with heavy trimming of fur and her head was engulfed in one of those gigantic coiffures prescribed for medieval times. No wonder that as she administered her powder she asked Heaven about the hardships of life on "the lot."

"People that think this life's easy," she muttered at last, "ought to put on a July day—let them wait around for hours all tucked up in these hot-water bottles of clothes. Whew! Say, are they ever going to start shooting?"

"Cut out your grouching," retorted a more stoical fellow sufferer. "Look how Jerry's taking it."

Jerry" presented, as a matter of fact, anything but a wilted appearance. She was talking, now to this person, now to that. Her eyes were sparkling; her white teeth flashed in a frequent smile. Piqued by such evidences of high spirits, the first lady of the court walked over to her.

"Won't you tell me how you do it, Miss Farrar?" she asked. "Don't you ever mind anything; the heat or the long waits or anything?"

"Jerry" threw back her head and laughed heartily. "Not a bit of it," she answered. "I'm too much interested all the time to know what's happening on the outside of me."

IT WAS during the production of this same play that some gentlemen of the court of Charles VII, availed themselves of a contemporary idea. The shot had been taken of the French court and it had been taken, according to custom, four times. Now on these occasions had revealed anything wrong and it was only when De Mille "saw the rushes"—the technical term describing a first view of the previous day's shots—that he discovered an anachronism which would have made Sir Walter Scott's offenses in this direction seem blameless.

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, "look at that! The gentlemen of the fourteenth century are chewing gum!"

Miss Farrar whooped with merriment over this historical discrepancy, and to-day the incident supplies her with a favorite motion-picture story. I may mention casually that this mistake is eloquent with the possibilities of waste involved in a single wrong performance of a single extra performer.

In this case we used up a thousand feet of film and the hundreds of dollars involved in wages, lights, and other expenses on a scene which, of course, had to be entirely remade.

The eminent singing actress often showed back of the screens that impulsive generosity which has endeared her to so many people. Once she did not like the gown worn by a certain extra. Neither did the extra.

Quick as a flash Miss Farrar sent her maid to her residence in Hollywood to obtain a costume from her own personal wardrobe. And when she put this raiment into the extra's hand it was for keeps. She sometimes lent her fine jewels to people in the cast, and her frequent "small" gifts to those about her were what most of us would call large. Such donations were always performed with a certain splendor of gesture that made one think of a medieval prince taking off the gold chain around his neck to give to somebody who had chanced to say, "What a beautiful piece of jewelry you are wearing."

If, indeed, Miss Farrar is a captain of industry, she belongs to that particular branch which flourished in the Florence of the fifteenth century.

WHILE she was making "Maria Rosa" there befell Miss Farrar the great romantic adventure of which the world has heard so much. As a result of my interview with Mr. Lou Tellegen he was engaged by the Lasky Company to go to Hollywood during the Summer of 1915. He was not playing in Miss Farrar's productions and it was not until after some days spent in California that the two met.

Mr. Fred Kley was responsible for the introduction. Here at this widely known figure of the film world I first found to pause for a few words of tribute. Kley, who now occupies an important position in the organization of the Famous Players-Lasky organization, had gone to California with Cecil De Mille. He it was who had selected the original story of the story-staple, and after the Lasky Company moved there he had attended to a wide variety of details.

He kept books—often on the back of stray envelope; he hired extra performers; he assembled properties, and when De Mille imported several rattlesnakes for the production of "The Squaw Man" it was he, I believe, who ministered to these pets. I am sure that Briareus with his hundred hands never accomplished more than did honest, faithful, Fred Kley with his limited equipment.

I shall give Mr. Kley's own account of the introduction, for certainly nothing could be more vivid. "Mr. Tellegen happened to be with me one day," he recounts, "when Miss Farrar, still in the Spanish costume she had been wearing in 'Maria Rosa,' walked across the lot. 'I want to meet Miss Farrar,' said Mr. Tellegen, 'Won't you take me over?' I did and I've never seen anything like it before nor since. It was just as if a spark came from his eyes and was met by one from hers.

"They began speaking in French right away," adds he, "and of course I couldn't understand. But, believe me, there's a whole lot in a tone, and their tones gave them away as much as their eyes did. He walked across the lot with her, then to her dressing-room. And after that you'd see them together all the time just the minute they could get away from a set."

In the light of this personal experience of Geraldine Farrar, that frequent question of hers "Who is to be my Don José" is invested with a strange, perverse, almost sinister, quality of destiny. It was not the Don José of her own life drama that she met in Lou Tellegen. It was the Toreador. When she came to California her heart, according to rumor, had not been untouched. But if this same rumor is to be credited further, it had never before been subjugated. Like the heroine of the drama and the opera with which she is so brilliantly identified, she had always retained her supremacy in love. Like this same Carmen, she surrendered at last, not to the most loving, but to the most conquering type.

The last memory of the beautiful Farrar's first visit to Hollywood centers about the station from which pulled out her special train.

Tellegen had, of course, come down to see her off, and as the engine steamed away on its long eastern course the actor could be seen running along the platform beside the car from which his love still clung to his hand. For many yards he raced along and it was only a sudden acceleration of the engine that finally parted those reluctant hands.

A very different leave-taking from the one I shall record when several Summers afterward Geraldine Farrar again came to Hollywood, this time to make pictures for the Goldwyn studio!

In "Behind the Screen" for May will be new and highly interesting facts and anecdotes of screen history, introducing charming Mabel Normand, Mae Marsh, Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden kissing, Charlie Chaplin's beginnings, Pauline Frederick, etc.

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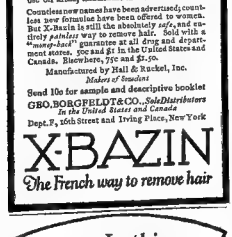

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"I've got a sad story, too," broke in Plummie. "But you wouldn't give me a crust if I wept for a year——"

Rita laid a restraining hand on his arm, for Virginia and her partner had left the dancing-floor and were coming around the pillar toward Mrs. Kemball's table.

IT WAS shortly after supper when Virginia Phillips, declining another dance, found herself *en tête-à-tête* with the interesting Mr. Tyler. They had appropriated a small table in a corner furthest removed from the orchestra's popular bedlam, and Virginia was smoking a cigaret, which she sipped daintily through a long ivory holder. Under her full skirts a rosy ankle showed, a sight far more provocative than the displays of crammed stockings which have sated our eyes these latter years. She was of too civilized a type to begin her examination blankly with "Tell me about yourself," altho Rita Kemball's hints about the man she had known in France had aroused the girl's curiosity to the question-point.

The object of her curiosity puffed calmly at his cigaret and made amusing comments on the passing show. Whoever he was, thought Virginia, he was perfectly at his ease, had a wit of his own, and appointed himself like that least understood of popular myths, the man of the world. She thought him handsome, as most women did; but between his nose and his mouth she noticed the deep furrow which we see in the faces of pugilists and matadors—men who have strained their hearts to gain the mob's approval. Under his eyes' pleasant surface there was something that seemed to be always troubled and stirring—what?

"Rita Kemball's been talking about you," she began, awkwardly enough.

"Me?" Lew Tyler's gaze, ceaselessly searching for what it could not find, turned upon Virginia with the remark, "I hope she hasn't made it too bad."

"You wouldn't think so," Virginia said, pleased that the picture had advanced so far with these few strokes.

"In the British hospitals," he went on, somewhat irrelevantly, "they used to have a class of nurses they called 'pillow-patters' —duchesses and bankers' wives who came in to show their pretty faces and jolly the wounded."

"And Rita was a pillow-patter?" asked Virginia.

"Far from it—all our nurses were there for business. Mrs. Kemball was one of the hardest little workers we had, and a fine executive. Only she had a way of taking hold of a man and making him think of his sister or——"

"His mother," suggested Virginia. She was sorry for that as soon as she said it. But her *vis-à-vis* accepted it seriously, as a gentleman should.

"It was particularly welcome to me," he said moodily, "because I am a lonely man."

This sounded a little like the stereotyped approach of the professional heart-breaker, but the candid suffering on his face reassured her. "Mrs. Kemball told me——"

"She couldn't," he broke in instant. Lew Tyler's smile was like that of a skull. "She doesn't know anything about me."

ONCE before possibly Virginia Phillips had been drawn into a man's heart. She found herself wanting to lay her hand upon his capable, well-formed first while she asked, "Couldn't you tell me?" There was a lurking recklessness about him that it added to his attractiveness. She decided. "She's been playing me up as a model character!"

"She said you had nice ideas about things."

"That's a poor recommendation for any man," he said; then his color deepened as he invented a simile. "You know the way a kitten behaves with a ball of yarn? It rolls after it, pats it, kicking the thread into a marvelous tangle. The worse it gets the better the kitten likes it—especially if he's a torn kitten. That's how I've performed up to the time I was—well, about your age."

"You were married?"

"Yes. My wife's job was to wind up the yarn as fast as I tangled it."

"How stupid!" was the only comment that came to her mind.

"Of me?"

"Of both of you. Kittens should be taught—and people shouldn't take their games too seriously."

"I was only making a figure of speech. She was the kitten, I suppose. She was younger than I and didn't know half what I did about—well, what's going on in the world."

"She got tired of winding up the ball," suggested Jinny.

"Had a right to, I suppose." He said this with reservations; greatly as he had missed his wife he had never forgiven her for leaving him. "I wasn't anybody's model. I don't think the people who called me a drunkard were doing me an injustice."

Curious how this had come about; here in the midst of conventionalized galety sat a sober man pouring out his heart to a woman he had never seen before, might never see again.

"I don't know why I'm telling you this."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

he said shamefacedly, as if he had read her thoughts.

"How long since you were—separated?"

"Nearly seven years. I've never set eyes on her since."

"Do you ever want to see her?"

Tyler's eyes seemed to burn her as he leaned over and asked, "If you were me, in my circumstances—would you?"

Feeling instinctively that this unexpected conversation was carrying her too far, Virginia managed to wriggle back into her sheath of conventionality with the reply, "I really don't know."

Many of the dancers were going home, and she had a glimpse of Rita coming toward them through the scattering crowd. She knew her time was short; she regretted the remark which had broken the spell. Curiosity was still in full cry. "You must have married young," she persisted.

"I was twenty-four; she was somewhere around twenty."

"You oughtn't to blame yourself too much," said Virginia, "for what happened—when you started like that. It's splendid of you to take all the blame. But often the fault—"

"Come along!" Rita's voice was calling them away.

"Oh, I didn't think it was so late!" Jinny arose guiltily.

"It isn't," smiled the good-humored hostess. "Only half past two. But Bob Pennington's asked us for a little singsong—" with a glance at Lew—"and a few of Mr. Tyler's ditties."

"They don't bore you?" He asked this of Rita, but his eyes turned to Virginia.

"Oh, *won't* you let me hear them?" begged Miss Philips.

BOB PENNINGTON'S apartment was in Park Avenue, less than fifteen blocks uptown from the Merrimbilt, and his car brought over as many as it would hold. The Van Laerenses followed in their own motor, Plummie quite candid in declaring that he would stand anything, even music, for the sake of a drink. With them came a tall, bald, bold-faced gentleman of the guardaman type, Mr. Dagmore Fitz-Erlyn Dunmore, a mediocre diplomat who had proposed marriage to Virginia twice before her twentieth birthday. Perhaps seeing him there gave her a reason for associating Lew Tyler with the diplomatic service.

Plummie van Laerens made straight as a hunting-dog, for a collection of glasses on a silver tray. "Plenty of ice, plenty of mineral water," he drawled.

"I've got a lock on my ice-chest," grinned Bob, jingling keys as he disappeared into the rear of his apartment. He came back bristling with bottles, tin-foiled necks protruding under either arm.

"Since prohibition," proclaimed Gertie van Laerens, "Plummie has learned to bring his barroom manners into the home."

Plummie, meanwhile, was helping himself generously to Scotch whisky. Men gathered at the silver tray; Bob released a cork for the benefit of old-fashioned people who still preferred wine.

Virginia Philips sat a little apart, self-protected by the air of indifference which her manner of life had taught her to assume at will. In discreet sorties of the eye she was studying Lew Tyler, altho she appeared to be listening to Mrs. van Laerens and the very new Mrs. Overbeck. Virginia was suffering from the effect of a curiosity nipped in the bud. Was Tyler still in love? Who was he to have chosen her, out of nowhere, to be his confidante? Out of taste it might have been, but she could not wave him aside for that. Possibly he was another one of those tricksters who win their way to women's hearts by opening their own. It wasn't nice for a man to go about washing his sorrows. Yet men of her own kind sometimes did that very thing. It was a common trick.

In her secret heart she knew that Lew Tyler had not been tricking, and she was vain enough to think that she alone had compelled him to speak out—that blasted look he wore for a moment when he had blundered into a picture of his unhappy marriage. How had the woman hurt him?

Lew came with Bob with the glass of champagne she had requested. For himself he brought mineral water. She was searching her mind for a way to turn him back to the story which Rita had broken half an hour before. But Tyler had hidden behind a gay reserve which advanced him in her regard while it roused her woman's mania for prying into closed rooms.

"Mrs. Kenbail doesn't really want me to sing," he said.

"You sang for her in France." Her dark eyes looked up with all the boldness of which our modern young woman is capable.

"No more soldier songs! I'm through with those things. I don't want to talk or read or sing about the War."

"Oh, Mr. Tyler!" Her full-lipped mouth came down cunningly. "You're not going to let yourself be urged. It's so dreadfully—" She failed to pronounce the dreadful adjective.

"So dreadfully middle-class!" he laughed. "Well, isn't it?" At that instant she realized that her first estimate of him had been correct.

"Miss Pennington sings, doesn't she?" he asked.

"Horrors, yes!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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¼ cup cold water. ½ cup sugar.
3 eggs. Few grains salt.
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⅔ cup pounded macaroons or chopped nuts.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Make a custard of egg yolks, sugar, salt, and milk. Add soaked gelatine to hot custard, and when nearly cool, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, macaroons, or nuts and vanille. Turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. To make a "French Cream" add one square of chocolate (melted) to the above custard and serve with whipped cream, if desired.

or this?

TOMATO JELLY

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
¼ cup cold water. Stalk celery.
2½ cups tomatoes, 2 cloves
(canned). Few grains cayenne.
½ onion, grated 2 tablespoons vinegar.
½ bay leaf, if desired. Few grains salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil 15 minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into large mold or after dinner coffee cups, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing or hard boiled eggs. The jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats.

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

Already Miss Pennington had taken her place at the keyboard and stretched forth arms that were too slender even for the prevailing standard of beauty.

"I can give you some little negro songs, if you like," she suggested crisply to the roomful.

"Oh, do!" chimed Rita Kemball.

Plummie van Laerens, the picture of woe, shuffled to the tray and helped himself recklessly to Scotch whisky.

In a clear, small, precise soprano Miss Pennington sang a plantation melody so immaculately as to purify it of all negroid characteristics. Every word was given the perfect accent for which Miss Pryce's School for Young Ladies is famous:

I have shoes, you have shoes,
All God's children have shoes.
When I go to heav-en I'm going to put
on my shoes
And romp all over God's heav-en—
Heav-en!
Every one who says he's going to
heav-en but going there—
Heav-en! Heav-en!

"A lot of us'll be in luck," whispered Plummie to Lew with the air of a martyr conveying a quiet joke to his companions of the arena.

Upon subsequent applause Miss Pennington rippled over the keyboard again and again until her cultured African repertoire was exhausted. Having murdered "Deep River" coolly, sweetly, accurately, she came over and took her chair beside Lew. "And now *you're* going to sing," she decided.

"Don't think we're hard to please." Rita joined in.

"I'm off the War," he announced.

"Oh, but Major—Mr. Tyler—you have a thousand other things. I know—remember, I've heard them all."

"I wonder if you have," said Lew, and went to the piano.

Virginia Philips studied him from her corner. It was not so much that he chose to stand up while he played. That was odd too—the posture gave him a crouching, sinister look—too suggestive of vaudeville, she thought. The whole cast of his face fascinated her—the face of the jinnee, hot-eyed, repentant, howling to God out of the loneliness of his deep well.

The strong fingers were hammering out black chords, heavy and imperfect. A fastidious musician herself, she winced a little at the brutality of those marching sounds. Then his powerful, untrained voice broke out:

Smoking ruins of Babylon!
City of wrath, thou last worshiped well—
Hates of mortals and loves of hell,
Poured like blood on the idol's stone.
Where are ye now, leper and priest,
Torpid glutton at the feast,
White, white slaves that please a king,
Slave with his brand, bride with her ring?

Where are thy temples, Babylon?
Their flames have gone to lick the sun;
Ashes lie on thy shattered streets.
Yet far below
The coals still glow,
And out of thy silence I seem to know
That God is not dead nor sleeping utterly.
Thy idolatrous heart still beats!

"I SAY, Jinny," Plummie had taken Virginia aside. "That chap of yours is a gay sparrow—what?"

"He's no chap of mine. He's a chap of Rita's."

"Don't bite a fellow," Plummie begged. "Between Sue Pennington's screams and that chap of Rita's roaring about the Judgment Day—good Lord, Jinny! It's morbid. Prohibition's to blame for all sorts of morbid ideas. Somebody broke into my house last week and got away with twenty-eight cases of gin."

Virginia left him by the silver tray, making up for his losses, while Gertie gossiped with Bob Pennington. Miss Philips and Mr. Tyler went down together in the elevator.

"Can't I give you a lift?" Rita asked as she stepped into her taxicab.

"No, thanks," said Lew. "It's just a good walk to the Plaza—always take a lungful before I go to bed."

"Spartan!" cried Rita. "Good night, Jinny!"

"I'm a neighborhood child," explained Miss Philips, offering him her hand. "I live next door. Isn't it wonderful to be so near to anybody in New York?"

"I'll walk over with you, if I may."

His look was tired and his face gray under the light of a ragged moon, fainting westward over tall buildings. She found herself thinking, "He *did* love her," and pitying him. At the iron-grilled door Virginia pressed a button for the attendant, who approached sleepily down the tapestried vista within.

"I don't know why I talked so much," blurted Lew. "I suppose it was another case of the corked bottle."

"I wanted you to say more," she confessed, studying a face that was weary and pallid as the moon.

"You wouldn't be interested—" The attendant opened the door just then, so he said, "Good night, Miss Philips."

"Good night, Mr. Tyler."

She paused, smiling back at him, and there was the sound of fate in his query. "Would you mind my coming to see you some time?"

"Oh, I should like it," was her stereotyped reply. "If you'll telephone."

"I suppose you're pretty busy."

"Not that busy." She gave him her hand again and asked, not knowing why, "Did you write that terrible song about the ruins?"

"Why, yes. But I didn't know—"

"Please don't write another like it," she implored, and left him with a smile on her lips and her own idols, like broken Babylon's, all jumbled together. Her last impression, before she went to sleep, was of a man reconstructed, as she had seen maimed soldiers reconstructed. His wounds still ached; that she knew.

VIRGINIA PHILIPS was not whimsical; wherever she differed from the conventional type she differed for a reason which was justified, in her own mind at least. Daughter of materialists, she had grown up to be luxury-loving and instinctively extravagant; she had gone through youth, admired for her looks, yet had somehow evaded marriage up to the narrow edge of spinsterhood. She had her reasons for this, perhaps. Latterly she had "gone in" for books and music; she played the scores of modern operas neatly, unsentimentally, and without sense of rhythm; she read Strindberg and Anatole France, associated herself with several endowed stage societies.

The attraction which she felt for Lew Tyler, almost from the first, was one of the few inconsistencies in the life of the reasoning Virginia; like most paradoxes it had an accountable origin. Altho the Philips family had lived in New York and Brooklyn for several generations, in the testimony of the Social Register they were comparatively new arrivals. Seumas Platt Philips had begun life as a curb broker and married a Miss Flynn, daughter of a Flatbush real-estate operator. She came into a small fortune in the form of a bottling works which Seumas sold to such good advantage that he was able to speculate in copper and buy a seat on the Exchange.

In a smaller city the Philips fortune, at its height, might have attracted attention, but the price of admission is high in New York where millionaires are a commonplace. Mrs. Philips's pale, Celtic beauty made her conspicuous wherever she went—which wasn't far at first. Sudden luxury spoiled her, those gossip may tell you who remember her as Hortense Philips; and she was deeply bitten with the climber's ambition which gives so many reckless turns to our social comedy. She caught the eye of Kay Vorhees in 1905 and managed to hold his attention until she could be quit of Seumas and marry into the set she so ardently preferred.

A cold stroke of business, indeed; but Mrs. Kay Vorhees became quite a different person from Mrs. Seumas Platt Philips. Altho Kay Vorhees had no fortune, as fortunes go nowadays, his mind was incapable of rising above the rules of bridge and horse-racing, his name was sufficiently honored to give his wife entrée wherever she chose to go in France, England, or America. Her divorce brought no stigma with it; Seumas had permitted himself to be defendant in the suit and had settled upon her a comfortable income by way of compensation for the lucky bottling works.

Her story is of importance to us only as it affects the career of Virginia Philips. Seumas's daughter Virginia had struggled through Miss Pryce's School for Young Ladies, taking the snubs as they came; but her mother's second marriage reacted upon her as a tremendous social advantage. She became, as by special dispensation, the daughter of Mrs. Kay Vorhees; it was almost as tho old Seumas, in renouncing matrimony, had renounced parenthood. Strangely enough, Mrs. Vorhees's aura somewhat gilded her husband's gray locks, giving him a certain kinship with the world of fashion. As his fortune dwindled his position improved. He dined at the Tory Club, affected an elderly, dandified style of dress, and gave the appearance of one in the enjoyment of hereditary ease. He was something of an old beau, vain enough to delight in the flattery that he was connected with the Vorhees family. A man of faults and weaknesses, his virtue lay in the love he held for Virginia, whom he supported as best he could and guarded, in an odd sort of way.

Thus she found herself in a position not uncommon nowadays, that of a girl with a father and stepfather, both living in the enjoyment of normal health. After the divorce she had lived, nominally at least, with her mother; this arrangement involved little responsibility on either side as Mrs. Vorhees spent much of the year at Cannes, leaving Virginia to her bachelor freedom on an allowance which Mr. Philips had considerably reduced since his losses in munitions speculation. Her mother rented the Park Avenue apartment and her father paid the rent—that is fair in divorce. Jinny remained more her father's girl than her mother's, and met the old gentleman every fortnight or so, at lunch usually.

There might have been the instinctive call of honest, middle-class blood between her veins and Lew's. The careful training

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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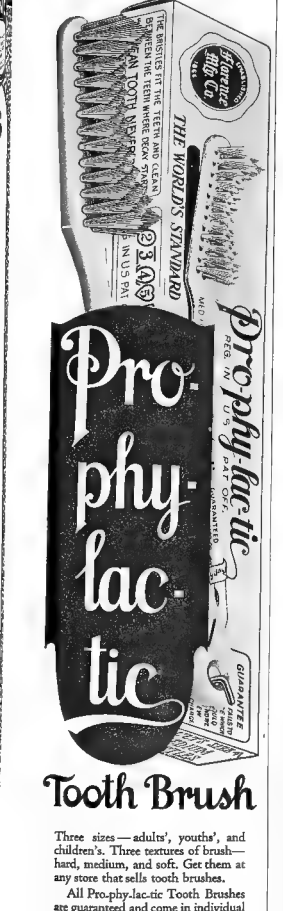

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

in snobbery which parental ambition imparted to her youth never failed to tell her that she stooped a little to conquer him. She felt rather than saw his crudeness and undertook to supervise his polite education. They wandered through picture-galleries until he could distinguish a Manet from a Monet. She gave him evenings at the opera, saturating his mind with the eccentricities of "Coq d'Or" or the florid beauty of "Traviata," with Galli-Curci trilling acrobatically, a little off the key.

Virginia was surprired and somewhat piqued to learn that Lew knew more than she did about Chinese art—unforeseen wisdom on the part of the lion wounds its trainer's professional pride. She got herself a book on the Great Porcelain Periods and was pleased to discover that he knew somewhat less than he pretended.

That Winter and early Spring she was often in Lew Tyler's company, partly by her own arrament. More than anything else she was curious about him. After the few bare facts of his life, thrown at her recklessly upon their first meeting, he had shut up, as the saying goes, like a clam. Women, like wild birds, are lured by that which puzzles them.

She must have shown him conspicuous favors, for the news penetrated the Tory Club's brick walls and reached the table where Mr. Philips sat at bridge. One morning her father telephoned and suggested that they lunch at the Avignon.

It was a quarter of two when he hurried into the Avignon and apologized for the delay. He was a handsome gentleman in a brownish plaid suit; his ruddy complexion suggested a judicious mingling of exercise and alcohol; his white drooping mustache would have done credit to an earl.

"Sorry I kept you waiting," he declared puffily, after kissing her—he favored this form of saluting pretty ladies under forty. "By George, Jinny, you look bright this morning!"

She laughed and tried to conceal her self-consciousness by urging, "Come on—no time for breakfast—I'm starved."

THE head waiter led them down the line of crowded tables—for late luncheon is affected by the Avignon's patrons—and Virginia found herself a place in the mulberry-colored lounge under one of the high windows. Mr. Philips sat beside her, and the small table was pushed up so that they could rest their elbows as they studied the menu. In the length of the high, ivory room, she recognized many acquaintances. Lily Overbeck had just come in with Major Dufresne; so Terry's troubles were beginning again, and so soon! Virginia, glancing at herself in one of the tall mirrors, caught the reflection of Bobby Lee's face and her father's; both sparkled pleasantly like the long French chandeliers, heavy with cut glass.

"Jinny," said old Seumas, "I'm the father of a woman!"

"Is it possible!" she mocked.

"You moan about being starved to death, then when you sit down you never even look at the card."

"*Blanquette of veal ancienne, ris Pilaw*," she began reading aloud from the menu. "What is it, Daddy, mystery?"

"Rice. Miss Philips," began the waiter, to be cut off with, "It won't do. Hash of chicken St. Germain sounds wrong, some way. Daddy, why don't you help?"

"Bring in mixed *hors-d'œuvres*," he commanded. "Jinny, you can fool with that till you've made up your mind—"

"And then I shall have—no, I won't. Whitebait with oyster-crabs, Daddy—you know you want that."

"Mixed grill and a pot of orange pekoe," he dissented.

As the little cart was being wheeled toward them with its burden of tuna, jellied eggs, antipasti, anchovies, and the dozen of little odd relishes which the waiter names for you as he lifts them on his fork, old Seumas resumed:

"You must be going it—no time for breakfast until afternoon. Bad idea. Bad for the complexion. Bad for your old—"

"Does it?" she asked, and accused him with eyes that were clear as a child's.

When the waiter had filled her plate with little dabs of oily this and fishy that Mr. Philips broke a roll and resumed, "What's your mother thinking of, gadding round the globe, leaving you to Tom, Dick, and Harry?"

"You've just *got* to scold me once in a while, haven't you, Dad?" asked Jinny, quite unruffled.

"The life agrees with you, my dear," he conceded. "Never saw you in better trim. You're just the sort of young lady I like to be seen lunching with."

She smiled amply, accustomed to this coquetting with him. "We're shockingly gay this Winter," she said

"And a month behind in your allowance, I suppose."

"Two months, Daddy."

"Go a little light." He had become serious. "I'm being pinched for money just now—don't want to bore you, but you know how bad business is. I hate to seem niggardly, Jin," and his brown eyes proclaimed the embarrassment of a man who had once spent money with a lavish gesture.

"Daddy, dear, I can't be a burden. I'd rather go to work—"

"Don't be silly!" He leaned over to pat her hand. "You couldn't do anything but teach swimming or elocution."

For a pair who had enjoyed a lively companionship they were unusually silent between salad and ices. At last Mr. Philips touched his white mustache with his third finger, as if to show the large blue signet-ring he always wore. The gesture was habitual with him in moments of decision.

"Jinny, how serious is this man Tyler?"

"Serious?" He had caught her up so suddenly she had nothing adequate to reply.

"Nowadays they allow a lot of liberty to girls of your age—" she winced at this—"but there's no use getting talked about with nothing to show for it. I saw you with him Wednesday at the opera—presentable-looking fellow. But where does he come from?"

"He's a San Franciscan," she explained, and added a mendacity born of her own ideal, "of a very good family."

"H'm." The unsayable implied that Mr. Philips was familiar with California society and had never heard of Lew. "I've looked him up in a business way. He seems to be an entertaining fellow; used to run a shop selling some sort of curios, then he went into advertising. Lots of young chaps do that nowadays; but he's got something he calls the Educational Institute—sounds rather wide-cast."

"He's told me all about it," explained Virginia, stiffening a little. "The name is his own idea—it's *really* educational, you know. A sort of propaganda system to teach people how to buy and sell scientifically—"

"Jin!" The look he gave her was no different from that he used in her sixth year when he teased her about her curls. "You're pretty keen about him, aren't you?"

"What do you think, Daddy?" she counter-questioned, her head a little to one side.

"I'll tell you. Now don't think, baby, that I'm trying to scold. I'd made a hundred per cent. hit with my own life I might tell my daughter how to run hers. But I do want to see you come out on top, Jin. You believe me?"

"Yes, Daddy," she answered the parent to whom she paid all her affection.

"I'm too old to start asking the reasons for what women do and don't. Only it seems queer that a girl with your education and looks and—er—family should go knocking about on the loose till her hair turns gray—if it ever does nowadays. I know you're fastidious, Jinny, and I'm proud that you are. But there were two or three times when you had chances that ought to satisfy any girl alive."

She went on dipping into her dessert, wondering if this was any use, realized that her chances were never real opportunities. Big fish nibble and get away. Virginia knew that she was unmarried because she tried too hard to marry well.

"If you had buck-teeth and wall-eyes," her father persisted, "it would be another matter. Nature doesn't intend such girls to marry. But it drives me wild to see this new batch of beautiful old maids, striding about New York in woolen stockings and short hair." His lecture died away like bellows gone flat for lack of pumping. He lit a cigaret and with the smoke abandoned generalities for the direct method.

"Was he ever married before?"

"Yes. Once."

"Divorced?"

"Yes."

"That's a point against him," he concluded—another justification of the feminist argument that man is and always has been the inconsistent sex.

"You mean I'd be a sort of second choice." She was thinking again of Lew's first wife.

"You'd never be that," he assured her, then resumed, "Who was she?"

"I don't know." By then curiosity was exhausted, if not satisfied, and Jinny began to show signs of restlessness.

"Daddy," she said with overemphasized sweetness as she gathered up her gloves, her veil, her hand-bag, and the little sable she wore about her throat, "you're a perfect darling—but please don't go to all that trouble about Lew Tyler."

"I didn't say—"

"Because," she interrupted, "I wouldn't *think* of marrying him. Any more than I'd think of marrying the man in the moon."

"You might do worse," he said, but whether he referred to the earthly Lew or the lunar Lew was a matter of conjecture.

SEUMAS PHILIPS and his daughter paraded good friends, as usual. He went to his club; she took her way up Park Avenue, carrying a gloomy picture of herself, gradually more settled in her ways, changing gradually into a highbrow. In her world it was regarded as poor form to develop early in the point of an accomplishment. Here she had come to her thirty-second year, vain of her looks, extravagant in the matter of clothes, exquisite to the point of fussiness in the care of her person. And it had taken her father to tell her the truth. She was growing into an old maid—"a beautiful old maid" was the way he had qualified the slur.

Quite used to having her way, she had gone thus far as contented and self-satisfied as any young woman can be who has

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

cheated herself out of a husband. It had remained for her father to hint that independence was a crazy shepherd, leading nowhere. She might do worse, according to parental advice, than marry Lew Tyler or the man in the moon.

She gave up the library for that day and returned to her apartment, resolved to write a letter and be done with Lew Tyler. They had been mutually amusing for that Winter season, but he had managed somehow to befog her out of her sense of perspective. He was not a gentleman, in her sense of the word; the very magnetism with which he affected her whenever he came into her presence was undesirable, according to her standards. People shouldn't have too much magnetism. It was theatrical. Pity had drawn her to him, in a great measure—pity for his sorrows, mysterious and blamable to another woman.

For all her pains, how much had he let her into his life? None at all. He had opened the door a crack, then slammed it. How much of his heart had he given to the wife who left him? He always made Virginia believe that he was in love with her; but should secretiveness be a part of the lover's wares? In practical matters he was frank as the dawn; he sometimes told her more about his business than she wanted to know. But the other woman stood between them, a shadow impassable. She was tired of playing Theban to his Sphinx—helpless to answer his riddle, helpless to resist his carrying away of her.

Virginia, once she had gained her own bedroom, went straight to her desk, selected paper and set herself to the task of giving Lew his *coup de grâce*. The affair had carried itself beyond her original intentions. She would have no more of him. No more of him!

Before the dawn of that very day he had taken her home from a dance; they had stood like street lovers in the shadow of a tall pillar, awaiting the attendant's response to the bell at the grilled glass door. Before the liveried man could walk the length of the foyer Lew had kissed her. It had been no more than a brush of lips, too eager for pleasure, then he had muttered good night and shambled away.

What right had he to expect that of her? Seated in broad daylight at her little desk, Virginia felt her cheeks grow hot as she plunged her pen into the well, shook away its superfluous ink, and brought the point down for the first words:

My Dear Lewis—

"MR. TYLER is calling, Miss." Virginia looked up to see red-haired Margaret at the door.

"On the telephone? Tell him I'm out."

"They've announced him down-stairs, Miss."

Absent-mindedly Virginia folded over the sheet she had so poorly begun, creasing the fold with her thumb nail.

"Have him come up," she commanded bruskly.

As she tore the letter into little squares she had the feeling that to cut him off that way would have implied cowardice, a violation of the sporting code. Better to meet him bravely and tell him why they must both discontinue their dangerous exploration into life.

She had just brushed back her artfully careless mop of hair and given her lips, which had been pale all day, a touch of carmine when the maid announced Mr. Tyler. She timed her entrance into the drawing-room; he had waited five minutes before she finally came in and surrendered one of her cool white hands to his big clasp. She had intended her look to be white and cool, too, but her resolution vanished as she met his gaze. The coarse magnetism which she had resented now did the same flame on stove.

She made no resistance when he took her in his arms. It was the instinctive Virginia, the unreasoning desire, that compelled her to cling to him, quite forgetting how traitorously her lips—lips that should have been forming words of refusal—were behaving under the influence of his will. Presently she was able to think again and to struggle away from him. The wildness of his eyes added to the attraction; she felt a woman's savage joy in bringing down her game.

"Virginia ——,"

"Let's sit down. I want to talk."

He took the chair beside her and had the air of a large schoolboy trying to be obedient. All the assurance which she had admired in him seemed to have vanished as he began: "I didn't want to be rough with you—to take advantage——"

"Of me?" Her look was not sarcastic; merely surprised. Virginia had no poignant sense of humor.

"It's been a struggle with me right along. I wanted to make love—like that—from the first night I saw you."

"Curious!" She was quite detached in her study of him. "I've often wanted you to kiss me."

He moved toward her again, but she motioned him away. "Lew, are you sure you're in love with me?"

"Sure!" His laugh was reckless. "I know this—if you turn me out now I'll go back to where I was before."

"You mean drink and do silly things?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

"You might call 'em silly."

"Men often behave like that," she reflected out of her experience. "I'm not sure it means much."

"I don't know why you ever took me under your wing, Virginia. But the damage is done now. You're the most beautiful thing I ever set eyes on. There's no reason, I suppose, why I should have a chance with you, only—"

"Do you know what I was doing when you came?" she asked, and when he shook his head, "I was writing you a letter telling you not to see me any more. I got to thinking about us. I felt there were things we couldn't understand, ever."

"Do you think so now?"

She disregarded this, but tears came to soften her eyes as she asked, "Lew, do you love me more than you loved—her?"

"Is that a fair question?"

"If you want to marry me—and I suppose you do—I think it's fair."

"You can't compare things like that."

"Love must have size, like anything else."

"I suppose so."

"Then tell me."

"It seems too far away."

It's very hard to tell. It was a boy and girl love and made us both unhappy. I was somebody else then, all wrong and crazy. I suppose I must have loved her." This last came like a groan.

She wanted to ask him if he ever saw his first wife any more. How would Virginia fare, matched against that unknown quantity?

Jealousy is the idiot child of fear, and fear is born of a secret and a whisper. The ghost of poor Jessie, a specter without form or feature, came and stood between them.

"I've never told you," said Virginia, throwing out a crum of truth as bait to confidence, "that there was somebody in my life, too. I'd never tell anybody but you—"

If she had hoped that this would shake him, she was disappointed. He looked relieved, nothing else. "Naturally, there would be some one," he said.

"Don't you want to know about him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be fair to ask. Whatever's happened—and I know it's all right—ought to be let lie."

He arose, a fine tall figure—just as she wanted him to be. "You do love me, don't you?" he suddenly, loving over her.

"Do you think I'd act this way if I didn't?"

She had given herself again to the spell of his kiss and was still under its intoxication when she heard him urging, "We won't spoil things by a lot of questions, will we, dear?"

"No, dear."

"That's a bargain between us. You'll promise?"

She gathered his head protectively in her arms, and because passion is nature's drug, provided to give us false courage against the crucifixion of life, she shrived him without knowledge of his sins.

"Lew, whatever happens, I know you've always been pure and good. She must have done you a terrible wrong, my darling!"

THE wedding took place in Virginia's apartment—her mother's by courtesy—and was, of course, as Lew put it technically termed "quiet." There were less than fifty guests and music was furnished by a violin and piano. Of these, one was Virginia remembered it afterward, was very good to her that day; there were far more and better presents than one usually receives when the bridegroom has neither family nor background. Lew, with the aid of Plumsie van Loreen, found a brother officer who did very well for best man; Bob Pennington's newspaper connections were useful in procuring the Tyler-Phillips wedding in a favorable light. Seumas Platt Philips deeded over a small Colonial house in Stockbridge as a gift to the bride.

"If we can keep the dashed Democrats out another term," said Terry Overbeck, after sniffing the bridal kiss, "shouldn't wonder if we could make a Secretary of State out of your man."

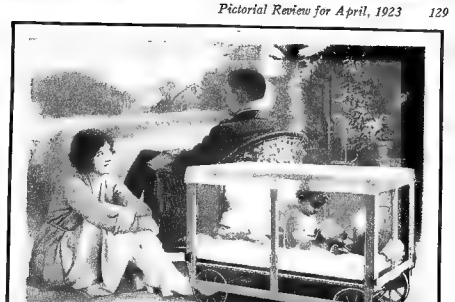
In the excitement of the hour Jimmy thought so too. Secretly she had planned a career, quite different from advertising, for her Lew who stood beside her that day, straight and handsome in his formal costume. She was proud of his good looks, his worldly air, and his gaiety. He seemed quite one with the circle into which he had married, and the road ahead looked smooth to Jinny, until Lew's partner, Mr. Mandelbush, made himself conspicuous again.

Mr. and Mrs. Mandelbush had been among the few guests on Lew's list. With his mortal dislike of cultivating up a noose around his well-developed paunch Mr. Mandelbush, freckled, hawk-nosed, woolly-haired, had been forced to accept champagne and drink to the bride. Virginia resented him, resented his wife, resented his air of ownership.

"That boy's got the world in a sling, I'll say," Buzzy crowed, coming toward her with a glass of champagne, dangerously tilted. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again—am I right, Lew?"

The newly created Mrs. Tyler attempted to ignore this tactful quotation. The feeling of Mandelbush's connection with Lew's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



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A play-place and sleep-slumber-chamber for baby with plenty of room to romp, play, kick, stretch, and grow in perfect freedom, happiness, and safety. The strong, smooth-running, rubber-tired wheels make it easy to roll the Carriole outdoors to porch or lawn, where baby can spend more of his time in the health-giving fresh air.

The canvas little tenant is protected all the time from flies, mosquitoes, and neighborhood animals by rust-proof, finely woven wire screening on all sides and by a snugly-fitting mosquito net over the top. In the early days of the baby's life the mattress and spring are raised to bassinet height, which is about as high as the seat of a chair. This saves the mother's strength, prevents stooping and lifting, and makes the care of the baby easier. When she creeping stage comes, mattress and spring are dropped to the lower rest. Baby cannot possibly fall out. Nor can he climb out until he is two years old. After that, The Baby Carriole will serve as a roomy, comfortable bed.

The Baby Carriole is a practical necessity, not a luxury. It saves time, because it makes unnecessary the purchase of basket, bassinet, and crib. It cares for the baby asleep and awake, and will serve as a crib, until he is old enough to sleep in a bed. The framework is light, thoroughly seasoned wood (enameled in white) which will not swell or warp. The mattress is luxuriously soft, thick, genuine silk floss. Spring and mattress can be raised to different heights. Outfit comes folded and is easily set up.

30 Days' Free Trial

CONVENIENT PAYMENTS

The Baby Carriole is far superior to a crib; healthier and more comfortable than the cramped, stuffy confines of a perambulator. It is a boon to the mother because while in the Carriole the baby does not require constant watching. We want The Baby Carriole to prove its worth right in your own home and will send you at our risk a Baby Carriole (complete outfit), transportation prepaid by us. Use it every day and every night for a month. Then, if you don't like it, or Baby doesn't like it, or if for any reason you wish to return it, do so at our expense. Your first payment will be refunded. If you decide to keep The Baby Carriole, you can pay in convenient installments. Only perfectly new and unused Carriole outfits are sold. All mattresses bear the manufacturer's guarantee tag and are packed in sanitary bag.

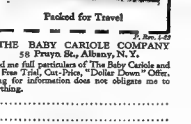
Wind Shield Attached

Write Today for Our Cut-Price "Dollar Down" Offer

We want you to read the letters from mothers who own Carioles and are glad they do. We want to tell you about the many ways the Carioles will be good for you and good for baby. We want you to know about our Convenient "Dollar Down" way of paying. Our circular gives full particulars. Send for it Today. Remember, a Mouth's Trial will not cost you a penny; you get all your money back, if you or baby don't like the Carriole. Write for terms on Canadian and Foreign orders.

FREE Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag

To those who respond promptly to this advertisement, we will send with the outfit, absolutely Free, a Combination Wind-Shield and Sunshade and Travel Bag. This article is made to fit over all, or any part of the Carriole, it shields the child from rain, sun-glare or drafts, and thus makes it possible for him to spend more time in the open. It also serves as a Travel-Bag—see illustration—and makes it an easy matter for the Carriole to go with Baby on some trips and vacations. Many Carioles have traveled around the world in this convenient way.



Packed for Travel

If you do not need the Baby Carriole now send for literature anyway

THE BABY CARIOLE CO.
58 Pruyn St., Albany, N. Y.

THE BABY CARIOLE COMPANY
58 Pruyn St., Albany, N.Y.

Send me full particulars of The Baby Carriole and your Free Trial, Cut-Price, "Dollar Down" Offer. Sending for information does not obligate me to buy anything.

Name.....

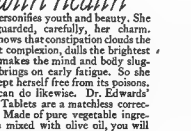
Address.....

DeafCanHear Says Science

New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is too much to expect you to believe this so they are going to give you a chance to try it at home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit—there is no obligation.

They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to The Dictograph Products Corporation, 1351 Candler Building, New York, for descriptive literature and complete details.



Her skin is radiant with health

She personifies youth and beauty. She has guarded, carefully, her charm. She knows that constipation clouds the fairest complexion, dulls the brightest eyes, makes the mind and body sluggish, brings on early fatigue. So she has kept herself free from its poisons. You can do likewise. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, you will know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel and form no harmful habit. Price 15 and 30 cents, at all druggists.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE *Tablets*

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How to Overcome Constipation in Children

Physicians tell how to combat this condition in children without laxatives

NATURE is a stern taskmaster. She asks for strict obedience to certain hygienic laws, chief among which is regular and thorough elimination of poisonous food waste. Upon the mother rests the reponsibility. Incomplete and irregular evacuations lead in time to chronic constipation, with its long train of major and minor ills.

Biliousness, coated tongue, loss of appetite all warn that poisons from the intestines are flooding the little body. It is a serious condition. Not only is nutrition and proper growth interrupted at such a time, but the child is a prey to serious diseases. The germs of many contagious diseases find favorable lodgment in a child weakened by constipation.

Laxatives start dangerous habit

Noted specialists point out that laxatives bring only temporary relief at the expense of permanent injury. They start a dangerous, often life-long, habit unless a more rational means is used in their stead. An authority on child care advises mothers that the so-called lubricating method is the proper one, as its tendency is to correct constipation permanently.

Lubrication

In perfect health, a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. As Nujol is not a laxative, it does not gripe, upset little stomachs nor interfere with school work or play. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and, like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take.

Doctors recommend Nujol for children of all ages. It is used in hospitals and by leading physicians the world over.

Test Nujol yourself. Your druggist sells it.

Mistol, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.

For Constipation

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories — Sealed and Insured Parcel Post Service Covers Our Responsibility on Nujol Packages While in Transit — *Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)*

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Nujol, Room 801-T 44 Beaver Street, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "As the Twig Is Bent". (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name_____ Address_____

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

past oppressed her, an instant later she permitted her attention to wander from the pleasant wedding conversation between her father and Gertie van Lacrens. Mandelbush had jogged Lew's elbow and was leading him across the room. As they walked away the backs of the two men were secretive, tantalizing. She gazed curiously after them.

Through a rift in the crowd she could see them pause at an angle in the hall. It was a quick drama of pantomime; Mandelbush had brought an envelop out of his pocket and smuggled it into Lew's hand. Then he had come sauntering back, ostentatiously care-free. Over a second glass of wine she could hear him entertaining Bob Pennington with views on the advertising business: "Wouldn't hurt you society folks to have a little publicity once in a while—scientific, I mean."

Lew was gone, perhaps, five minutes; to Virginia it seemed much longer. In that interval her mind was entirely concerned with the man who had been her husband less than half an hour: what had it all meant, that furtive note-passing in the hall? Urgent business, maybe, intruding on a wedding. Or Mandelbush might have been holding the clergyman's fee—unlikely, since that delicate office had been given to Mr. Cassell, Lew's best man.

Lew had been light-hearted, natural, gay when he left the room with Buzzy. When he came back he was still gay, but his gaiety was theatrical. There came to Jinny the feeling, common to brides, that she was going away to live in ridiculous intimacy with a man whom she hardly knew.

"What's the matter?" she whispered when he had regained her side.

"Matter?" He squeezed her fingers and chuckled—a high, excited sound.

"You look so—funny? Has anything happened?"

"I wouldn't say that." His look betrayed him.

"I thought maybe the letter—"

He regarded her with brimming, tender eyes and spoke very gently: "Just an old friend, remembering my wedding-day."

Virginia wondered why congratulations should bring something like tears into the eyes of her very new husband. He brought her a glass of champagne and they drank a private little toast, his first with any one for many years. "To just us," he whispered.

THEY spent a Winter honeymoon at Hot Springs. If questions were burning in her mind she found no opportunity to ask them; newly married couples are never more than half acquainted.

She was more in love with him every day, glorying in her ownership; there is no wife more devoted, if more exacting, than the teacher who marries her favorite pupil. People said that she had married Lew to reform him. Her intention, instead, was to remodel him. Her jealousy of the first wife was not unmixed with scorn. Sometimes she tried to picture the cheap standards of the vanished woman, the nasal voice, the over-used furs that had permitted a man to flutter at loose ends and waste his life at viciousness. Jessie—she had pried the name out of him—must have been a poor thing. Certain reflection Virginia would conclude that she could not have been all inferior, since Virginia's Lew was gifted with a fastidious sense of sex. This latter thought was no consolation to her.

In their last week at Hot Springs they drove a white horse between the shafts of a buckboard up to the summit of Flag Rock. Here on the boulder, where Washington once planted his flag for a free world to see, they sat at picnic lunch and looked for miles and miles over the long, soft links of the Blue Ridge.

"They aren't mountains," he said, "but they'll do."

"Lew, why don't you sing?" she asked, impressed by his tall figure on the square boulder-top.

He spread his arms wide, filling his lungs with fresh air. His attitude was operatic, but Virginia, sitting on a crevice away from the wind, never lost her feminine practicality. His generous gesture had pulled his coat open, showing inner pockets. From one of these bulged a wallet from which protruded a torn envelop.

"You do carry around more junk!" she chided.

"What's that?" He brought down his arms.

"How can you ever keep yourself tidy with that great wallet?"

He squinted down into his pocket and, a little nervously, tucked the clumsy wallet back in place. He seemed to have forgotten the song he would have flung into the mountain air

"Let's see it," she urged.

"This?" He patted his pocket carelessly.

"I thought you came away to be with me and forget all about up here."

"Oh, this stuff isn't business. Just odds and ends."

"That letter—"

He brought the wallet hastily out, turned it over in his hands, but did nothing further to satisfy her curiosity as to the letter.

"Nothing in that to interest you," he declared shortly. "Don't you think it's getting sort of chilly up here?"

He scrambled up and helped her to her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

Free Trial Bottle

Read Special Offer

Gray Hair—Stop It!

—Here is the way

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer isn't a new experimental preparation, for I invented it many years ago to restore my own prematurely gray hair. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, which restores the perfect original color to graying, bleached or discolored hair; perfect results assured. No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off, but soft, clean, fluffy, natural hair which renews your youth.

Now I have discovered a new method of application which hastens results and improves the health of the hair. Fully explained in my free trial outfit, containing trial bottle of restorer with full directions for making test on single lock. Mail coupon for free bottle today and let me prove how easily, quickly and surely your gray hair can be restored.

In the coupon be sure to state the color of your hair carefully. Enclose lock of your hair if possible.

Mary T. Goldman's

Hair Color Restorer

Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman, 55D Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is black.....dark brown.....medium brown..... auburn.....light brown..... light auburn (light red).....blonde.....

Name .....

Address .....

A WOMAN FLORIST

3 Hardy Roses 25c

On their own roots

ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER

Sent to any address postpaid;

guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition.

GEM ROSE COLLECTION

Madame Butterfly sprout and gold

Lapley—Crimson fragrant

Frank W. Dunlop—fine—pink.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

3 Carnations the "Perfect Flower", all colors 25c

3 Choice Pansy 25c

3 Chrysanthemums, 25c

4 Beautiful Coleus - 25c

3 Flowering Cannas, 25c

2 Choice Dahlias - - - - - 25c

2 Choice Hardy Iris - - - - 25c

5 Lovely Gladioli - - - - - 25c

5 Superb Fancy Plants - - - 25c

8 Pkts Flower Seeds, all different, 25c

Any 5 Collections for $1. Satisfactory sense of sex. This latter thought was no consolation to her.

tire 11 Collections for $2. Postpaid.

Come a customer, always one. Catalog Free.

MISS ELLA V. BAINES, Dept. 378, SPRINGFIELD, O.

Be a Nurse

Learn in spare time at home

Earn $30—$35 a week

Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Famous Home-study Method. Leading Chicago Hospitals endorsed by physicians. Established 25 years.

Earn while learning

If you are over 18 and under 55 years of age write for illustrated catalog and Special Limited Tuition Offer. Address Dept. 44

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, 25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Become Independent

Be a Dental Assistant

$25 to $50 a Week

Qualify in side time and unrushed fast. Learn by home study. Dignified, pleasant work. Easy terms. Course is short, thorough and practical. Outfit free. Established 1899. Big demand. Write quick for our plan. Tuition refund if not satisfactory. Write for catalog No. 44.

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REMNANTS 79c yd.

Beautiful assortment of serges, novelties and plaids; excellent values for Dress, Skirts, Coats, Suits, Trimmings, etc. Remnants full or short lengths. Send for free sample.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

Save one-third to one-half. Write today. Enclose remittance and we pay postage. WRITE FOR BIG ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

TEXTILE MILLS, DEPT 584, KANSAS CITY, MO.

FREE Dress Making Lessons

Any girl or woman, 15 or over, can easily learn DRESS DESIGNING and MAKING in 10 WEEKS, using Scraps moments. Designers earn $40 to $100 a Week

Send Coupon Today

Front St. Brothers Dept. 787 Rochester, N.Y.

Kindly send me free sample of Scraps and Dress Designing and Making Lessons.

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PYORRHOCIDE
POWDER
keeps the gums healthy

Soft Gums
Made hard and firm

IN ADDITION to promoting gum health, Pyorrhocide Powder thoroughly cleans and polishes the teeth. It removes the mucoid films which harden and form tartar. Tartar is the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The value of Pyorrhocide Powder as a remedial dentifrice is due in part to its medication with Dentinol, a germ-killing and tissue healing agent widely used by the dental profession in the treatment of pyorrhea. Pyorrhocide Powder tones up the gums, stimulates their blood circulation, helps to make them hard and firm.

See your dentist regularly — use Pyorrhocide Powder daily—and you can avoid loss of teeth from pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists and dental supply houses.

Buy a package today
The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.
Sole Distributors
1480 Broadway New York

Sold by Druggists Everywhere

No Corns
Just say
Blue-jay
to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

© B & B 1922

Do you perspire?

At Last! Freedom from offensive perspiration odor is given your general underwear

ABSCENT Contains a reducing astringent to heal odors

Remedies Excessive Perspiration Destroys Odor Harmlessly GUARANTEED!

Does Not Rot 50c—By Mail 60c

Madame Buist

Dept. 4-0th, 523 6th Ave., New York

At all good stores

Here's a Prescription
for Coughs

For quick relief try PISO'S — A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sure for young and old. Pleasant — no opiates — no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds

LEW TLYER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

feet. It was quite evident that he had nothing further to say about the letter. All the way home as they jogged along between rail fences, past shaggy Virginia farms, Lew held the reins silently, smoking, thinking his own thoughts; and those thoughts, Virginia felt instinctively, were not for her, but for the wife he had left somewhere in the past, the wife he had loved when he was young.

THEY occupied separate rooms at the hotel, the arrangement being Virginia's. She had lived too long in the indulgences of a single woman to endure the helter-skelter intimacies common to marriage. Exquisite in the care of her body, she came to Lew clothed in a certain reserve which added value to her moments of yielding. Lew, at first, was inclined to joke her about the complicated instruments which she carried with her, appliances of use in the profession of being beautiful. He compared them to a surgeon's kit or a dentist's outfit, and laughed at their variety until he found, by experimentation, that this style of humor awoke no responding echo.

One night she stole into his room at a time when she should have been asleep, for it was long past the hour of retiring. In the half-light she groped for him until she had passed an arm over the coverlids and around his wide shoulders.

"Huh? That you, darling?" He shrugged to his elbow. "What's matter, Jinny?"

She stroked his forehead and pressed her cheek to his before she found a way to begin: "You've got to tell me, Lew."

"Tell you—tell you what?"

He was still not quite awake, and a lock of his grizzled hair stood up comically as he arose to a sitting posture and clasped her waist.

"Maybe it's foolish, Lew. But do you think it's fair to me, never to say anything?"

A full moon, sifting in, showed the alertness of his gray eyes. He was no longer asleep. "Honey, what's worrying you? I didn't know——"

"Lew, why are you keeping that letter?"

"What letter?"

"The one Mr. Mandelbush brought you at the wedding."

"Oh." His tone was gruff and might have asked, "Am I to have no secrets?"

After a silence she went on: "Tell me—what was Jessie like?"

He yawned, then suddenly embraced her shoulders and crushed her against his breast. "I guess she was pretty much like any other woman, Jinny."

"I see." She pulled away from him. "Then they're all alike to you."

"Don't pick on a man when he's asleep. I didn't mean——"

"What did you mean?"

"If I thought all women were alike would I have stayed single seven or eight years before I found the right one?"

"If you really loved me you'd tell me things."

"Jinny! What did we promise the day we were engaged? A lot of fool talk doesn't help."

"It was unfair," she said; but gaining no response, volunteered, "I'm ready to tell anything about myself."

"You needn't."

"Because it's something you'll be afraid to hear?"

"Not that. But we ought to stick by our bargain."

She arose and pulled her thin wrapper about her shoulders.

"Don't be sore, Jinny!" he begged, swinging his feet to the floor and beseeching her with mooning eyes. "If there's nothing to tell, why should we get miserable talking about it?"

"Why should we?"

"It just spoils things."

"Lew—" It took all her courage to ask this question. "Do you ever see her any more?"

"No." His reply was gruff—too gruff, she thought.

She had moved toward the door when he sprang after her.

"Don't let's make a lot out of nothing," he pleaded.

"But is it nothing?"

"Jinny! Say it's all right."

"It's all right," she conceded grudgingly.

"Then kiss me."

"I can't." With that defiance she laid her mouth on his.

LATE in the Autumn of that same year Rita Kemball called at the Park Avenue apartment to find Virginia Tyler calmly sewing, as becomes a prospective mother. Despite the cluttered work-basket, the thimble, the dark-rimmed library glasses, and the strip of lawn across her knee, Virginia's bobbed hair, sports skirt, and woolen stockings were so at odds with her occupation that Rita laughed openly.

"Somehow I can't associate it with you," she explained.

"Am I as bad as that?" asked Virginia. Her brown eyes, which had grown softer, gazed up through big lenses.

"Jinny, you sweet child, I know you'll make a go of motherhood, just the way you've made a go of Lew."

"Have I?" she asked dreamily.

"You know you have. What's the use of pretending? Everybody who ever saw him before you married him—is talking about the change you've made in him."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

You, too, can retain your charm and health throughout the years

"HONESTLY, Mother, every time I come home and see you I make the same wish deep down in my heart—that I'll retain my health and charm through the years as you have done. Remember what Eleanor Palmer asked at my wedding, 'Which one of you is the bride?' It wasn't flattery, either. Tell me—what *is* your secret?"

"It isn't any secret, Dorothy. Well, yes, I suppose it must be in a way—otherwise there would not be so many women of middle age who are tired, listless, worried about their health.

"It's tragic to see them age so rapidly. And in most cases I believe it's so unnecessary. True, the cares of motherhood are wearing but mine have been as exacting as those of most women who have lost their charm and vigor.

"You know I have been careful about just a few things. Every day I rest and relax even if for only five minutes. I don't eat unwisely. I exercise regularly.

"Last, but by no means least, I have always been exceedingly careful about one thing to which many women do not pay proper attention—feminine cleanliness that is *antiseptically* clean."

The importance of feminine hygiene

WOMEN today understand hygienic laws better than they did yesterday. Intelligent observance of those laws is the surest recipe for growing old gracefully and happily. None of them is more important than feminine cleanliness—personal hygiene.

This requires more than "soap-and-water" cleanliness. It can be attained only by the same means that the doctor utilizes—the use of an antiseptic effective for personal hygiene.

"Lysol," originally prepared for use by the medical profession, is ideal for personal hygiene. In proper solution with water, it is not caustic and does not irritate. At all drug stores.

Use "Lysol" as an antiseptic solution
Teaspoonful to one quart water
For personal hygiene
When baby comes
For wounds
For the sickroom
For the bathroom

Use "Lysol" as a disinfecting solution
Two Teaspoonfuls to one quart water
For the kitchen
In the toilet
For sweeping
For floors, cellars, dark corners

Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY
Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., NEW YORK
Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul St., Toronto

COMPLETE *directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing* ½, *1 or 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol."*

Lysol
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Disinfectant

The ideal personal antiseptic

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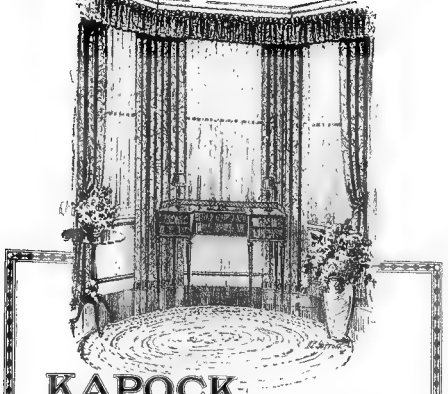

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GUARANTEED
Silky Sunfast Fabrics
for your draperies, furniture, walls.

Examine KAPOCK at the store. Its wide range of wondrous colors and artistic designs, its silky loveliness, its self-evident quality, will appeal to you at once. And remember—KAPOCK is sunfast, tubfast, durable and its double width permits of splitting. This means real economy.

Send 6c in stamps for window drapery "KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK" beautifully illustrated in colors.

A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO.
Dept. P Philadelphia

Be sure it's KAPOCK. Genuine has name on selvage. ⟹

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

"I suppose I have." She sighed and held up the strip of yarn. Rita, nevertheless, had restored her self-esteem.

"The way he seemed when I knew him in France—he's the sort who had never had his chance, somehow. Not that exactly. But a man whose convictions had been all untied and snarled."

Virginia remembered their first meeting when he had described the kitten playing with a ball of yarn.

"He used to drink a great deal," she said, without looking up from her sewing. "That was in his other——"

"His other incarnation," suggested Jinny, and smiled secretively down at her strip of lawn.

"He must have been very unhappy and lonesome."

"Rita," Virginia looked sharply up, "you saw quite a lot of him in France, didn't you?"

"Oh, a great deal toward the end of the War and after."

"Did he ever talk to you about——"

The question, unfinished, was quite plain to Rita Kemball, who knew her cousin.

"No, my dear," she said. "Lew isn't one of those men who carry their troubles about in their pockets."

AUTUMN twilight had settled down and the two women had been gossiping in semidarkness. Suddenly Virginia arose and switched on the lights, revealing the handsome living-room with its greenish panels, Chinese paintings, and softly tinted rugs. With the illumination she took on a new manner and resumed briskly:

"I'm outrageously ambitious for him. We shan't be in the advertising business forever. It isn't at all what he should be doing, but of course we must make money for a while. Between us we have about eighteen thousand a year—that isn't a great deal nowadays, and we have to economize."

Rita laughed. The idea of Jinny's economizing was funny enough in itself; what a remarkable marriage had wrought in her! It had softened her, eliminated some of the pedantry that had once threatened to obscure her charm.

"We're doing without a car," went on Jinny. "Lew knows more about saving than I do."

"But Jinny, dear!" insisted her cousin. "What's the matter with advertising? Lots of nice young men do it."

"Have you ever seen Mr. Mandelbush?"

"He wasat the wedding." Rita laughed, as people were apt to do at mention of Bunzy.

"He's forever dragging Lew into all sorts of undignified schemes. He couldn't possibly keep on that way."

"But what other business would you have Lew go in for?"

"I've planned that out, too," confessed Jinny, brightening. "Not a business—a profession."

"Finance?" Rita was guessing wild.

"No. The diplomatic service."

"Really?" There was a world of surprize in that question. "What does Lew think of that?"

"I haven't told him yet. I'm leading up to it gradually."

"It's quite expensive."

"I know," said Virginia serenely. "Well be advertisers a little longer. But some day——"

"Twenty minutes of seven!" exclaimed Rita, after a glance at her wrist. "And an early dinner with Lew's cousin. Let's lunch at Louis Sherry's to-morrow."

"Lew will be disappointed. He's so fond of you, and he hasn't seen you since that day at Southampton. You must dine with us next week."

THE latch turned just as Mrs. Kemball had put her hand on the door and Lew Tyler came in. He had changed even since Rita's shuddering glimpse of him at Southampton. Outwardly he was certainly improved, according to metropolitan standards. A well-cut soft hat which he removed betrayed its British origin. His overcoat was dull gray, fashionably tight, with a handkerchief in the breast he wore a greenish bandanna. His thinning hairs he had learned to part close to the center, and his upper lip showed a line of black.

"Hello, Rita!" he called out. "Well, I'll eat my hat—" Virginia looked at him. She had no objection to his doing, so long as it was the slang of her own quarter. But only tradespeople ate their hats.

"I was born lucky!" cried Rita. "To think of going away without seeing you!"

"No such thing," he told her heartily. "Why don't you turn right round and stay to dinner?"

"I simply can't." Rita read a look in his eyes. She was sure he had caught Virginia's glance and that the glance was disapproving. Undoubtedly she had him well in hand. For an instant Rita wondered if he had gone back to drinking; his healthy color reassured her in that regard.

"Rita's dining with us next week," said Virginia smoothly, then to her cousin. "You must hear some of Lew's new songs. He's studying with Carducci, you know."

"Carducci?"

"The vocal instructor. It's really wonderful what progress he's made."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

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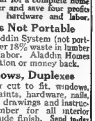

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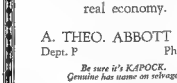

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

When Mrs. Kemball descended to Park Avenue she was thinking about Lew Tyler. He was growing smoothly into his new world, another woman was arranging his life for him—how far had she weaned him away from the first wife, who, even in the distractions of war, had seemed always to be lurking in his mind?

"WHERE do we go from here?"

This was Lew's usual formula when he came home from the office and settled down in the big chair under the reading-lamp. This afternoon he asked it directly after he had shown Mrs. Kemball to the elevator and returned to kiss his wife. In the embrace Virginia felt again the leathery square under his armpit. The contact, gadding an unsatisfied curiosity, assured her that he was still carrying the letter which he would never show.

"The Penningtons are taking us to 'Lilliom,'" she said, "and dinner's at half past seven."

"Phew!" Lew stretched his tired arms. "I was hoping we could just hang around. We've been out so much since we got back that I've scarcely got used to the apartment. And, say, Jin, it's a hummer."

He had thrown his arm across her shoulder. Again she could feel the wallet concealed in his coat.

"I never cared for the color of the walls in this room," she said thinking of Jessie—

"What's the matter with it?" He blinked.

"The man who painted it got too much yellow in the stipple. It ought to be bluer."

"Old finic!" He took her chin in his hand and she pulled away from him. "If you'd seen some of the flats I've lived in!"

"Where?" She was thinking of Jessie—flats he had lived in with Jessie.

"The Heights and all over the map." Suddenly his face darkened and he took them and he strolled away, hands in pockets. "Well, on to the next!" he called back and whistled as he went.

The Tylers occupied two bedrooms at the end of the long passage; hers was pink and blue, with roses painted on the enameled furniture; his was buff and mannish, set with heavy pieces of mahogany. As she sat at her dressing-table Virginia could see in her mirror a reflection of Lew's disorder, revealed through the open door. He had a way of distributing cyclonically, strewing shoes and underwear across the yellowish rug. In the bathroom beyond water roared on, and above its din his mellow voice rose pleasantly.

Moonlight on love's domain
All the world over—
Why should a lover
Sigh out his heart in vain?
Still as the misty plain
Beauty's asleep—
Dear, shall we kiss again
From out night's deep?
From out night's deep?

The song never failed to move her. It was her song. He had told her so.

Her glance in the mirror brought her mind back to earth's unworthiness. Hanging limply over a chair, she could see Lew's coat, its inner pocket exposed to view. Our yieldings to temptation, like all our yieldings, are immediate, without thought. Before she fully realized what she was doing Virginia had gone into Lew's room, taken the wallet from his coat, unsnapped the rubber band, and examined its contents. She had no trouble in finding the letter; it was the only one there.

Ordinarily Lew's vocalizing during his dressing hour pleased Virginia, gave her a feeling of cheerful companionship, a man in the house. To-night his song irritated her, disturbed her with a sense of guilt. "Moonlight on love's domain." The line jarred on her nerves. On her table, among frivolous silver instruments, the letter lay face up; it was on flimsy linen paper, such as drug-stores sell, and across it, firmly addressed with a stub pen, "Lewis Carr Tyler, Esq., care Publicity Educational Institute—Urgent."

She had made no move, so far, to read its contents, but went on brushing her hair, resolved to slip the letter back into Lew's wallet, to be unconscious and ignore the secrets he had no wish to reveal. Then from the other room the wooing voice lingered on the refrain. "Dear, shall we kiss again." Very quietly she pulled the letter from its envelop, unfolded it in her lap, and read:

Lew:

You're to be married to-day, and I can't help writing you just a line to say that I'm glad. I don't want you to be unhappy all your life because of me or of anything that's happened. I know you need somebody to be close to help, and I hear she's nice. I want you to be very happy and to make her happy. You can do that, I know.

JESSIE.

The paper fluttered away, and Virginia sat quite still, her hands folded as she stared at her own face in the mirror. A little later when Lew came in, jerking the ends of his black satin tie, she had made no further progress toward dressing.

THE Tylers were nearly a half-hour late to the Penningtons' dinner; not extraordinary in a city where nobody is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

expected to arrive on time. But Bob Pennington had a dad habit of punctuality, and the situation required any number of amiable excuses on Virginia's part. She told them many things, but what had really happened was this:

When Lew had come into her bedroom, dressed for dinner, he needed no sharper accusal than the sight of Jessie's letter, lying open on the rug.

"I took it out of your coat," she said, turning on her bench to face him. "I shouldn't have done it. I'm sorry."

He leaned down and picked up both letter and envelop before he spoke. "If I'd known you wanted to see it that bad I'd have shown it to you."

"Why should she be writing to you?"

"I don't know any more than what the letter says. She was glad to know I was going to be happy."

"Oh, I see." She studied him coldly, remembering the changed look that had come over his face at the wedding. Then jealousy plagued her again, and she asked, "Is that any reason why you should carry it around with you?"

"I don't know that I can explain it to you."

"Why not?"

"Well, it was so like Jessie." He always said the name stiffly on the few occasions when he spoke it.

"I can't bear this, Lew," she cried, her voice rising. "I want to be everything I can to you—but she mustn't, she mustn't interfere!"

"Darling!" He came over and laid his hand on her arm. "How can this be interfering? Isn't it better to have her good wishes than——"

"Writing to you! I can't have her writing to you!"

"But she doesn't. I hadn't the remotest idea—it's the first word I've heard from her since she left me."

"And you're carrying it around with you. It must mean a great deal, Lew."

He stood tearing the letter into small bits and he had showered its fragments into her wicker basket before he spoke again.

"It does mean a great deal. It means that Jessie can stand anything without getting sore or small. She's the sweetest woman I've ever known."

His voice fluttered away into apologies and entreaties, for Jinny had thrown herself down on the bed and was sobbing like a child.

THAT moment when Lew had spoken of Jessie's sweetness had been revealing to Virginia; it was as if it had raised, momentarily, the curtain which he had held so jealously between their two lives. Then the folds had dropped again and the Tylers resumed their usual relations. Reflection brought ease to Jinny's mind and more sympathy for Lew. That Jessie had been able to forgive him and wish him well reflected nothing to her credit, in Jinny's eyes, but it cleared her Lew of any blame for that first disaster.

When she had come to this latest decision she was doubly anxious to be of service to her husband. She wanted to have a larger share in his work; or so she told herself. If it was his wish to continue in the Educational Institute she would do her best to resign herself to it. He had shown but a faint interest in diplomacy as a career, and she wanted above all things to make him happy. Jessie, she felt, had given him his way.

One morning at breakfast Lew looked up from his newspaper to see Jinny in an orchid-colored negligée, coming into the dining-room. She habitually breakfasted in bed.

"I'm nearly dead," she complained, "but I can't break my engagement again with Orley's. That girl Susan is getting so spoiled that she has to be dated weeks ahead like a dentist."

"Glad of it," declared Lew. "It gives me an excuse to lunch alone."

"Thank you, dear; I was going to propose it myself."

"Shall I take you down?"

"Oh, you couldn't wait for me." She tried to appear careless with the suggestion, "Why don't I come to your office?"

"That's a bully idea," he objected, laying aside his paper; "clear over on the West Side."

"Orley's is almost at Broadway."

Without comment he accepted his second cup.

"Lew," she insisted, "do you realize how little we see each other? You're so busy that it's almost dressing-time before you're home, and we're scarcely ever in before twelve. You don't mind my coming in on you sometimes, do you, just for a while?"

"Certainly not!" he replied, stressing his words. "I don't think, tho, that you'd find much to interest you."

"I'm interested in everything you do."

"After what you said the other night?"

"I'll never mention the diplomatic service again, if you feel that way about it."

"I'm not sure how I feel. Mighty glad you want to see the works, tho. Come over from the hair-dresser's—Buzz and I'll call out the guard for you."

They had been married several months, yet this was the first time her husband had offered to show her his place of business.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

A Beautiful Complexion Of Satin-Like Texture

The incomparable beauty of thousands of women that smooth, satin-like skin texture so much admired —is the result of *Nadinola Cream*, which has proved itself for a quarter of a century, the standard bleaching and beautifying cream.

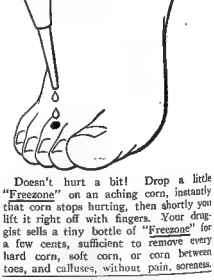
Scientists long ago discovered and combined in *Nadinola Cream*, elements which bleach the skin and remove tan, freckles, pimples and other discolorations. Of its own peculiar virtues, it rids the skin of impurities and leaves it smooth and beautiful.

The 50c. package will remove most cases, the $1.00 size more stubborn cases. Directions and guarantee in each package, at your toilet counter.

National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn. Dept. R.

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

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Danger Lurks in the Hidden Trap

The hidden toilet trap, if unclean, is unhealthful. No brush can reach it. Sani-Flush does!

Sani-Flush cleans the trap! Purifies it. Destroys all foul odors.

Sani-Flush cleans the bowl. Sprinkle in a little Sani-Flush. Follow directions on the can. Flush! All stains, discolorations, incrustations disappear. The bowl shines. No scrubbing—no scouring—no harm to plumbing connections. Sani-Flush is alone in the work it does.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot get it at your regular store, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full-sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Foreign Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada
33 Farringdon Road, London, E. C. 1, England
China House, Sydney, Australia

Sani-Flush
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

Jinny was delighted. By the time she was dressed for the street she had wrought upon her mind to such an extent that she was willing to see herself as the wife of a dignified and useful publicist. Publicist. She liked the word. Propaganda, she recalled, was but the outgrowth of American advertising methods; and propaganda had accomplished much during the War. Men of good family, upon leaving college, were entering advertising departments in newspapers and magazines.

She took a street-car down-town, a mode of travel she seldom endured. The long line of advertising cards, set cunningly on a level with the human eye when pictured to avoid other human eyes, stared down at her with an interest that was intensely personal. One or two of these cards were esthetically pleasing, were drawn by skilled fingers and harmoniously colored. Virginia approved of this class, and hoped they came from Lew's shop. Others, less pleasing, comprised vividly printed statements, proclaiming honest merit. She was able to read into their ugliness a certain utilitarian value. Yet others were inexcusable. One hung over her like an evil omen:

SWEETHEARTS SINCE EVE
No. 2—Abelard and Heloise
They met within a cloister dim—
He loved her and she loved him.
The cause of all their joyful thrills
Was Angelbloom Complexion Pills.

This placard was adorned with an illustrator's version of the holiest of forbidden loves. The historic sinners were embracing over an enormous, photographically accurate box of Angelbloom Complexion Pills. She studied the atrocity all the way down-town.

ON THE fifteenth floor of a high commercial tower in the mid-Forties she came to a glass door with the red-and-gold sign "Publicity Educational Institute" in illuminated Gothic lettering of gold, red, and blue; right below, in smaller letters of the same style, the word "Atelier."

The ecclesiastical lighting, Gothic woodwork, and rich, solemn tone of the interior into which these signs invited her gave Jinny a suspicion that she had taken the wrong turn and stumbled into somebody's private chapel. Such of the ceiling as was not squared with carven beams had been gilded; the doors were trimmed heavily with weathered oak of ornate design. It needed only a pipe-organ's note to complete the illusion. On second glance it was somewhat paganized by a huge gilded bust of Socrates on a gilded bracket over the main door, above the black-lettered invitation:

KNOW THYSELF
If Not
WE'LL INTRODUCE YOU

For a time Virginia stood alone, impressed; then out of the shadows a young woman, chewing gum, was visible at a Flemish desk; she spoke in the contemptuous tone by which the modern office girl awes the casual visitor, "Somebody you want?" and when Virginia had identified herself she was led into a larger room. Down a long lane of clicking stenographers. It was more businesslike here; the only nurturing feature, in her eyes, was a glaring poster, spread across the wall, representing a National League hero with a bitten square of tobacco in his hand and the legend, "Batted Up for Lily White Plug."

She found Buzzy and Lew together in the vice-presidential corner office. Lew's debunk was standing over his partner, gesticulating and lecturing so earnestly that the visitor was not noticed.

"I say to him, 'Good morning, Mr. Slattery. I'm not here to sell you anything —you know that—but my thought is this: I know you're a big man, pretty busy, but I'll match my time against yours.' I knew I'd sold him right there, and pretty soon he says, 'You take it up with your people and I'll take it up with my people and we'll get together again and go over a few points.' 'All right,' says I; 'I really think we got somewhere to-day, don't you?'"

Lew was the first to realize that Virginia was standing in the doorway.

"Why, Jinny!" cried her husband, as if he had never seen her before. "You *did* come down! Of course you know Mr. Mandelbush."

"Pleased to meet you again," gurgled Buzzy, bent almost double in salaams. "Haven't seen you since the wedding. Some wedding—oh, my head!" He clasped his forehead, memorial of that occasion when he had lingered to finish the Philips champagne.

"I've invited myself down," she explained sweetly.

"That's right," agreed the enthusiastic Buzzy. "Get in and see how the old man's running the boat. Nixie—that's what I call the wife, Mrs. Tyler—she's always snooping round, and she hands me some of the best ideas we got. That's my slogan—Let the Wife Furnish the Ideas. Lew ought to have fetched you here before." With a wink at Lew.

"We've only been back in town a little while," she explained. "Lew's always wanted me to come—haven't you, Lew?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

Let Me Tell You About the Remarkable Discovery Which Removed My Superfluous Hair at Once—then Forever

To look at my face today—to see my skin as free from hair as a baby's and as clear and rosy looking as that of a young girl—you would not believe that I was once literally a "bearded woman" with hair on cheeks, chin and lips, and with a skin coarse and blemished.

A Woman's Experience

The transformation has been marvelous—all through a truly wonderful discovery of Science which immediately banished every vestige of the hair and gave me this perfect complexion. This after I had suffered my embarrassing hair growths for years and tried numerous ways to relieve the condition, even tried the painful electric needle.

Now I want every woman who suffers from unsightly, embarrassing hair growths to know about this discovery which removes the hair at once and with a few applications removes it forever. I want to tell women how they can use this method in the privacy of their homes, and prove, without risking a penny, that it is all I claim for it.

I say that this discovery will remove superfluous hair *permanently*, and that it is the *only* method that I know of which will do this.

The discovery which Science brought to me is unlike anything else you have ever tried. It is not a powder, not a paste, not a wax, not a liquid, not a razor, not electrolysis. It causes no pain—no burning, no itching, no scarring. It not only removes the hair—It gives the skin a new beauty—makes it soft, clear, rosy, free from pimples, roughness and other blemishes. It does not have to be applied by a beauty specialist. You use it yourself. It's the simplest, easiest way you can imagine.

My Free Book Tells the Secret—Send for It

I have written a book which tells how I came to discover this amazing method and how any woman can get rid of superfluous hair, and know that it is permanently gone. Don't send a penny—don't make any promise. Just write to me. The book is *free*. A postcard brings it. Address Annette Lanzette, care Hygienic Laboratories, Dept. 20, 204 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

PARK AVENUE HOTEL

4th Avenue from 32nd to 33d Streets
NEW YORK
Subway entrance at door

One of the best known hotels in the metropolis. Convenient to shopping, theatres and in the heart of the wholesale district.

Rooms from $2.25 per day upwards

POPULAR PRICE CAFETERIA AND REGULAR RESTAURANT
GEORGE C. BROWN

GROW CONARD ROSES

Anyone can succeed with Conard Star Roses—guaranteed to bloom or your money back. Varieties for every climate, every purpose, all with the durable Star Tag to label each rose in your garden. Simple directions with every order. Free Illustrated Catalog.

CONARD & JONES Co. West Grove, Pa.
Box W

Guaranteed to Bloom

Spray

That is the only way you can grow perfect flowers and vegetables. The "old reliable" specific for Aphides, (plant lice) and similar insects is to spray with "Black Leaf 40." For only 15 cents your dealer will sell you a bottle making 4 gallons of effective spray. Get it now.

TOBACCO BY-PRODUCTS & CHEMICAL CORP., Incorporated
LOUISVILLE, KY.

"Black Leaf 40" 40% NICOTINE — Kills Aphis

SAVE MONEY

New 1923 Edition Ready

Bargains in everything for Men & Women
SPORTING GOODS
FIREARMS, SHOES
KNIT GOODS
CLOTHING

Send today for our new, big 1923 catalog which is crowded with bargains from cover to cover. Make a dollar do the duty of two. Our prices indicate true economy. It's free.

PARAMOUNT TRADING CO.
DEPT. 471
34-WEST 28TH ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

FREE BARGAIN CATALOG

FREE SECRET GIFT

To ALL who send for this 1923 Catalog we will also send a FREE Secret Gift. Something every woman will love for beauty and sentimental interest.

Get This Glorious Big

GLADIOLI 50c Bulb Collection, only

Every garden should have a bed or border of gladioli. Their flaming spears bloom for weeks and make lovely cut flowers for the table. Here is our big Cliffwood Farms collection, Bright grown on our famous estate near La Crosse. All the loveliest varieties. All Salzer seeds and bulbs are hardiest because Northern grown. You could not duplicate this collection elsewhere for $2.

Mailed postpaid to your address for 50 cents. And with it we send our mysterious SECRET GIFT.

1923 Catalog FREE

Ask for our FREE 1923 Catalog. Everything for the garden and field. Seeds, bulbs, roots, plants, trees. Mailed FREE on request. World for it.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.
2225 S. 7th St., La Crosse, Wis.

SOW SALZER'S SEEDS

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.
100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, only $3.50. 50 in block lettering, including two sets of envelopes, only $1.00.
P. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1044 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

for Your Child

Thousands of parents have found that Analax—the Fruity Laxative—is a remedy which can always be depended upon.

Analax is a scientific combination of the purest ingredients, flavored with fruit juices and sugar—with an appetizing taste of fresh, ripe raspberries. Children like to take it.

FREE: Write for booklet and Analax samples. Mckesson & Robbins, Inc., 91 Fulton St., New York City

Nothing Acts like ANALAX

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$100 Brings 9FT x 12FT Congoleum Rug and 3 Small Rugs to Match

All Four only **$15.95**

Less than the Price of One

The price of the famous Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug is just as well known, absolutely as *standard*, as sugar, salt or flour *used to be*.

Go anywhere, look everywhere, in stores, catalogs, magazines and newspapers—and once more refresh your memory of the actual universal standard price of a full, size Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug.

Here we bring you not one rug alone, but four—and all four for less than the regular price of *one*. A full room size, 9 foot x 12 foot, Congoleum Rug and three small companion Congoleum Rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches.

Just Pin a Dollar to Coupon Below

And that's not all! No matter who you are, or where you live—regardless of your circumstances—we'll send all four rugs immediately, without waiting, red tape or bother, for just a dollar pinned to coupon.

30 Days Free Trial

We'll send all four rugs on trial for 30 days. We want you and urge you to put them down on the floor and use them for a whole month—free of expense and without promise or obligation of any kind.

We guarantee that if you would rather return the rugs after making this kind of a trial, just say so and send them back. We will refund to you every penny of transportation charges, both going and coming. We'll refund your dollar and we'll make this complete refund in cash without asking you for any sort of an explanation.

Pay Little by Little
Take a Full Year

Still there's another advantage—in spite of the lowest price in existence—in spite of giving three small rugs to match absolutely free.

One dollar with the coupon brings all four rugs immediately. And we'll wait a year for the balance of the money. If you keep your rugs after making a 30 day's trial, you can pay little by little, almost as you please, taking a full year. That's the way we sell everything.

We Want to Place a Congoleum Rug in Every American Home

Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs are rapidly becoming the national floor covering—universally used in the kitchen, bathroom and dining room in good homes.

They lay flat from the very first moment without fastening. *They never curl* or kick up at edges or corners. No need to tack them down. Dirt cannot accumulate underneath.

Lasuwork. Congoleum floors mean less worry and no back breaking drudgery. Dirt, ashes, grit, dust or mud cannot "grind into" Congoleum Rugs. Because the surface is hard and does not absorb. A damp rag keeps a Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug clean and doesn't hurt it.

Waterproof. These rugs are guaranteed waterproof. There is no bering in Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs for water to rot. The surface is hard and smooth and wear-resisting.

The Most Famous of All Congoleum Patterns

This stunning pattern is a superb tile design that looks exactly like the finest mosaic tile that you have ever seen, in lovely robins' egg blue and stone gray coloring. Such a rug in your kitchen will change the appearance of the whole room. In the dining room it gives an effect impossibly beautiful to describe. For a bedroom it is the most appropriate pattern imaginable. For the bathroom it is absolutely ideal.

This Offer Ends in 30 Days
Send Your Dollar NOW

There never has been a bargain in any kind of merchandise to equal this offer. We make you, Prove this to your own satisfaction or just drop up the price of Congoleum Rugs anywhere. But we cannot hold this offer open long. We make it for quick action to prove to you our ability to sell you similar bargains in all kinds of home furnishings from cellar to garret, on the same wonderful terms.

Clip the Coupon and pin a Dollar to it.

No. D4C408 9 ft. x 12 ft. Genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug and three companion rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches, exactly as described in this advertisement. **$15.95**

Mosaic Tile Pattern in Robins' Egg Blue and Stone Grey. All four rugs on 30 Days Trial.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
1600 Thirty-Fifth Street, Chicago, Ill.

Spiegel, May, Stern Company, 1600 Thirty-Fifth Street, Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find $1.00, for which send me on 30 day's Free Trial your special offer of one 9 foot by 12 foot genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug and three companion rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches, exactly as described in this advertisement.

If I keep the rugs, I will pay you $1.25 monthly. I have 30 days to make up my mind. If I decide to return the rugs within 30 days, you are to refund my dollar deposit and all carrying charges, both ways. The price of all four rugs is $15.95, which is guaranteed to be less than the regular price of the 9x12 foot rug alone.

Name _____ *Street, R. F. D. or Box No.* _____

Post Office _____ *Shipping Point* _____ State _____

Also, send me your Free Book of Ten Thousand other furniture Bargains

FREE

Mail Postcard for Book of 10,000 Bargains

This Congoleum Rug bargain is just a sample of the ten thousand other bargains in our great big furniture book. A postcard will bring it to you free for the asking. It shows *everything* for the home. It is probably the largest book of the kind published. A great many things are shown in their actual colors. You may furnish your home from it completely and at saving prices, on long credit, from cellar to garret.

Always a Year to Pay

When we mail you our free bargain book, we open your credit account in advance. You never need to ask for credit. It's the way we sell everything. And we always loan articles free for a whole month before you need to decide.

A Few Departments

Wood Beds	Clocks	Curtains
Furniture	Steel Beds	Sewing
Linens	Floor	Machines
Cooking	Coverings	Brass Beds
Utensils	Silverware	Dishes
Musical In-	Lamps	Bedding
struments		and Pillows

Rugs and carpets in all weaves and patterns and colors. All sorts of odds and ends like refrigers, ranges, drapes, tools, fixtures, trunks and bags. And great big departments of diamonds, watches and jewelry.

Ask for it now. A plain letter or postcard will do.

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 3270 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

"Mizpah" Baby Nipples

Do not collapse—Prevent mouth colic Sample Free to Mothers and Doctors

Valve (A) prevents vacuum. Inside rbe (B) prevents collapsing when child bites nipple. Rim is inside so nipple cannot be pulled off bottle. Guard your baby's health. Send no money! We send you a sample nipple free, postpaid on request. Write now to

MIZPAH MFG. CO., Dept. J
Philadelphia, Pa.

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

"I certainly have," he complied, and pushed out a chair to guarantee his good faith.

"No, thanks," said Jinny. "It's almost lunch-time, and I'm very much interested in the Institute."

"That's the talk!" shouted Buzzy. "See the worst."

"Buzzy's the thinking-machine here," explained Lew, rather sardonically. "If there's anything you want to know, ask Buzz. If he can't tell it, it can't be told."

"Say, what a grand slogan!" exclaimed Lew's partner. "If we can't tell it, it can't be told! Lew's always letting good stuff like that get by, Mrs. Tyler. Step into my parlor. I'll drop you the secret of ad success from Alpha to Omega."

AGAINST her protest that she was interfering and Buzzy's that he liked to keep customers waiting, Jinny's own respect for the Institute—she allowed herself to be conducted into the more pretentious room which adjoined her husband's. The furniture was of the Jacobean which we associate with department store windows; there were no pictures on the walls save a hugely enlarged photograph of the St. Gaudens "Lincoln."

"How you like our waiting room?" was Buzzy's first question. "Does it sell you?"

"Impressive," said the visitor. "Of course it's a little like——"

"A church? There's where the joker came in. We sublet these offices from a religious trust publishing company—church fixtures everywhere. Lew was for redecorating, but Nixie got the idea—carry out the religious motif—play it up a little more for effect. When you come in, what do you feel? Reverence—see?" He paused. "Like this room?"

"It's charming."

"The idea exactly. Homelike. When you come to us on contract, don't want you to feel like you was in a lawyer's office signing your will. Imagination. Psychology. Everything comes here, feels at home—next you know his mind's a clean slate—write what we please on it, see? Interested in car cards?"

"I am now," she admitted. "They can be made beautiful, can't they? On the car I noticed one advertising perfume——"

"Push 'em, that's all. Just perfume ad ain't worth the ink on it. No human interest. Heart interest—that's what brings home the bacon. For instance, Mrs. Tyler——"

Mr. Mandelbush had reached under his desk, probably for a button; a young woman entered, and her employer gave a command which sounded like, "Bring in Series D."

"The whole idea of the Institute," he explained, "is to find out what the public don't want and make 'em think they do. Get that? Slogans do the trick, and imagination, and psychology. Take Bee Wee Pigmies, for instance—that digestive tonic. Nothing but epsom salts and advertising. It used to be a patent medicine rule, you know, to devote a third to cost of material, a third to manufacture, a third to advertising. Last week I persuaded the Bee Wee people to spend less on material and more on advertising—eight and a half per cent. more. Their new campaign will be a beat!"

"Isn't there money to be made in—er—conservative——"

"Conservative advertising, you mean? Sure! Millions. But those highbrow places where they try to act like the executive offices of the Grand Central Railroad make me tired. I'd go crazy in a week. No imagination—no psychology."

At that instant the young person came in with a sheaf of large cards and laid them mysteriously, face down, on Mr. Mandelbush's desk.

"Here's about the best bet we've got," explained Buzzy, and turned over the top card to expose the undeniable head-line:

SWEETHEARTS SINCE EVE

"Oh," said Virginia faintly. "I think I saw one—I didn't know they were yours."

"Lew don't tell you much, does he?" laughed Buzzy. "I'd be proud like Mary Garden if I'd thought of this series. Lew's idea from start to finish."

She sat coolly examining the cards as Mandelbush turned them over, from Number One to Number Eleven, consecutively, beginning with a brilliantly illustrated version of Samson and Delilah progressing down the ages; Henry VIII. coupled with Mrs. Gwynne, Napoleon with Josephine, Edgar Allan Poe clinging fondly to his lost Lenore. In every group a photographically realistic box of Angelsbloom Complexion Pills occupied the foreground.

"The series calls for twelve," explained Mr. Mandelbush. "But we're holding up the last one—" His eyes sparkled, his voice was lowered: "It's Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks. We're waiting for their consent."

"Then you do have your ethical moments," she decided.

"Ethics is us. Ethics and psychology. Now what d'you think of this? We've got a line on a new brand of low-grade cigarettes. These people want a new idea—idea that'll sell. Now just look out of the window, Mrs. Tyler. What do you see?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

Which is the Mother?

It is good health which keeps womanly beauty fresh. Cosmetics can only hide the traces of the years in a once pretty face.

Mothers who are still young at the age of forty can teach their daughters the value of a good aperient in keeping the blush of youth in their cheeks.

NR Tablets (a vegetable aperient) **act pleasantly and naturally to clear the skin of blemishes and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.**

All Druggists Sell The Dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets

Used for over 30 years

Nature's Remedy

NR JUNIORS

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS for little NRs

One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. X. St. Louis, Mo.

He first notices your complexion!
Enhance your natural attractiveness
More than a million women use
Carmen Powder
because it blends exquisitely with the complexion, giving the skin a wonderful softness, transparency and velvety texture without a trace of artificiality. It does not rub nor blow off.
White, Flesh, Pink, Cameo Brunette, 50c

CARMEN COMPACTS
A cake of Carmen in a pretty metal box with Mirror and Powder Puff. Choice of White, Flesh, Brunette and the new *L'Amour*. 50¢
At dealer's or by mail prepaid
Stafford-Miller Company, St. Louis, Mo.

BUNIONS
PETODYNE "Solvent." Now way. Pain stops instantly. Reduces Bunion. Corrects cause. Prevents recurrence. Guaranteed.
SENT ON TRIAL
To introduce we will gladly arrange to send you a Box of "Solvent" on trial. Write today. Don't suffer. Don't wear tight shoes. Don't spend money for cures that don't cure. Write us today. Don't suffer. I want to try PETODYNE on you.
KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. A241
186 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois

FREE TRIAL TILL JUNE
$2.95
AT FACTORY PRICE
Wing Pianos and Players shipped direct to you on free trial till June 1st, 1923. Save $2 to $3 per cent. All your payments may be made monthly. Write at once for new book showing Styles. Easy terms arranged if desired.
One of over 35 styles
WING & SON, Dept. 1868, Wing Bldg., 9th Ave. & 13th St. N. Y.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every Deaf Person Knows That
I make myself deaf, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address
Medicated Ear Drum Co. Inc.
Pat. No. 1,434,448
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
10 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

10c

The Shrinking CHORE BOY
The Scientific Cleaner. Copper Clad Because Indestructible. Cleans Pots, Pans, Bath-tubs, etc., as nothing else. Sanitary, Inexpensive and popular. Only 10c. Get clean-up day. Ask your dealer's or send 10c coin to CHORE BOY CO., OF AMERICA
Dept. 1 Newark, N. J.
10c

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

Half hypnotized by the man's convincing mind, she went to the window and gazed down theatrical Broadway's sorry cañon. It was beginning to rain.

"Automobiles——"

"That's it! Four million New-Yorkers are living in the air—everybody rubbers out of the window. What do they see? Tops of automobiles. This idea isn't mine, Mrs. Tyler—I swiped it out of a story I once read. Any how, we're dickering now with all the taxi companies for ad space on top of every taxi in New York. 'Skyrocket Cigarets—All Over Town.' Get that?"

"Seriously?" asked Virginia, shocked beyond criticism.

"We do every thing seriously," he replied with unexpected dignity. "It's big business we're after, Mrs. Tyler, and if we don't weaken we'll turn over a million next year."

BUT Virginia's mind was wandering momentarily from the amazing ambitions of the Educational Institute. She was thinking of Lew's past and of the wife who had had her share in his vulgarizing. This man Mandelbush must have seen a great deal of Jessie. She was opening her mouth for an introductory question when Lew, unnaturally cheerful, walked in.

"How about lunch?" he asked, his eyes roving away from "Sweethearts Since Eve"; a murderer hates to stare at his victim.

"A quarter past one!" cried Virginia. "You've been ever so kind, Mr. Mandelbush."

"Not at all. Not at all. I wish you'd hang around a little more. I bet you'd be a gold-mine, the way Nixie is, if you once got started in the ad business."

"I'm afraid you flatter me," was her modest evasion.

WERE taxicabmen interested in anything so mild as mere family arguments the man who drove the Tylers to their restaurant might have enjoyed the following dialog:

"Lew, can't people be told about candy and shoes and patent medicine in some dignified way?"

"They often are. Most advertisements are dignified."

"Are Mr. Mandelbush's, do you think?"

"No."

"Isn't there any way of toning him down?"

"I think not. When you tone down a circus it gets to be something else."

"But Lew, dear. Why not go into some more conservative firm?"

"I've spent several years learning this particular kind of business. Everything I own's invested in it. It would take several years to get started in the other sort."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

Prices of Patterns

Including Cutting and Construction Guides

These patterns can be had at any Pictorial Review agency, or they will be delivered postage free if you write to the Company at any of the addresses mentioned below.

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9385	30	1/6
9476	35	1/6
9584	30	1/6
9822	35	1/6
9890	35	1/6
9897	35	1/6
9904	30	1/6
9953	30	1/6
9975	30	1/6
9980	30	1/6
9989	35	1/6
1013	35	1/6
1017	35	1/6
1023	35	1/6
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1101	35	1/6
1119	30	1/6
1121	30	1/6
1128	35	1/6
1135	30	1/6
1136	35	1/6
1171	30	1/6
1180	30	1/6
1194	30	1/6
1240	30	1/6
1255	30	1/6
1257	30	1/6
1264	30	1/6
1266	35	1/6
1300	30	1/6
1339	35	1/6
1380	35	1/6
1394	30	1/6
1400	30	1/6
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1447	30	1/6
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1517	30	1/6
1522	30	1/6
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1535	35	1/6
1536	35	1/6
1538	35	1/6
1541	30	1/6
1542	35	1/6
1549	30	1/6
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11907	25	1/3
12175	20	1/–
12236	25	1/3
12254	30	1/6
12269	30	1/6
12671	30	1/6
12672	25	1/3
12718	30	1/6
12734	25	1/3
12757	40	2/–
12758	60	3/–
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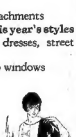

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

"Why don't you have Mr. Mandelbush buy you out?" Brightly.

"He wouldn't. If I left him he might fail."

"But, sweetheart—" she regretted this endearment, remembering "Sweethearts Since Eve"—"Lew, if you're so important to him you can use your influence." She slipped her hand in his.

"How?" Still Lew did not meet her eyes.

"To make the business more—legitimate."

"You know what I said about the circus."

"I know. Lew, you can't have your name associated with this dreadful, dreadful thing."

"I'll see what can be done, honey."

With some such promise he helped her out at the Avignon's Park Avenue doorway.

DURING the Winter months the Tylers led a gay life. If Virginia had affected a maiden austerity before her marriage, she came out in full colors, once she had a husband to lead from place to place. She never forgot the importance of presenting him in the best possible light, for Lew's position in her world was always vulnerable. True, he was backed by such loyal friends as the Overbeeks, the Van Laerenses, and the Penningtons, who accepted him on his face value as the man who had married Jinny Philips. He had improved rapidly, according to her lights; his low-voiced anecdotes, told over the liqueurs, made him popular among men; the ladies liked his songs; he played a passable hand at bridge.

But Virginia was aware that people gossiped about Lew. Who was she to deprive middle-aged ladies—of both sexes—of that most delightful of middle-aged diversions? The passion for minding other people's business is common to all races, all habitable planets. Gossip is nothing less than fiction in its raw state. It has this advantage over fiction: it can be enjoyed without eye-strain and can be improved upon *ex tempore*.

New York has facilitated the spread of rumor over a large territory by means of weekly publications, skilled in condensing unpleasant biographical data into terse paragraphs which, like little Iliads, spring half from myth, half from history. From one of these Virginia learned that she had stooped to marry an alcoholic War hero for the purpose of reforming him, that she had succeeded beyond her dream and had managed to make him "presentable." Another legend had it that Lew, released from a military hospital where he had been suffering from shell-shock, had fallen in a stupor across the Philips door-step, won Miss Philips's heart through his sailor songs, which he had learned as a bartender on San Francisco's Barbary Coast. Rumor, blown from lip to lip, grows quickly into romance. Verbal gossip carried a tale to the effect that the first Mrs. Tyler had been addicted to drugs—this version never came to Virginia's ears.

We hear the things we most desire to hear, and repetition strengthens belief. Friends flattered her into a feeling that she had "made" Lew Tyler. These pleasant assurances somewhat dulled the sound of gossip for her. But when Pygmalion molded his pretty statue and brought it to life he found, to his chagrin, that he was responsible for a set of thoughts and emotions in which he had no share. Virginia, as a creator, found herself in a similar plight. The living statue walked, talked, performed at her behest. But what of the hidden scenes behind his forehead's wall, the memories, the secrets? She should have let poor Jessie's ghost alone, you say, and that's too true! But Jinny had so given herself to the loving of Lew Tyler that the fact of his other wife was an agony, to be borne as pain is borne, and fought as pain is fought.

AS THE days passed she experienced more of the morbid reveries which often come to *enceinte* women, uneasy visions which life seems to stir out of the depths in the urge of reproducing life. In her the morbidness took the form of an obsessing curiosity; she hid her moods from Lew when it was possible, satisfying herself with indirections and roundabouts. Even her plan to launch him on a diplomatic career was based on a desire to be avenged on the woman who had taken his youth. Jessie, she felt, would have loved to see Lew succeed in advertising.

One morning—she was still abed and Lew had just gone down to the office—the telephone at her side purred softly. She took down the receiver to hear a woman's voice, sweet and a little rough.

"Is this Lewis K. Tyler's residence?"

Virginia's first thought was that it was Miss McGill, Lew's secretary, who sometimes called him on extraordinary business.

"He's just gone to the office, Miss McGill," she said.

After this there was so long a pause that Virginia thought the woman had gone away. An instant later the voice resumed with something like a laugh, "I'm not Miss McGill."

"He'll be at his office in half an hour," explained Virginia, her suspicions already aroused.

"Oh. Nothing doing *there*." Another silence. Then the cheerful question, "Who's this talking?"

"This is Mrs. Tyler."

"Oh."

"I can take any message if you want." Jinny was curbing her desire to pay the woman in her own rough coinage.

"No, thanks. Or you might tell him—oh, never mind. I'll call him later. Good-by."

There was such impudence, such self-assurance in this last remark, literally inoffensive, that Virginia's jealousy was at once alert. A woman with a sweet voice who laughed easily—at herself, probably, and at Lew and his second marriage—had called him at his house because, as she admitted, she was afraid to call him at his office.

Dr. Havelock had told Virginia not to brood—as if a physician's orders had any control over that. But in avoidance of her thoughts she dressed earlier than usual and went down-town to lunch with Rita Kemball. All afternoon she was at Gertie van Laerens's, immersed in the intricacies of bridge. That night she sat in the Overbeek box and pretended to enjoy Chaliapin's *Boris*.

It was not until bedtime that the woman on the telephone again intruded upon the Tylers' domestic peace.

"LEW." He was sprawling across her *chaise-longue* like an indolent Persian in blue pajamas and a black silk lounging-robe.

"Yes, dear." He raised his eyes abstractedly from the golfing magazine which had held his attention.

"Some woman telephoned this morning, asking for you. She seemed very anxious to find you. I thought her quite impertinent."

"They often are in our business," he assured her. "Who was she?"

"She wouldn't give her name. I told her to call up your office, but she wouldn't listen to that."

"We deal with some funny people." She thought his voice had become rather brittle. He sat turning over the pages of his magazine very gently, as tho a sudden movement would arouse her curiosity.

HAVING gained so little for her pains, Virginia went on rubbing an unguent into her nails. She resolved to drop the subject and to take up another which they had often discussed at bedtime during these latter weeks.

"I had a chance to talk to Bob Pennington about those examinations for the diplomatic service." His eyes were at that moment glued upon the athletic adventures of Chick Evans, but she was persistent. "We ought to send to the State Department at once and look into it. Maybe you'd better go to Washington yourself and see Mr. Hughes. He'll be very nice about everything—you see he was daddy's lawyer."

"Honey," said Lew mildly, "they won't make me ambassador to anything. All those jobs are filled."

"Please try to understand me," she invited.

"I gave up a couple of years to the War," he replied, his voice still meek in spite of the insurrection his words implied. "Enough's enough."

"Don't let's always be thinking about money."

"That suits me." His tone irritated her, its gentleness implying that he was resolved never to quarrel with her—never to be close enough to quarrel.

"We've got enough," she informed him.

"We might not have if I quit the advertising business."

"I hate the advertising business."

"I'm not in love with it. But you see, Jin, we're a few thousand behind with our bills as it is."

She combed her hair in silence for a time. His air of rebellion worried her; she had expected him to concede to the diplomatic service just as he had conceded to a vocal instructor and "Elwell on Bridge."

"Look here, Jinny!" There was a new stirring of enthusiasm in his challenge, and she looked around. He had dropped his magazine. "Buzzy's got a scheme to pick up a lot of money—maybe a quarter of a million in the next two years."

"Oh." Out of her complicated kit she had picked up a little roller and had begun applying it to the almost invisible creases in her neck. Then she said, "I don't think I'll like it."

"Why not give him a chance?"

"I don't like him. Why do you call him Buzzy?"

"He *is* Buzzy; Pierre Bolingbroke Mandelbush is the name on his card. He's not much to look at, Jin, but he's the salt of the earth. Coarse salt, yes."

"What's his plan?"

"He hasn't told me. He's got a notion that he'd like to get you interested first. What's the matter with our having them up to dinner this week?"

"The Mandelbushes?" She thought rapidly, rejecting the idea at first, then accepting it. She had always wanted to talk to Mandelbush. He had known Lew in his other life; he had carried Jessie's note to the wedding.

"Of course it would be just us four," she conceded. "We couldn't have any other—"

She might have imposed further conditions had not a third person intruded upon their privacy. The bedside telephone purred softly.

"HELLO!" The sweet, rough voice came again to Virginia's listening ear. "Can I speak to Lewis K. Tyler?"

"He's right here," said Virginia, and very coolly she put the receiver into Lew's hand. She was tempted to say, "Jessie wants to speak to you," but instead she went back to her dressing-table. Every change in his look was reflected in her mirror: the casual good humor with which he began the conversation, the settling of his features, moving from first astonishment into graver lines. The woman's voice buzzed indistinctly from a distance.

"Hello . . . Yes, this is Tyler speaking . . . What? . . . Oh, how are you? . . . I wish I could, but I'm afraid I couldn't make the grade . . . I'm mighty sorry to hear that . . ." A long, buzzing explanation whined into the room. The woman was stating her case, whatever it was, rapidly, giving him no time to refuse. "Well, look here," he resumed his side of the conversation, "if it's really important . . . Yes, I'll see you . . . To-morrow morning, then . . . No, make it about eleven . . . All right. See you then. Good-by."

When Lew hung up the receiver and stood facing his wife he had resumed his mask, altho its color had deepened.

"It's a rotten nuisance—" he began, to be interrupted by Virginia's springing to her feet, accusation on her lips.

"How often does she telephone to you?"

"My ——, Jinny! Who telephone?"

"You know who I mean."

"Now look here, don't jump at conclusions, Jin! Here's a woman I used to know; she's in a mess and wants a little advice. I couldn't see any other way than——"

"She isn't satisfied with sending you letters. Now she has to telephone to your house, meet you in your office——"

"Jin, are you crazy?" He stood squarely in front of her, his hands deep in the pockets of his robe. "You didn't think that woman was—Jessie?"

"I knew it was," she said, and grew quite calm.

"Do you really think Jessie would be telephoning *me*, trying to make dates to see me?"

"Why not?"

He laughed miserably and said something which she would have given anything not to have heard.

"You certainly don't know her, if you think that. She'd be the last person in the world to telephone to *me*— Why, I spent five years, turned over heaven and earth trying to find her." After that he went to his room and closed the door.

The fourth instalment of "Lew Tyler's Wives" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published April 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1923

ART AND POETRY

	PAGE
Cover Design . . *C. H. Twelvetrees*	

FICTION

Lew Tyler's Wives (Serial—Third Instalment) . . . *Wallace Irwin*	17
The Giants' Stair *Wilbur Daniel Steele*	8
The New Order . *Konrad Bercovici*	10
"Masters of Ourselves and Ours" *Walter B. Pitkin*	12
A Message from Mahaley *Clement Wood*	14
Way for a Sailor . . . . *Bill Adams*	16
Three Little Words . *Marian Spitzer*	22

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Nation Welcomes Marriage Reform . . . *Genevieve Parkhurst*	2
Sophie and Her God *Mark O. Prentiss* and *Dora Loues Miller*	5
The Story of Christ (Part Five) *Giovanni Papini*	6
The Fight for Race Betterment *Albert Edward Wiggam*	20
Behind the Screen *Samuel Goldwyn*	24
They Stage the Modern Woman *Helen Bullitt Lowry*	50

HOME-MAKING

Pictorial Review Love-Nests *N. Montgomery Woods*	26
Weighty Advice for the Too-Too-Thins . . *Lulu Hunt Peters, M. D.*	40
Did She Pay Too Much for Her Suit? *Ruth Leigh*	43
Pictorial Review's Little Cook-Book *Edith M. Barber*	44
To the Grocery for Cheese, Dried Fruits and Milk *Jenoise Brown Short* and *Gladys Beckett Jones*	45
Milk from the Can *Catherine Sweeny*	46
Is It Cheaper to Buy or Rent? *Mae Savell Croy*	47
A Correspondence Course in Baby-craft . . *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge*	57

FOR THE CHILDREN

Alec and Al . . . *C. H. Twelvetrees* Verses by *Percy Waxman*	30
Dolly Dingle's Kitty Dresses Up *Grace G. Drayton*	53

EMBROIDERY

Appliqué Gives the Right Decorative Note to Wee Folks' Togs	95
Hand-work of Every Description Takes the Center of the Stage. . .	97
Fascinating Designs to Embroider in Leisure Moments	98

FASHIONS OF THE MONTH

The Spring Season Develops a Fetching Costume Silhouette	99
Creations that Score a Hit with Well-dressed Women.	100
Becoming Models that Reveal the Latest Fashion Influences	101
Modishly Youthful Are the Fashions for Full-formed Figures	102
Costumes Like These Shed New Light upon the Spring Mode	103
An Alluring Note of Orientalism Enters Modern Frocks	104
New Styles that Revolve About Aprons, Frocks, and the Blouse .	105
Very Charming Are the Smart New Blouse Conceptions	106
The Assured Suit Vogue Brings Blouses into Prominence	107
Frocks for Misses Which Are Versatile in Style and Treatment	108
Suggestions for the Young Girl's New Spring Wardrobe	109
The Simplest Frocks Are the Prettiest for Little Girls	110
Serviceable Togs for the Young Members of the Family	111
The Little Feminine Things that Are All-important	112
The New Note in Intimate Apparel for Grown-ups and Tots	113

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